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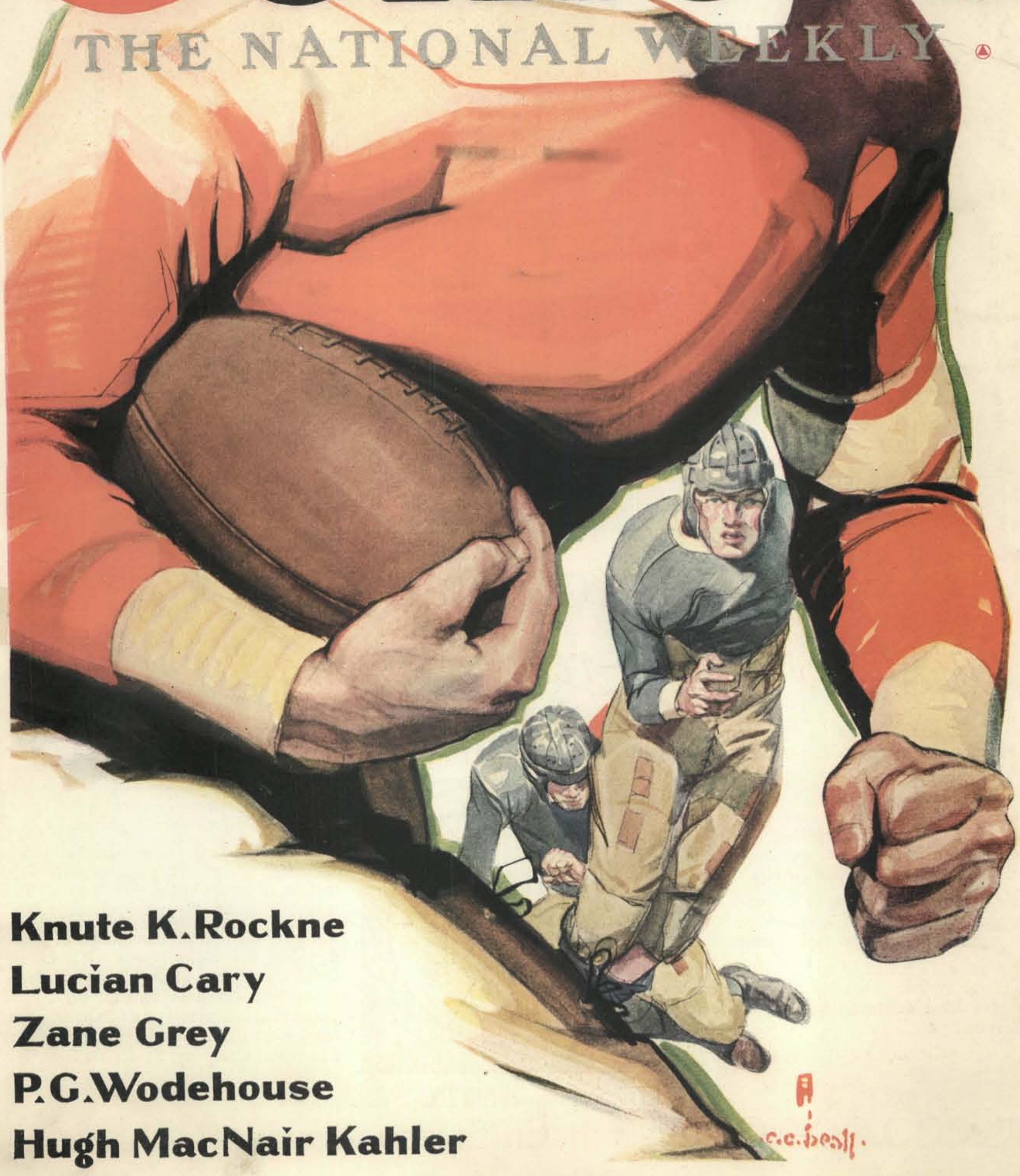
November 22, 1930

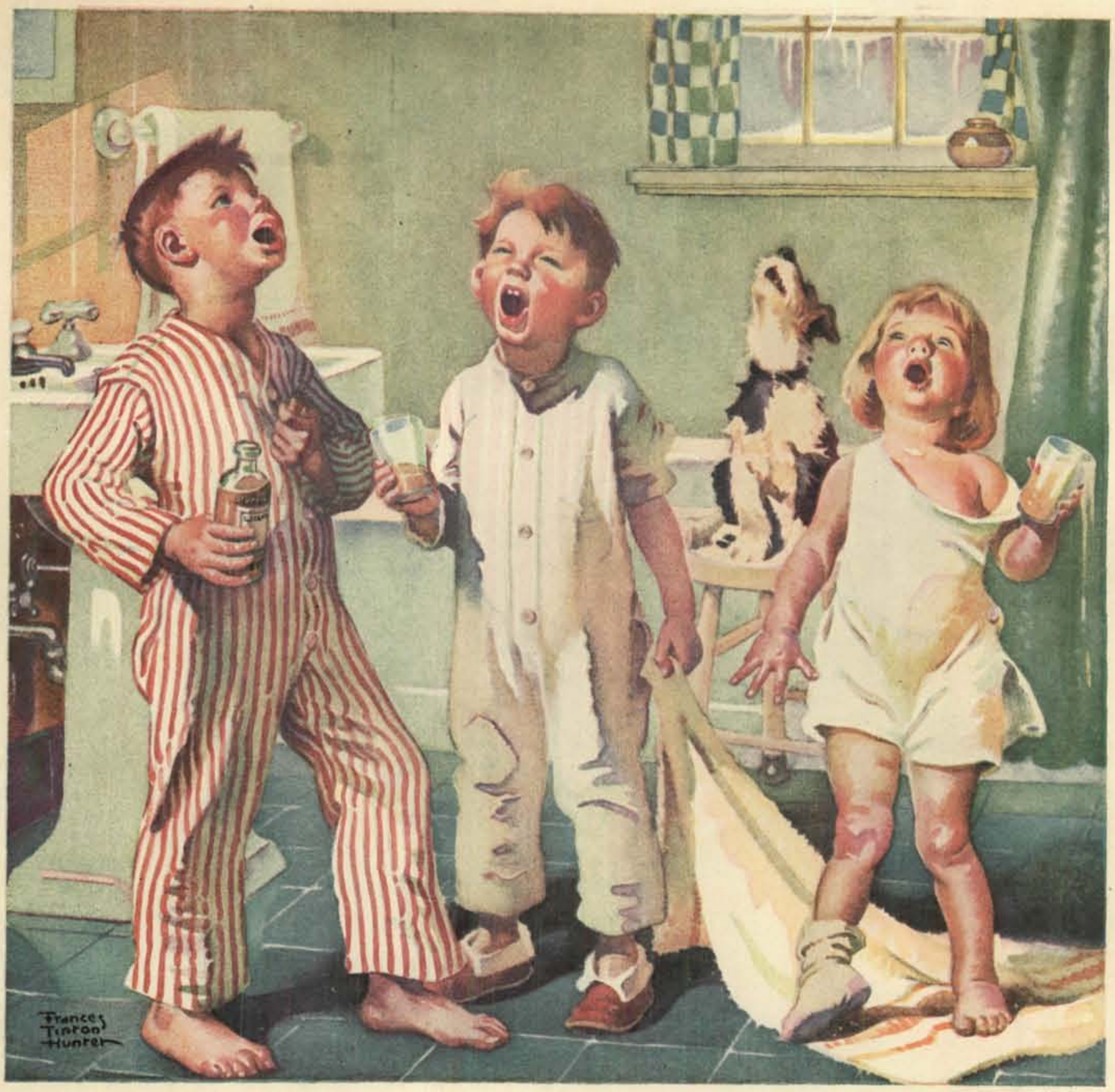
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Knute K. Rockne
Lucian Cary
Zane Grey
P. G. Wodehouse
Hugh MacNair Kahler

22 1930



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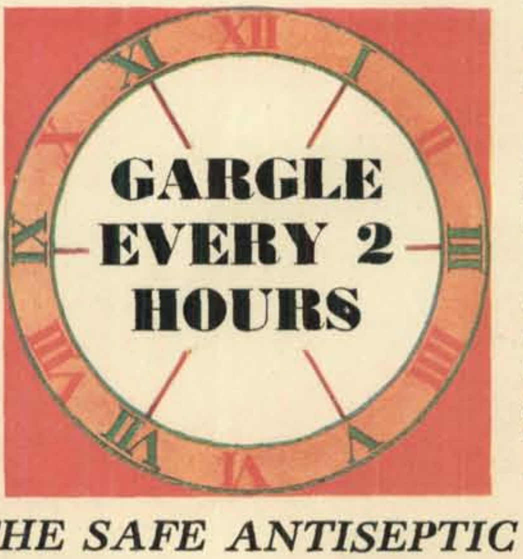

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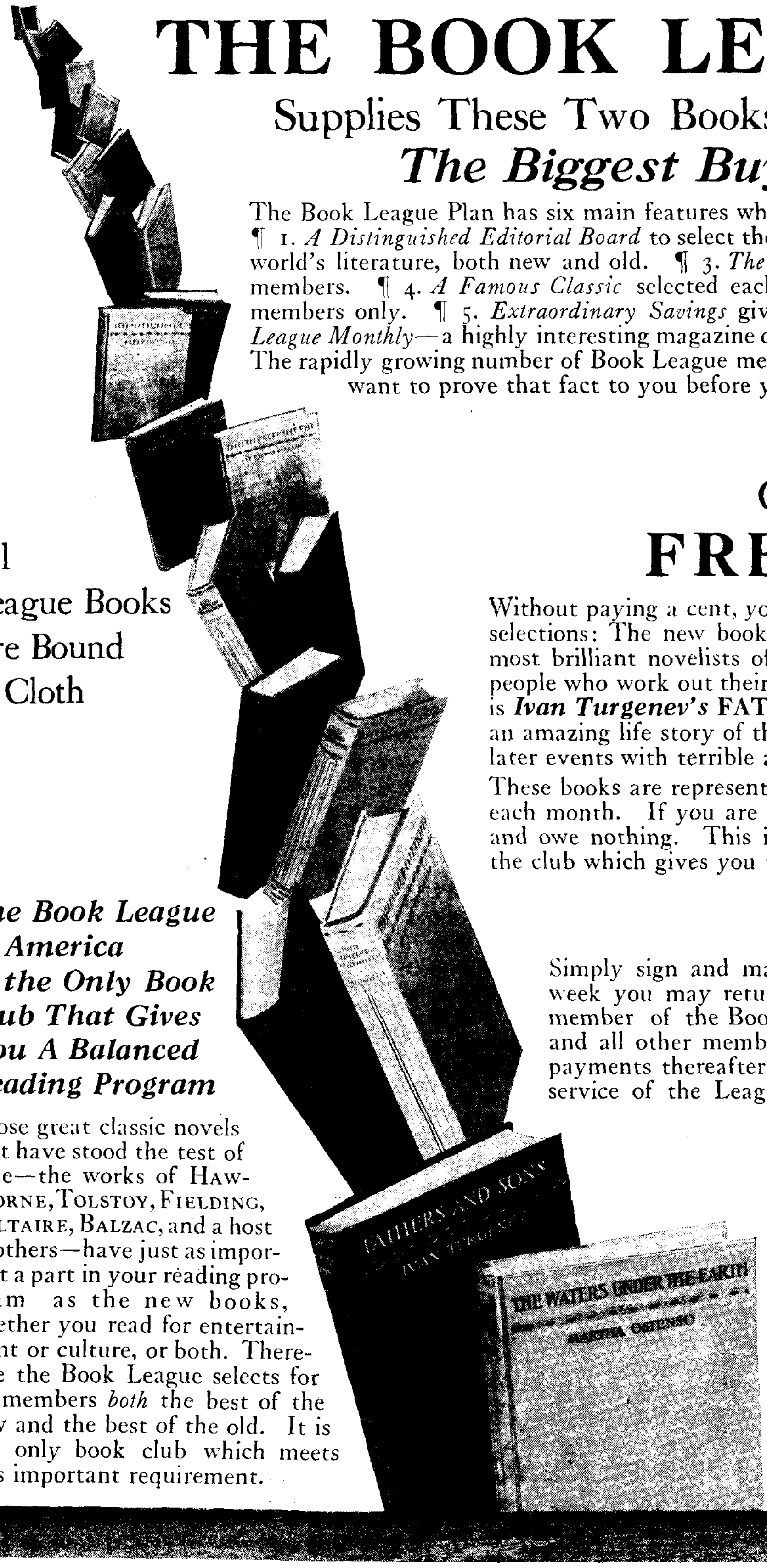

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

AT THIS time of the year, football fever being highly contagious, a magazine editor is tempted to print a story about the young player, until then obscure, who wins the great game of the season, dumfounds the coach, overcomes a hated rival, and grabs off the right girl.

Fortunately for you, we haven't had to do it. Instead, we spread before your eager eyes a football story you will remember when this season is merely a collection of records. It's the story of Leonardo Quattrochi, the great halfback, whose mamma sent him to the university to study architecture. But it's also the story of Mamma Quattrochi, who knew nothing of "school spirit" or sportsmanship and to whom football was merely a childish game which had become too important in her son's life.

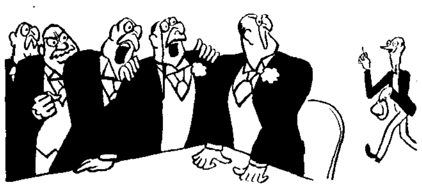
"This Football," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, is first-rate human drama. At the end you will say with Coach Cardigan, "All honor to Mrs. Quattrochi." But not for the same reason.

—

AT THE tender age of seven, when she should have been telling her dolls fairy stories, Ellin Green's father teed a golf ball up in front of her and said, "Smack it." *That started it all.* The crisis came when she was twenty. It involved a Copenhagen china wolfhound, a set of liqueur glasses from Vienna, a chandelier, a portrait in oils—all smashed—and a young man named Jeff Taylor, who thought he knew golf. Out of the débris emerged a romance which at moments resembled a battle royal. Hagar Wilde is the blithe recorder of the results of "Reckless Driving."

—

WHEN you buy a share of common stock, with voting power, in one of our great corporations you have a voice, theoretically, in vast affairs. But before you give your board of directors the benefit of your sagacious counsel read John T. Flynn's article, "Proxy's Army." It's an army that doesn't know its officers, never marches anywhere. It's an army of common stockholders and all it cares about is the next dividend. Mr. Flynn calls the roll.



YEARS ago William Boles, a waiter at Tony's, gave up listening to people talk at his tables because it gave him the pip. But lately Mr. Clifton, the author, has been paying him to make notes of what he hears and the world is, consequently, a more cheerful place. William's latest earful will be found in "Midnight at Tony's," by Richard Connell. There's too much talking being done in this country, especially in speakeasies.

—

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S penetrating sketch of Georges Clemenceau will fascinate you; Knute K. Rockne tells what he thinks of the football rules; Detective O'Malley in William MacHarg's story "Green Paint" talks while he does a difficult job of detecting; Grantland Rice, Milton C. Work, Sol Metzger, Zane Grey, P. G. Wodehouse and others make it a satisfying issue. Which is what you have a right to expect.

THIS WEEK

November 22, 1930

Cover—C. C. Beall

Page 7—Guy Gilpatric
The Flying Yahoo: A short story, aërated.

Page 10—Stephen Morehouse Avery
Southern Waters: Prescribed for heartbreak.

Page 12—William G. Shepherd
A Brisk Movement in Steel: More progress.

Page 14—Knute K. Rockne
Gipp the Great: A Notre Dame legend.

Page 16—Lucian Cary
Going to Bed at Nine: A story of suburban gayety.

Page 18—P. G. Wodehouse
Big Money, Part X: Delightful ebullience, but don't let that stop you.

Page 20—Zane Grey
Robbers' Roost, Part VII: Western romance precisely as ordered.

Page 22—Walter Davenport
Smart Young Woman: A modern success story.

Page 25—Grantland Rice
Good Little Man: And what he does when so minded.

Page 26—Dr. Julius Klein
Selling the World: Why we get along.

Page 28—The Short Short Story
Appetite: By Hugh MacNair Kahler.

Page 32—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
Top Sergeant: Stripes by Tammany.

Page 45—Milton C. Work
How Would You Play It?

Page 60—Sol Metzger
Passes from the Bible

Page 64—Word Hunt

Page 70—Editorial
Behind the Criminal Mask

Any Week

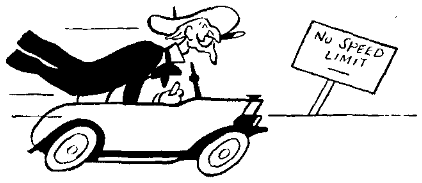
FROM the way protests began to arrive upon the publication of our editorial, "Faster, Please!" (October 18th), we were certain that practically everybody in Tennessee was writing to us.

In that editorial we wrote that Tennessee had a speed limit of twenty miles an hour for motor cars. We got our information from the Associated Tours Guide of the Automobile Club of America, 1930 Edition. That comprehensive volume should, we felt, *know all about such matters.* And then the deluge.

We were, we were informed, damaging the future tourist traffic in Tennessee. Who, we were asked, would go to Tennessee and travel that most beautiful of hundred-mile roads through the Great Smokies if they had to do it at a snail's pace? And so forth.

We can't name all the writers (How our readers do read us!) but our most informative corrector was the editor of the Appalachian Journal in Knoxville.

There has been no speed limit in Tennessee since the law was changed last year. And even prior to that, the maximum outside the towns and cities was thirty miles. All that Tennessee insists upon is that you know how to drive, that you drive carefully, reasonably and with decent regard for the road rights of others.



WE, ALONG with a few million more, were bending our brain to the subject of unemployment. We had several theories, but all of them seemed a bit trite. As we were surrendering to despair we received a letter from Mr. Joseph Black of Chillicothe, Ohio.

"Every family and everyone concerned," writes Mr. Black, "should spend five cents every week to buy a Collier's. By doing so it would give thousands employment who do not now have any. Besides it would place a good magazine in the home for the whole family. It would help the paper mills, publishers, advertisers, railroads, farmers, miners, chemical manufacturers and many others. Let us all—"

—

WE THINK that Mrs. Katie Wood of Peoria, Illinois, likewise grows a bit too enthusiastic. Nevertheless we don't for a moment doubt her sincerity when she writes (as she does) that William G. Shepherd's "Pull Down the Poorhouse" is "the finest expression of tongue or pen since the Declaration of Independence."

—

BUT there may be much truth in what Mrs. George Hudson of Chico, California, writes. Having read one of our short stories (she doesn't mention its title) she assures us that babies two weeks old do not say "Gr-ha-ha" nor press their toes against their noses.

—

"NEXT to my son Bill," writes Mrs. Ernest Plaacke of Ann Arbor, Michigan, "nothing makes me madder than you do at times. But next to Bill nothing tickles me more at other times. Funny, but Bill says the same thing."

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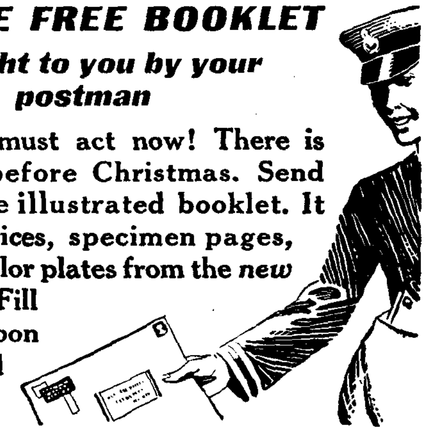

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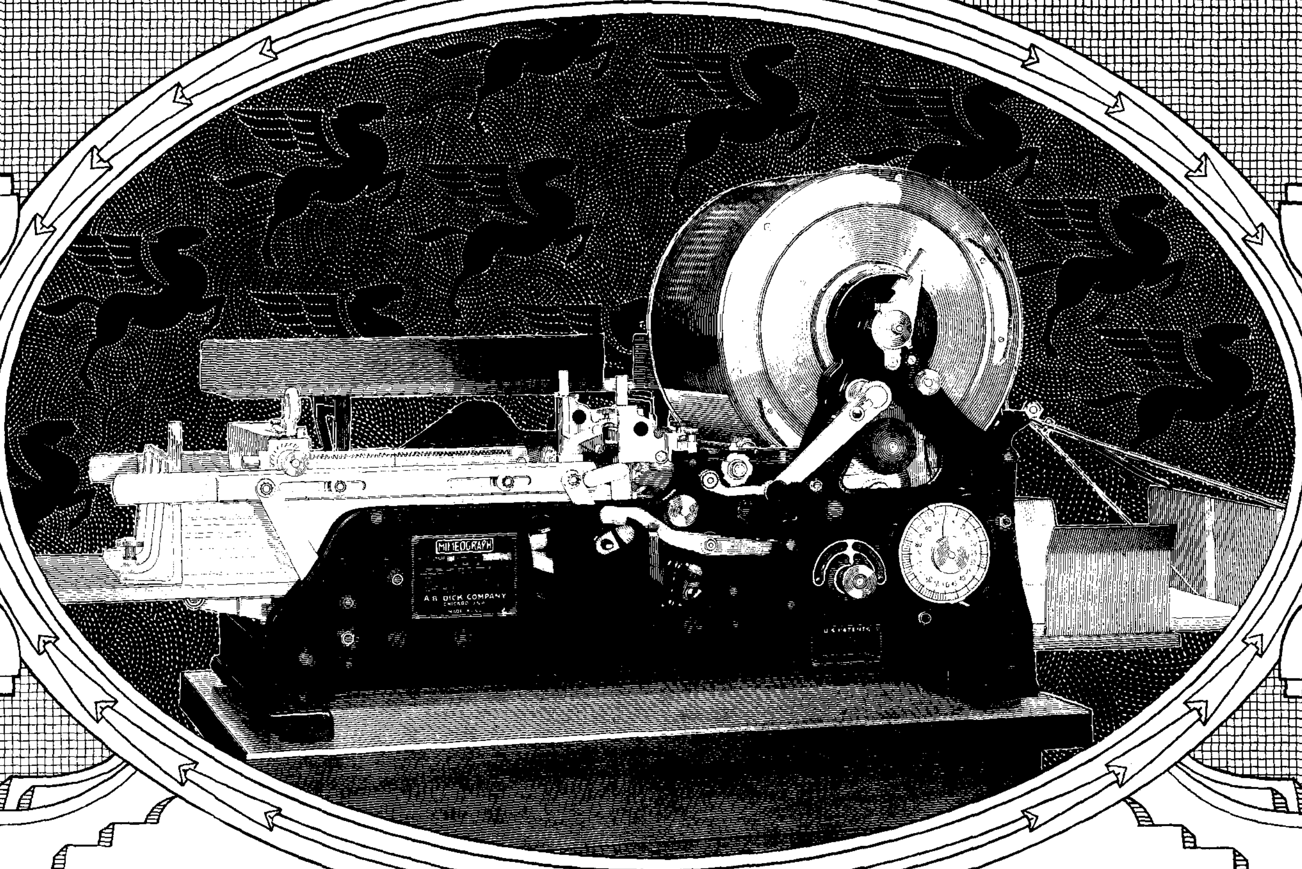

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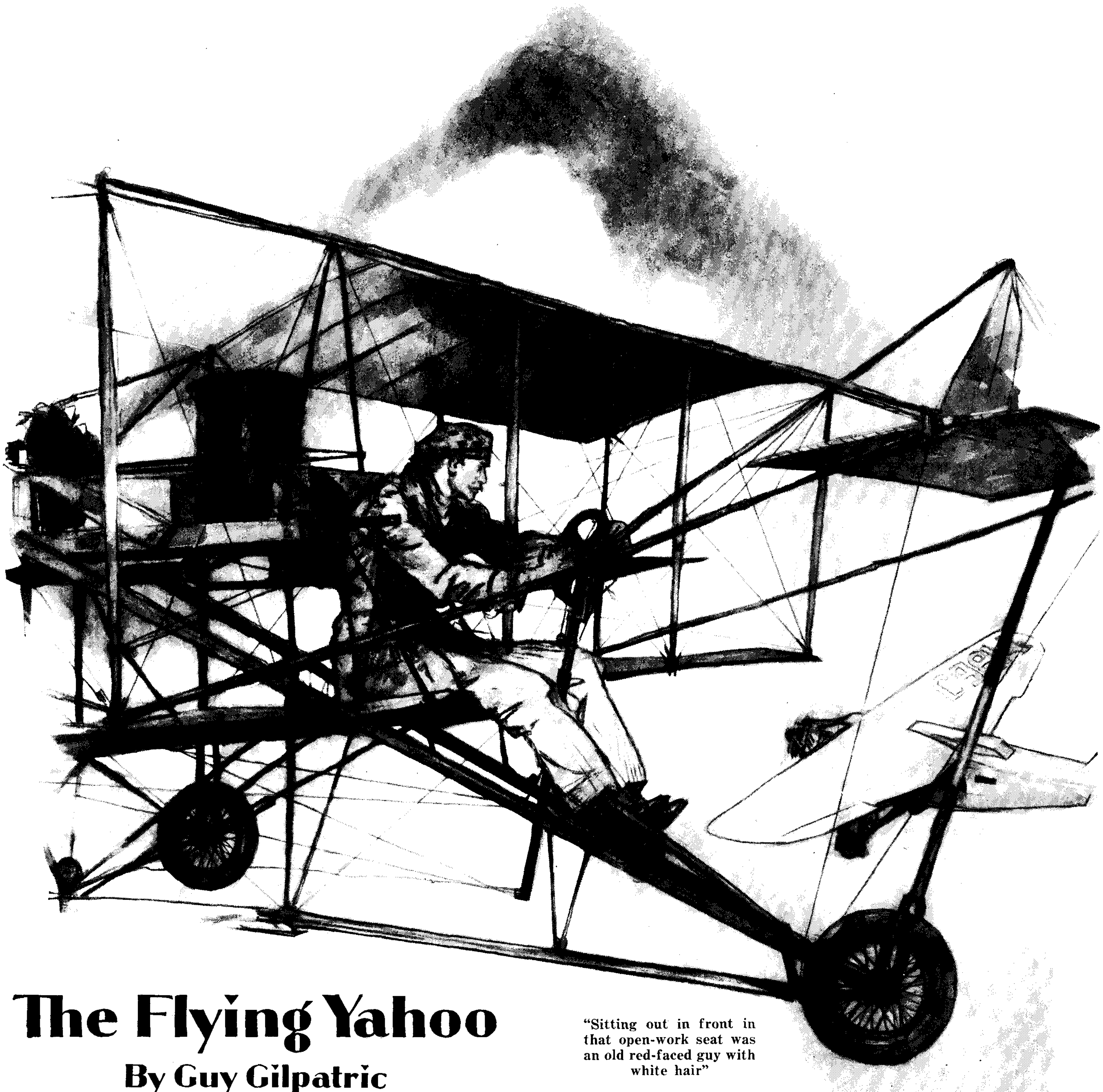


"Sitting out in front in that open-work seat was an old red-faced guy with white hair"

The Flying Yahoo

By Guy Gilpatric

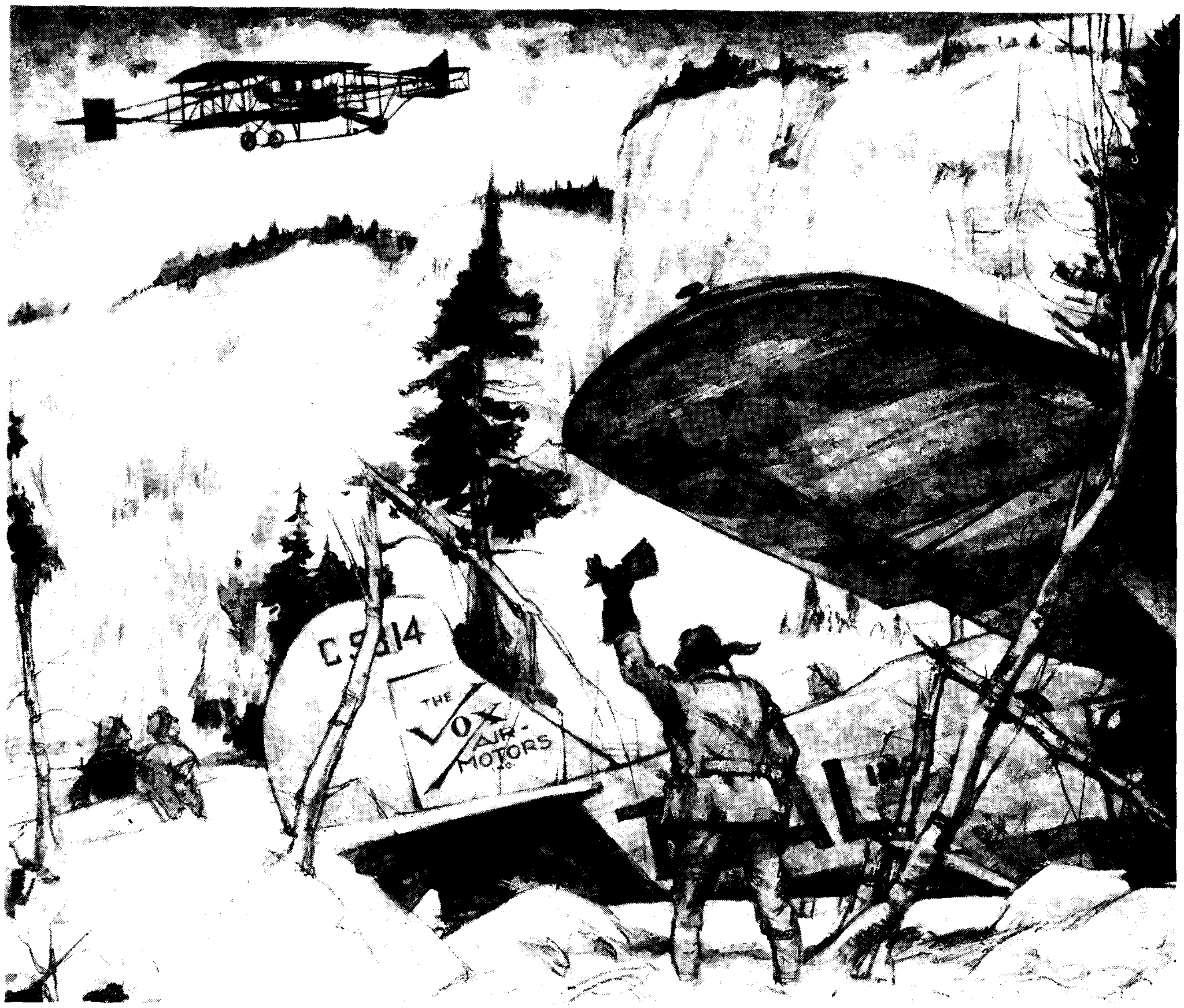
In the good old days of flying there were giants in the air. There was Pégoud, there was Hoxsey, there was Bleriot, there was Beachey. And there was one who was equal to the best of them. You never heard of him —but you are going to. Read on

LATE one afternoon the first of our new tri-motors slid into the airport to gas up for the last leg to the coast. She was a splendid big truck, metal-built throughout, and I saw from my list that she had eleven passengers for California. Through the windows in the fuselage I watched the white-coated steward serving coffee and sandwiches; and I could not help thinking, tritely enough, how times and planes and men had changed since my early days in the game, when merely to leave the ground was an exploit and to fly a circle was a feat of airmanship.

Such thoughts, inevitably, were melancholy thoughts, because they included memories of many fine fellows who had died in crack-ups through the years—jaunty pioneers in checkered caps and Norfolk jackets who with their frail planes and sadly makeshift motors had blazed the world's first air trails.

I wondered what those men could have done with present-day ships, and whether any of our modern pilots would dare to take one of the old experimental busses off the ground. For it required great nerve and still greater skill to fly those curious rule-of-thumb rattletraps—yes, and certain peculiarities of temperament common to explorers, pirates, deep-sea divers and tight-rope walkers which I felt were lacking in our current breed of aviators.

The day of stunt flying had come much later, of course; but even so, almost twenty years had passed since Pégoud looped the loop in France, and Beachey, the incomparable Beachey, had promptly done likewise for the honor of America. Well, Beachey was dead. So were MacGordon and Walsh and Jannus and Stevenson and Niles and Kearney and . . .


THE VOX AIR-MOTORS CO.

"Then this morning what do we see but this old yahoo flying through the crack—following the curves, and his

But the list, it seemed, was endless. I was still running through it in my mind as the tri-motor roared down the concrete runway like a bungalow gone berserk, climbed up, and headed toward the setting sun. I went over to my office to flash her take-off time to the Pacific terminal, and found Mulhall, the pilot who had been relieved, writing his report and smoking my cigarettes.

"Hey," he said, as he wiped the oil from his face, "do you believe in ghosts?"

"Only the kind that walk on payday," I told him. "Why?"

"Well, I saw one about two hours ago—an aërial one. Sort of a flying Flying Dutchman, if you know what I mean."

"I don't," I said. "Do you?"

"Well, no, not exactly," he answered. "And that's just the trouble. Look, Tom, you're an old-timer in the game—what would you call this, if anybody should ask you?"

With his fountain pen he started sketching on the back of the report pad. "I'm not sure of all the details," he said, "but here's just about what it looked like."

I PULLED the pad across the desk, and laughed. "That? Why, I'd call that a Curtiss pusher biplane with interplane ailerons and shoulder-yoke control, vintage of nineteen ten or eleven."

"Sure," he said, half to himself. "Of course! I figured it must be one of those antediluvian crates. Well, well, that's mighty strange."

"What is?" I asked. "You don't mean to tell me you saw one of those old jobs in the air? Why, shucks, Mulhall, the only one in existence is in the Smithsonian in Washington."

"Then it must have escaped," declared Mulhall, "because I did see it in the air. Just the other side of the mountains, at four-twelve o'clock this afternoon. Altitude nine thousand one hundred fifty feet, wind north northeast, visibility excellent, and me on the water wagon since my recent and twenty-third birthday."

"Which makes it easy to compute that when this plane was in fashion you were exactly three years old."

"Yes, and small for my age. That's why it seems so strange. There I was, plowing along all serene, when suddenly I spot this flaming chariot barging around a cloud off to the left and a little above me. It was like meeting Selden's horseless carriage on the Indianapolis Speedway, or a prairie schooner leaving the Union depot."

"Then you're not kidding?" I asked.

"Not a nickel's worth! But I see where I'll be kidded a plenty, when this story gets around. Part of it's kind of, well, humiliating. . . ."

"Come on, spill the whole of it," I urged. "You know it's safe with me."

"Well, maybe," he said. "Anyway, there I was, and there was the old crate. I wanted to see just what kind of a relic it was, so I swung over toward it and throttled down to sixty-five. Sitting out in front in that open-work seat was an old red-faced guy with white hair and mustache, and he wasn't wearing any helmet or goggles but just a dirty blue-and-green mackinaw and a checkered cap turned backward. Reg'lar old yahoo he was, like you'll find out there on the ranches—that is, when you can find a ranch.

"Well, I waved up at him, all pleasant and polite, expecting him to do the same. But the next thing I know, the old coot bucks sideways in that trick seat of his, and down he comes whistling at me—swis-s-h!—in a spiral that wouldn't have overlapped a dime. He was banked up vertical and zipping around so tight and fast it made me dizzy to watch him. Just as it looks like he's going to ram us, he whips her out of the spiral and dives straight at us, missing the top of my head by a bright red hair. Holding the wheel with one hand, he was."

"ONE hand?" I repeated. "Why, what was he doing with the other one?"

"Huh!" growled Mulhall. "That's the humiliating part. He was throwing kisses to me. Yessir, calling me a sissy in sign language."

"Darned strange," I said when I had stopped laughing. "Well, he must be a nut. But where'd he dig up the plane? Where'd he learn to fly it? And what's his number, so we can report him for endangering commercial ships?"

"He didn't have any number," said Mulhall, slowly. "And, anyway, I wouldn't exactly say he'd endangered us."

"You wouldn't?" I snorted. "Why, you just now said he missed you by a hair."

"Missed us—yes; that's exactly the point, Tom. He missed us by so mighty little, and yet he missed us so mighty pretty, that it really didn't seem dangerous a bit. To see him perched out there, with the wind flapping his pants and bulging up the fabric of his old barouche, you just knew that anything he did would be O. K. It's hard to explain, but, well, it felt safer to have him miss you by an inch than to have some of these birds fly past you in the next county."

"Son," I said, "I know you're crazy, but I know what you mean. And if I hadn't seen Lincoln Beachey killed in nineteen-fifteen, I'd say that you had seen him today. That's just the way Beachey used to fly."

"Which brings us right back to where we started," said Mulhall. "Do you believe in ghosts?"

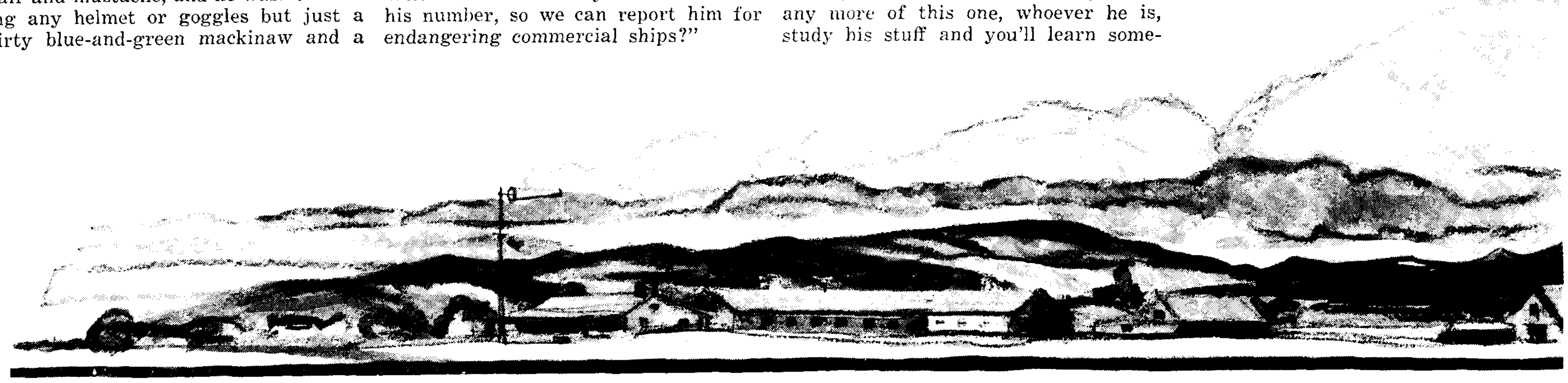
"No," I answered. "But if you see any more of this one, whoever he is, study his stuff and you'll learn something about flying. They don't make aviators like that nowadays."

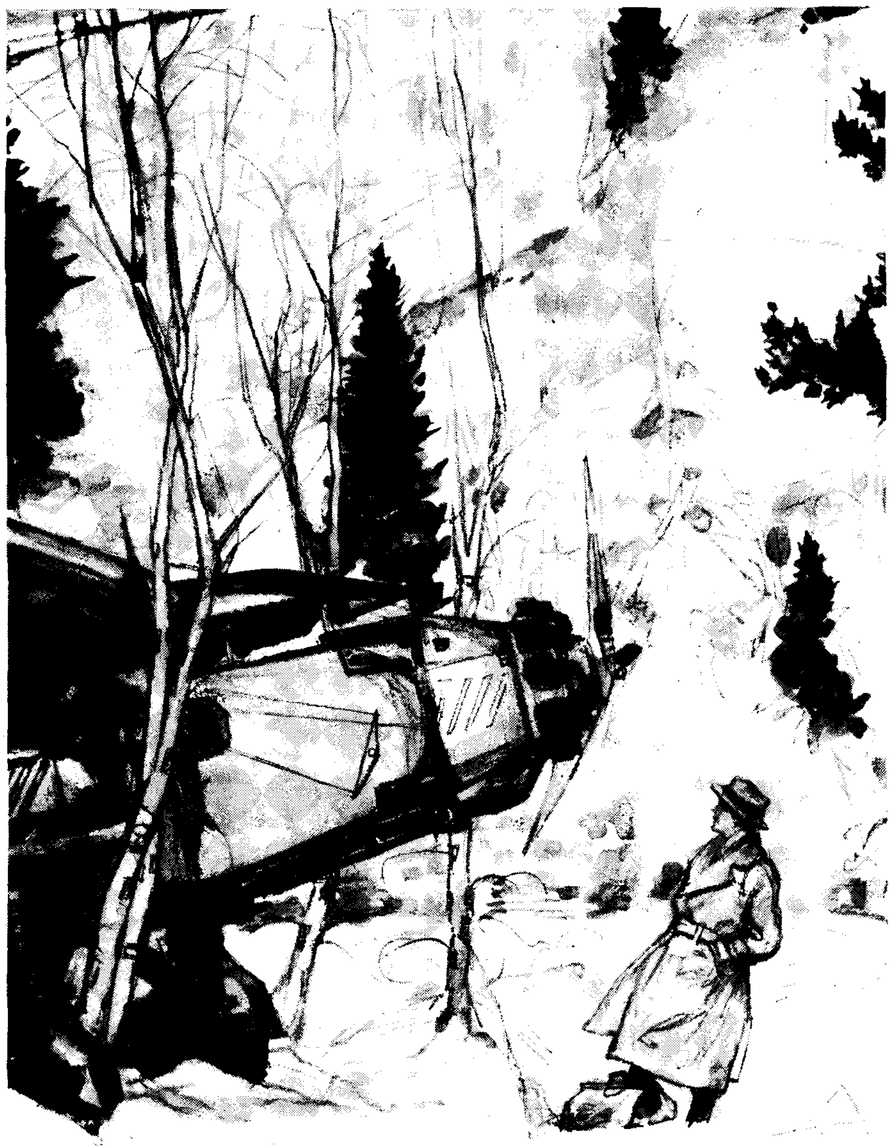
"Rats!" said Mulhall, as he gathered up his goggles and gloves. "Snap out of it, Tom. You're living in the past."

I PONDERED the incident a lot during the next few weeks, and if you know airplanes, you'll understand why. The old three-wheeled Curtiss pusher had vanished from the earth before the war.

Even the Jenny, which is most people's idea of an early ship, was as yet undreamed of when the pusher held its sway. That anybody should be flying such a curio was incredible. That he should be flying it over the barren wastes of the Rocky Mountain foothills was more incredible still. And that he should be flying it in the manner described by Mulhall was simply beyond words. The chances were a thousand to one that Mulhall was kidding. And still . . .

I hoped that I might hear again of this flying atavism or whatever it might be called. But the summer passed with-





ailerons missing the walls by inches. Inches, Tom—yes, I mean inches!"

out further report, and it all but slipped my mind.

Then came the evening when Mulhall, westbound with four passengers and the mail, vanished in a snowstorm. He had been sighted near Arapahoe Lodge, where the railroad turns into the pass, but after that we had no trace. He was somewhere in the mountains, of course, but even a giant tri-motor in a mountain range is comparatively as small as a needle in a haystack. We had twelve planes out searching next day, and on Tuesday morning the army sent a full squadron of eighteen from Wickey Field. At noon I phoned the operations superintendent for permission to leave the airport and started east with a mechanic at two o'clock.

I flew somewhat north of the regular route, and therefore considerably north of the territory which the other relief planes were covering. They were working on the theory that the wind which had been blowing during Monday's blizzard had carried Mulhall south of his course, whereas it seemed more probable to me that if one or more of his motors had been failing, he would have over-allowed for drift and flown even more northerly than under normal conditions. At any rate, the presumption was worth acting upon. Five lives were at stake—at least, we hoped that they were; for Mulhall was such a skillful pilot that the chances were strongly in favor of his having landed without too bad a crack-up. But the snow was deep in the mountains, and the cold was bitter. If they were alive, they couldn't live long.

BY a quarter past four I had crossed to the eastern foothills without having seen a thing. It was getting dark, so I headed for a place called Hollinger's—probably, from the way it was marked on the map, an obscure hamlet on the plains.

Hollinger's turned out to be a ranch, and a big one, with a spur track leading to it from the main line of the railroad, nine miles away. As I circled above it, sizing up the terrain, I saw a great rambling house, with corrals, silos, stables and dipping vats behind it. And suddenly, drooping from a pole, I spotted a wind stocking such as is used to indicate the landing direction.

Illustrated by J. W. Schlaikjer

"Hollinger's!" I exclaimed, as I throttled the motor and headed down. "Hollinger's! Of course! Wild Ed Hollinger, Eighty-Horse Hollinger! The Original Flying Yahoo! Why didn't I guess it before?"

In a Mineola sunset almost twenty years ago a group of us were sitting on the grass, slapping gnats and watching Captain Baldwin trying to persuade his new red biplane to fly a complete circle. Cap wasn't having much luck. The highest he could get was seventy-five feet, and as soon as he'd put the rudder over to coax the old crate around, the drag would start it to settling and he'd have to land. Then he'd taxi down to the end of the field and try again. It was all most discouraging.

We were so busy watching Cap that none of us paid much attention to a raw-boned citizen who had sprawled himself beside us. This person had a straw suitcase, a wide black felt hat, and a weathered, Western look about him. When I became aware of his presence, he was considering Cap's twelfth unsuccessful attempt with a disdainful eye.

"Pretty rotten, I'm here to state," he observed, nodding out at the field.

"What do you mean, rotten?" I asked. "Say, who asked you for your two cents, anyway?"

"Nobody," replied the raw-boned one. "But jest the same, that's pretty rotten."

"LISTEN here, friend," said George Pearson, witheringly. "You're talking about Captain Baldwin, the great dirigible and aëroplane inventor. And if you haven't any business on this field, you can just get off it."

"Oh, I've got business here," said the stranger softly. "And I reely wasn't aimin' to knock Captain What's-you-m'-call-him. You see, I want to buy an aëroplane. But I want to buy a better one than that."

The wink was passed around. Here, beyond a doubt, was a hick or a nut of some kind. The flying fields were full of them, in those days, and they furnished great sport.

"Oh, so you want to buy a plane, do you?" chuckled Pearson. "Well, say, that's mighty nice of you. What're you going to buy it with?"

"Money," said the hick.

"Money? Well, yes, I guess maybe that's the best thing to use," said Pearson, as though mentally debating the point.

"Yair," the hick assented. "I didn't figure they'd trade one for sheep. What do aëroplanes cost, anyway?"

"How much you got?"

"I've got five thousand bucks," said the hick.

There was a burst of laughter. "Oh, tell it to Sweeney," said Pearson, in the sparkling vernacular of the day.

"I don't know him," said the hick. "I jest came out here on the four-twelve train. But say, fellers, if you don't think I got five thousand to buy a plane, looka here." He rose, unstrapped the straw suitcase, and lugged out two packages of hundred-dollar bills. "Twenty-five hundred in each—count 'em," he invited, tossing the packages on the grass, and standing with his coat open to make sure that we saw the ivory revolver butt which showed above the waistband of his trousers.

We counted the bills with deepest reverence, for five thousand dollars is plenty of pocket money.

"Five thousand—right," Pearson announced, turning toward the hick with new respect. "Say, friend, you shouldn't carry money around like this or somebody'll take you over."

"NOT me," said the hick, knowingly. "Why, brother, lemme show you sumpin." He picked up an empty one-gallon motor oil can which lay near the fence, and tossed it into the air. While it was still rising, he whisked out his revolver and fired four times—bang-bang-bang-bang—as fast as the ticking of a clock.

"There now," he grinned confidently, shoving the gun back into his trousers. "Go take a look at that."

As I went out to retrieve the target, I was fully prepared to bear witness to a miracle. But when I picked up the can, the heartiest laugh of a lifetime exploded within me.

"All four!" I called. "All four . . . missed!"

The hick, his face three shades redder than before, stood holding the can, turning it in his hands, searching hopefully for bullet holes which weren't there.

"Well," he said defiantly and at length, "there's fellers out my way who can do it!"

"Tell that one to Sweeney, too!" roared Pearson. "I'd bet a million dollars against that trick anytime."

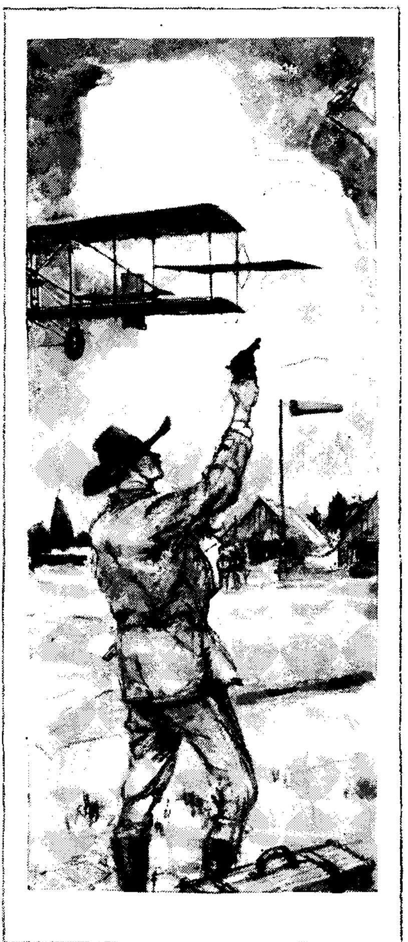
"Yair?" said the hick, pricking up his ears. "Well, how about a ten-spot in real money? I'm willing to try it again."

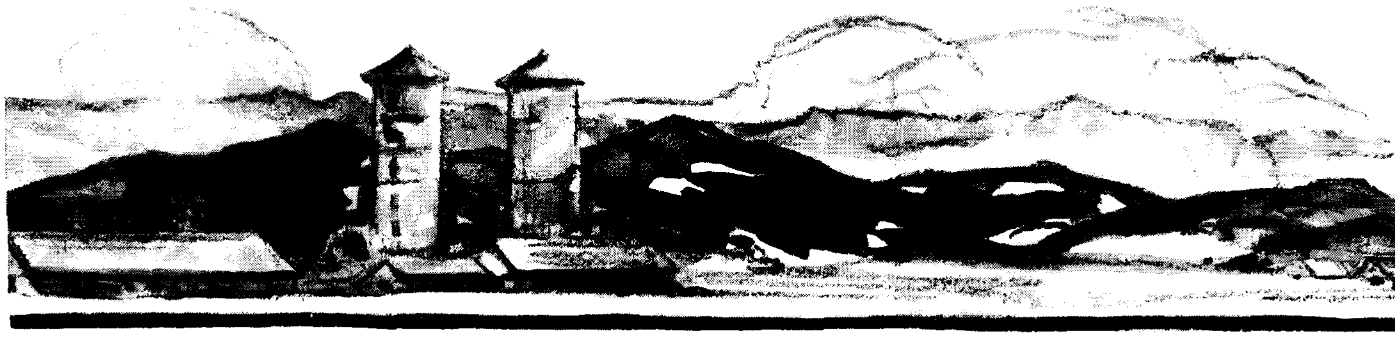
"Fine!" said Pearson. "I'll bet you twenty."

"And twenty for me," I added.

When a hundred and sixty dollars

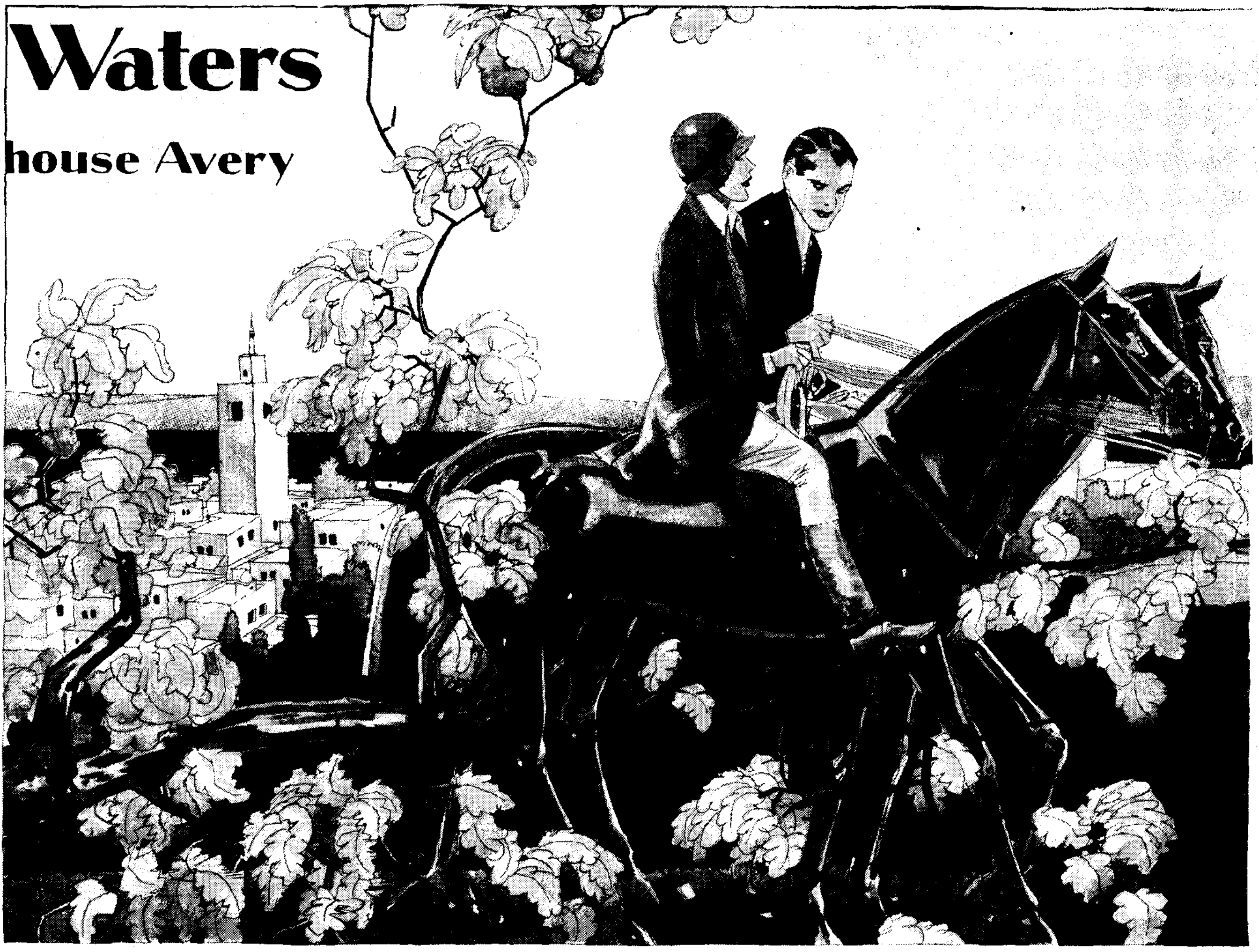
(*Continued on page 61*)





Southern Waters

By Stephen Morehouse Avery



Eugenie Forbes goes in quest of the man she loves —a story with a strange but perfect ending

FIVE days eastbound, New York to North Africa, the French liner Patrie coasted ghostlike through the darkness over a mute, jet sea. The sight of foam along her flank was a mere lace border, stabbed now and then by blue dagger points of phosphorescent fire, and four warm pulsing stars, three drops of old gold and an unset ruby, swinging low against the night in the faint south wind kept easy pace. The moon was lost.

Eugenie Forbes stood alone at the after deck rail. The hour was very late and there were none to spy when she reached up her white arms as if to enfold those warm stars and make them hers. Even her A-A three-cabin suite with its sitting-room and little white piano had seemed too confined tonight, and Gianina, squat as a Buddha and black-eyed as an Alpine hawk, had scowled and muttered too ferociously because her mistress had lingered so long with Michael Hope. "From two big husbands and five big loves I can tell you, Signorina, those man all the same. Good for nothing but babies and for sing basso. Lika that."

Gianina made a growl like a bass note. Eugenie, already begun to undress, had recovered the shoulder ribbons of her trailing chiffon frock and fled to the deck.

Presently her hands fell from their star-reaching, one to rest at the base of her slender throat while the other lifted the soft dark hair from the nape of her neck and touched away a dew of perspiration which she imagined there. Oh, it was all so good, and it was hers for five long months, and the great black French liner could take her on forever toward those southlands and blue seas where there was no Chicago Opera Company and no concert tours and no eternal drill and labor under the whip of a cruel master by the name of Music.

She'd had to faint on the stage before they would let her go, but then they sent her. "You've been superb, Eugenie, for three solid years. Take a cruise—Africa, the Mediterranean. Go rest." And her bearded old I-told-you-so of a doctor growled, "I knew it—nerves! I warned you you were too slight for opera, Eugenie darling. God knows where you've gotten your volume but you've got to quit it now. Let the world sing to you for a while."

And so when an instinctive and almost irresistible swell in her breast impelled her to give back an answer to the night, Eugenie held it down and listened instead for the singing of the world to her. She heard it plainly, at first indistinguishable from the whisper of the water, the cool stir of air, the soft measured beat of engines, the "symphony of stars," and finally standing clear in a low, controlled baritone and the words of a dear simple ballad which she'd thought was long forgot—"South winds—voice of a dreamer over the sea—drifting my dear one nearer to me."

Eugenie heard it without curiosity, just part of this sweet stolen hour, a chord or two struck from a guitar, some deckhand with a shred of voice, or a stoker perhaps treasuring his moment of air. She didn't even try to place the singer, back aft where there were a few tourist passengers probably, or above her on the boat deck, although somehow it sounded mostly from below—"South winds—like memory's kisses blown from afar—whisper I love you wherever you are."

Suddenly Eugenie came out of her dream and her chin came up, intent. It was only a beautifully realized passage in that song but she had too trained an ear to miss it. That was no deckhand's voice but a singer's voice, somebody—some fine artist was on board the ship, someone who sang with a smoldering passion that others might forget but Eugenie Forbes never could. She took a few running steps along the deck and stopped to listen again—"Drifting my dear one nearer to me."

SHE seized the rail, listening. She couldn't be wrong. It was Pascal. And then the song ended and left her there to remember the once in her life when technique and tone and interpretation had been swept aside before the rush of a feeling which in a hard career she had never known. It was nearly three years ago, just after she had gone to Chicago after her début in Europe and her season at Milan. She was making up for Manon in her dressing-room when the directors sent word of Martinelli's illness and that an untried young tenor named Alejandro Pascal would sing.

How well Eugenie could bring back the excitement, the delayed curtain, her refusal to sing opposite a man with whom she hadn't rehearsed, whom she'd never even seen. Well, except in the wig and make-up of des Grieux, she hadn't seen him yet for that matter. But they had prevailed, as her parents, teachers, directors always prevailed, and she had gone out to the young man and he smiled at her and they began singing to each other with all else forgot.

There was little more than that, only her whispered, "You're splendid!" after the famous Rêve, and his murmur, "It is you. I do not care about the rest"—and after that only her trembling every time he touched her until their duet during the inn scene when she was in his arms and he sang Manon and whispered, "Eugenie." 'Jandro Pascal had been no less a sensation than Eugenie Forbes to that spellbound audience which felt what it did not know. The morning papers acclaimed him, and the evening papers brought out the ugly story which ruined him even more completely.

Eugenie could never find out the truth. The infatuated young wife of the very director who had discovered Pascal, a man of great prominence, claimed him as her lover. "If she says so, it must be so," was his reported reply. And so Chicago was done with him, and the bitterly ripped-up fragments of all his music on the floor of his studio and the bits of paper which had been his contract were the only trace of 'Jandro Pascal and his two days' sensation that anyone had ever found.

After vain waiting and hoping Eugenie decided she had little more to remember him by than the rest—an assured way with his hands, an iron firm set of chin and mouth which grease paint could not obscure, a voice. Perhaps, as her teacher and confidant had suggested, Pascal had played a double rôle of lover that night merely to win an artistic sincerity from his Manon. Finally her heart had closed up again and whatever pain reposed there during nearly three years of her work lay dormant until it should be awakened in the middle of the South Atlantic under a heaven full of low warm stars.

Eugenie could not tell how long she waited there by the rail, listening, hoping for one more strain to free her mind of any doubt. For, the instant the singer's voice had stilled, she could no longer be sure. It might have been just a trick of the subconscious, just a mood of her own, just the south wind, and that fear had prevented her calling out to him. Or if she had answered with a bit from the Letter Song, then surely—

At last she walked slowly forward along the empty promenade deck, convinced that it was all illusion. Near the bridge stairway she met the tall young second officer. He stepped out of a shadow and spoke to her in French: "Mademoiselle is walking in her sleep?"

SHE glanced up at him under the visor of his cap, that same lean firmness of mouth. But all the men she had ever felt drawn to were like that, her own father, her first teacher, even Michael Hope and, of course, Courtney Sayer, the Chicago sportsman she had tried to love. It was her type. "I could not waste such a night asleep," she said. "Did you hear someone singing a while ago?"

He shook his head. "Perhaps one of the crew—"

"No," said Eugenie, "because it was an English song—if it was any song."

She walked on around the deck, down the port side and aft again. Glancing into the smoking-room windows as she passed, she saw Michael Hope sitting there alone, brooding over an empty glass. She joined him. "It's nearly two o'clock. What are you sitting here thinking about?"

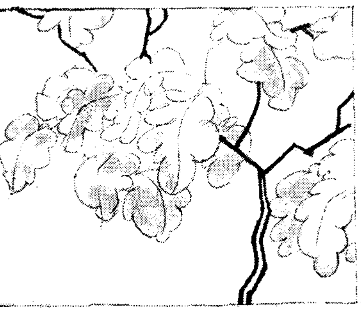
His gaze came up slowly to hers. His eyes were gray, night gray, not sea gray. "You," he said.

"I told you not to say things like that, Michael."

"I know. I seldom do as I am told. What were you thinking about, Eugenie—out there?"

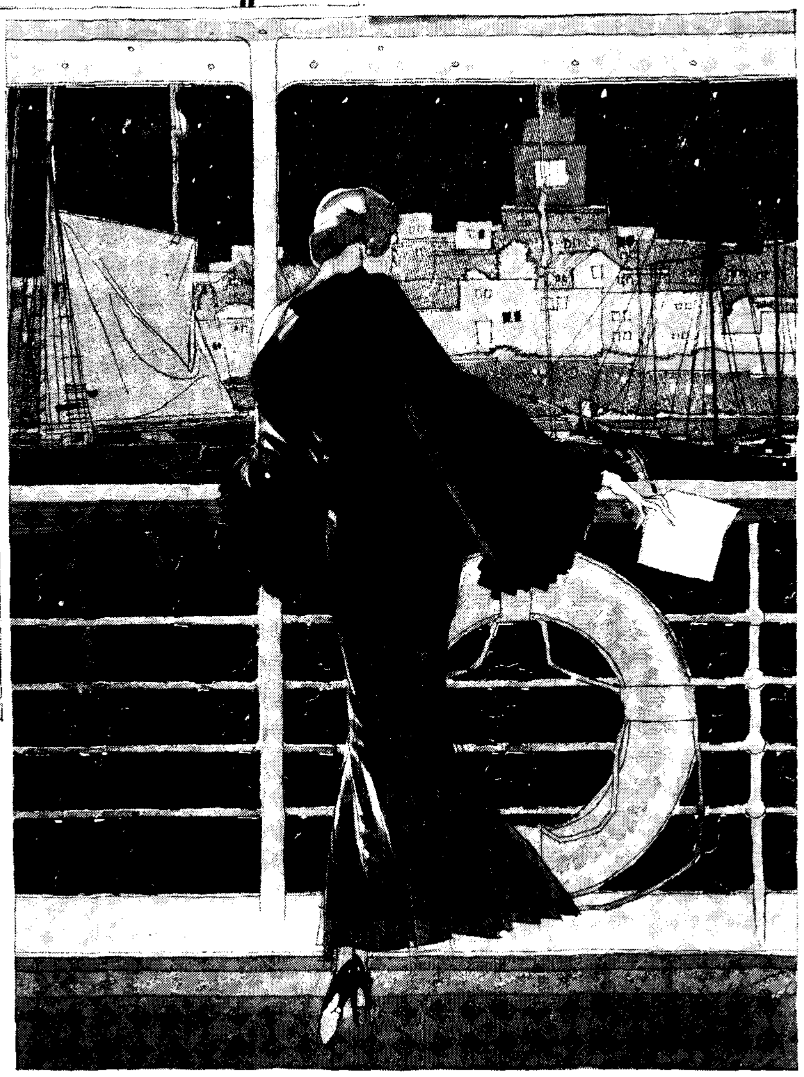
"Not you, Michael." Then she wondered if that were quite true. Maybe it was Michael after all, his hard practical mind, his lank, hard, out-of-doors body, his sureness of purpose which had been really in her thoughts just before—"Remember my telling you about that man in Chicago who—mattered to me, Michael? I think he is on board this ship. Did you hear anyone singing?"

"Did you?"



Eugenie had a feeling of wandering in another world, a world of brighter colors with an air misted with champagne

Illustrated by Russell Patterson



She listened until the whining monotony of it faded into distance

"I think so. I think—it was he. He might be anywhere, among the tourist passengers perhaps. I want you to find out."

Michael Hope laughed. "You heard the south wind, probably. What does the fellow look like?"

"I don't know. I told you that. But I would know him if—"

"If he sang to you, I suppose. You music people are quite mad, Eugenie. You order your whole lives on the stuff, and, of course, it lets you down. I'd turn to something, or someone, surer if I were you. Why go on imagining yourself in love with a ghost?"

Eugenie rose and left him without a word, his laughter following her all the way down the A-Deck corridor to her suite and a conviction dying within her that, but for that memory borne to her tonight on a breath of wind, she might have fallen in love with Michael Hope. He had come to her first with a letter of introduction in New Orleans a year ago—"My friend Michael Hope, Yankee with a Spanish mother, owner and manager of about half the coffee plantations in San Salvador." They had met again by the merest chance in San Francisco and now, to find him on the Patrie—well, she had wondered if it were not fate.

GIANINA, furious at her mistress' disobedience, gave her an only partially mock shaking and literally threw her into bed. "You wake up sometime one morning with beeg fat husband and seven bambino, Signorina. How you lika those?" Eugenie wakened next morning, however, with no bambinos and with no more than an uncomfortable feeling that she'd been ridiculously melodramatic with little if any cause. She got up and out as quickly as possible and did her promenade and sun basking in a blue-white sparkling reality that made stars and south winds and songs in the night seem as fantastic as some of the Chicago Opera Company's stage props.

Michael teased her about it during luncheon for the benefit of everybody at the captain's table. "Miss Forbes has discovered a singing spook on your ship, Captain. I think we should hold an inquiry—into the spook matter or Miss Forbes' state of mind."

"What! Oh, tell us, Miss Forbes." Little Miss Pickett pushed a frantic curl from side to side on her forehead. "Blond and blue-eyed? Or dark with a mustache? Oh, I'd just love to meet one."

They all laughed, even Eugenie, and Captain St. Plair said: "But perhaps Mademoiselle is right. We had a sad duty to bury at sea two years ago the fiddler of our orchestra, and his fiddle with him. Very often my crew say they hear it when the wind is from the south. But my crew are Bretons, Mesdames, Messieurs, and you may believe what you like."

Juan Torres, Argentine Consul at Philadelphia, did not join the merriment. "Nevertheless," he said, "I have heard that there are moments at sea, certain air currents, when sounds come from afar, like radio. There is also radio itself to be considered. Were you near the wireless-room, Miss Forbes? Perhaps they have equipment of that sort?"

Eugenie scrutinized the man's lean, dark, immobile face sharply. When they all rose together and moved toward the Patrie's little Turkish coffee-room she managed to avoid Michael and have the Argentine at her side.

"Are you by any chance a musician, Mr. Torres? Do you—sing, perhaps?"

"I?" He was very evidently confused. "Ah, no, Miss Forbes. Not, at any rate, in your sense of singing. It has been my pleasure to hear you in Louise."

"Has it ever been your pleasure, Mr. Torres, to hear a singer called Alejandro Pascal in, let us say, Manon?"

He halted abruptly. "I was there, Miss Forbes. I was there that night in Chicago. But I do not wish to say anything more. Much of my business and many of my movements have been necessarily secret."

"WHAT did he mean by that, Michael?" Eugenie had made up for her after-luncheon rudeness by rescuing Michael Hope at tea-time from the clutches of Mrs. Archibald, who had him cornered in the Grand Salon. Mrs. Archibald wanted to know all about the dear little brown coffee beans which Michael brought into the world. Mrs. Archibald simply couldn't endure life without her breakfast coffee.

They had found two chairs away from the games and throng and noise of the after deck. "Oh, Torres was probably referring to some business intrigue," said Michael. "The Argentinians have vast affairs with the Chicago packers, of course. Don't look for mysteries where there are none, Eugenie."

"I suppose I am foolish," she confessed. "And you are being very practical and patient with me, Michael. Let's talk about something else."

"We make our first land tomorrow," he said. "The island of Tenerife, in the Canaries. The rest of them will motor all over but they will not find the place where I shall take you."

A strange quiet, the unaccustomed stillness of the boat, sent Eugenie rushing to the window port of her cabin next morning. She discovered a bright blue harbor, gay with bobbing little craft, and the shimmering red and white town of Santa Cruz de Tenerife with the dark blue hills of the island leaning over it like a guardian shoulder. Gianina, fuming and voluble, brought a note from Michael which said: "If you have a riding habit, put it on."

"It is in justa place lika dees, Signorina, those man make lose the good sense," stormed Gianina. "I got one less beeg fat husband if I do not go one time to Amalfi. Ah, Dio mio! Amalfi carissima! But you will go ashore, Signorina, with the nice gooda-nature Signora Archibald. No?"

"Gianina, you will find my riding things folded in the bottom drawer of the third trunk."

SO EUGENIE went ashore on the open tender with Michael Hope, very childlike and gay in her riding things and flushed with the spirit of adventure. "I haven't been on a horse in six months, Michael. How on earth did you arrange it?"

"As your friend Torres said, Eugenie, there is always radio to be considered. The ride is not hard nor long but we could not get there by motor."

They passed at a walk through the gleaming Plaza de Santa Cruz, past an ancient crumbling cathedral, a flamboyant little hotel with a broad terrace made colorful by sun umbrellas, and everywhere the fine proud Spanish stock of that place, dark stalwart men and straight, soon-developed girls, dusky and lovely in a way of their own. Half an hour later they were mounting along a little used cart road through banana groves weighted with green fruit and across meadows threaded with blue and white and flame-red flowers.

Eugenie had a feeling of wandering in another world, a world of brighter colors with an air as if misted with champagne. They skirted a ravine along a narrow ledge but she wasn't afraid. There was Michael's hand at her bridle and there was Michael's smiling, reassuring gray eyes. Somehow they reached a summit and beheld on the other side a new panorama, like a promised land, light green and dark green slopes falling miles to a golden, surf-washed beach. Two hawks drew gigantic arcs in an otherwise unmarked blue.

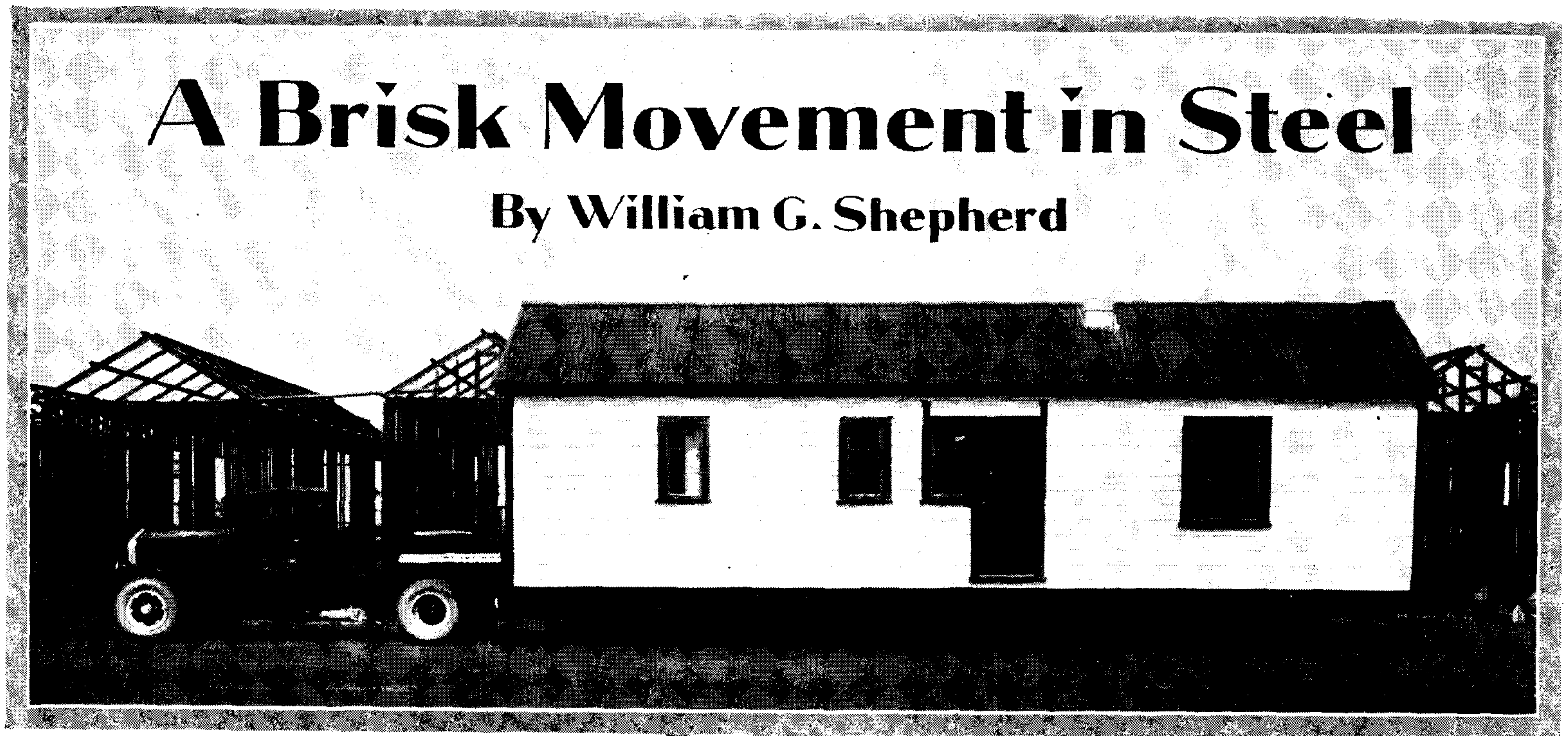
After luncheon they strolled through a rock-bordered garden until they came to the end of the path, and then he took both of her hands and said: "Well, Eugenie? I read your thoughts, you know, and your doubts, too, as clearly as you read my heart."

They looked at each other for a long minute with unguarded eyes and without speech, that revelation of self which one can never quite take back. Eugenie knew the force of his longing more poignantly than any declaration would have shown it, and the waves of feeling spreading through her from his fingers upon her wrists were the more violent because his touch remained calm and firm and gentle with the gentleness of strength. Why couldn't she give way into those arms? So easily he could have made her, but she knew he wouldn't; for he knew too much of the world for that. "Don't make me answer yet, Michael," she begged him.

(Continued on page 40)

A Brisk Movement in Steel

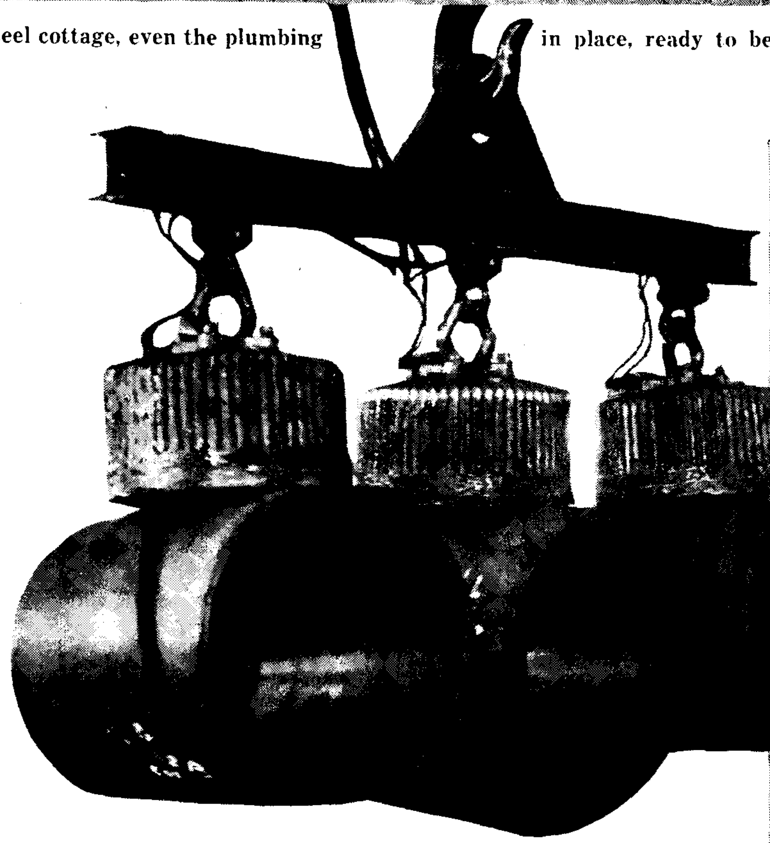
By William G. Shepherd



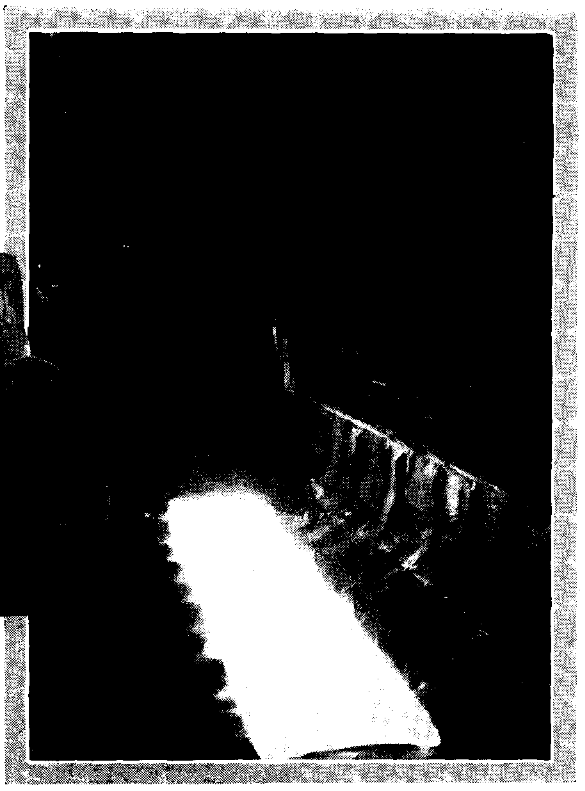
Rembrandt Studios

Here's a house factory! This steel cottage, even the plumbing in place, ready to be dropped onto the owner's distant lot

Out of the murky steel mills, where they boil and cook the material that will later comprise your motor car or your sewing scissors, comes this story by William G. Shepherd. He tells about one of America's newest inventions: a steel mill that vomits forth great ribbons of steel plate faster than a man can run



Powerful electromagnets lift and transport the long, rolled-up strips of steel produced in the new continuous mills



A five-ton slab of incandescent steel ready to start on its swift trip through the rollers

EVERYBODY in that part of New Jersey thought during last spring's forest fires that Arthur Brisbane's unfinished house was bound to be burned down.

On our part of the thirty-mile fire front we kept hearing: "It's getting nearer that new Brisbane place."

On the third day the flames *did* sweep through the pines toward the structure; volunteer fire fighters, of whom there were hundreds, were assigned to protect the building.

To our amazement, we discovered that Mr. Brisbane's place couldn't possibly catch fire. The almost-finished house that reared itself against the background of pines might melt, but it could not burn. The skeleton of the house, its two-by-fours, its timbers, its rafters and sills were not of wood, but of metal. It is a house of steel, curtained by brick.

"How did you come to build your house of steel?" I asked Mr. Brisbane. He seemed hurt by my simplicity.

"Why, men work all day in fireproof buildings," he said. "They ride on fireproof trains; stop at fireproof hotels. Why, in their sleep, should they expose their families and themselves any more than is necessary to the menace of fire?"

One of the most interesting developments in American life, with its ever-rising standard of living, is the fact that many of the demands which we are constantly making for greater conveniences in living are really calls to the iron and steel industry to give us more of its metal.

This is not to say that steel and iron are supplanting many other materials. They are more frequently being called upon to fill purposes that other materials cannot fill. Today no industry in the country is being more highly tested and severely strained to meet a constant call for more and more of its services than the steel industry.

There was a time, say five or six years ago, when the railroad industry was undergoing the fastest change and improvement. It is now, with present plans, getting well caught up with itself. Today, it is the steel industry that is reshaping itself.

More new and dramatic changes are happening in the steel industry than in any other. To close old plants; to throw away, say, a million dollars' worth of old-fashioned machinery which operates too slowly or too expensively has become almost an annual occurrence with the larger steel companies. Such "write-offs" are common parts of annual reports.

In 1930 and 1931, because of an amazing new invention which we shall consider later on, many expensive machine units of very recent type in the sheet mills will be scrapped and tossed into melting furnaces to make material for even more modern machines.

You and I, all of us—though we do not generally realize it—are causing these and other astonishing changes.

Industry Clamors for Steel

The public is literally—though most of the time unconsciously—*pulling* the steel industry ahead. The increase in the public demand for steel, in new forms and for new purposes, is so great and is increasing so rapidly that this dull "red dirt" mainstay of man for ages, called iron ore, from which steel is made, has within the past ten years become a new plaything of science. Steel has become almost a new thing.

Almost every industry is clamoring for iron and steel in new forms. There's the radio set, for example, that you wanted—and finally got. I talked to a steel man recently, the latest sort of specialist in the steel industry; his job is to furnish "electrical iron" or "electrical steel."

No one knows what kind of iron was in the key with which Benjamin Franklin caught electricity from the clouds, but the chances are that it wasn't the best sort of metal for that purpose, nor the best sort of metal mixture.

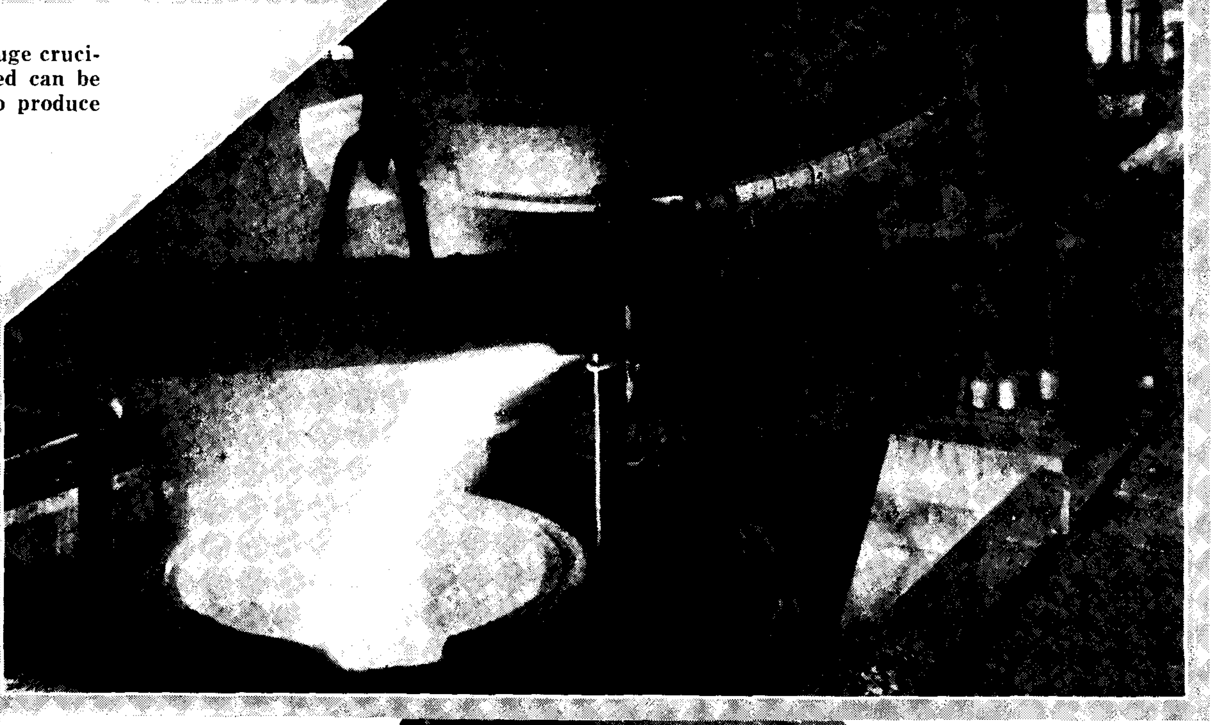
For many years the electrical industry could develop no faster than the steel industry could move in answering the demand for "better electrical steel." When families, by the millions, began to demand telephones, electrical household equipment, radio sets, and so forth, the steel industry established special experts in its laboratories, working out the problem of finding the best sort of steel or iron mixtures for many and various electrical purposes.

My "electrical steel" expert showed

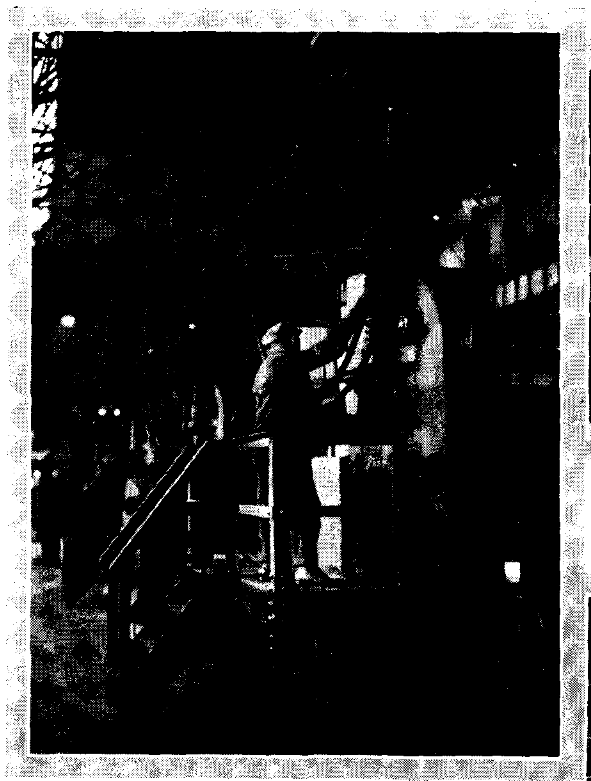
(*Continued on page 31*)

Drawing steel from a blast furnace. In these huge crucibles the iron from which steel is manufactured can be chemically treated and mixtures introduced to produce widely diversified grades of steel

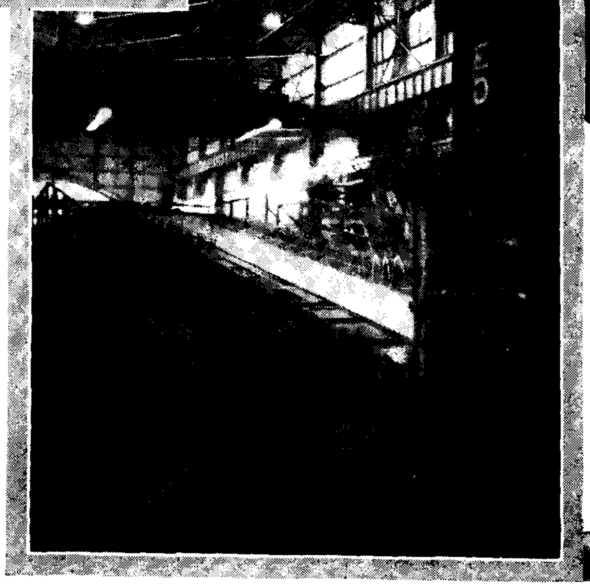
Electricity is used to maintain extremely high temperatures in the arc-type furnace, shown below discharging its load of the molten metal into a ladle



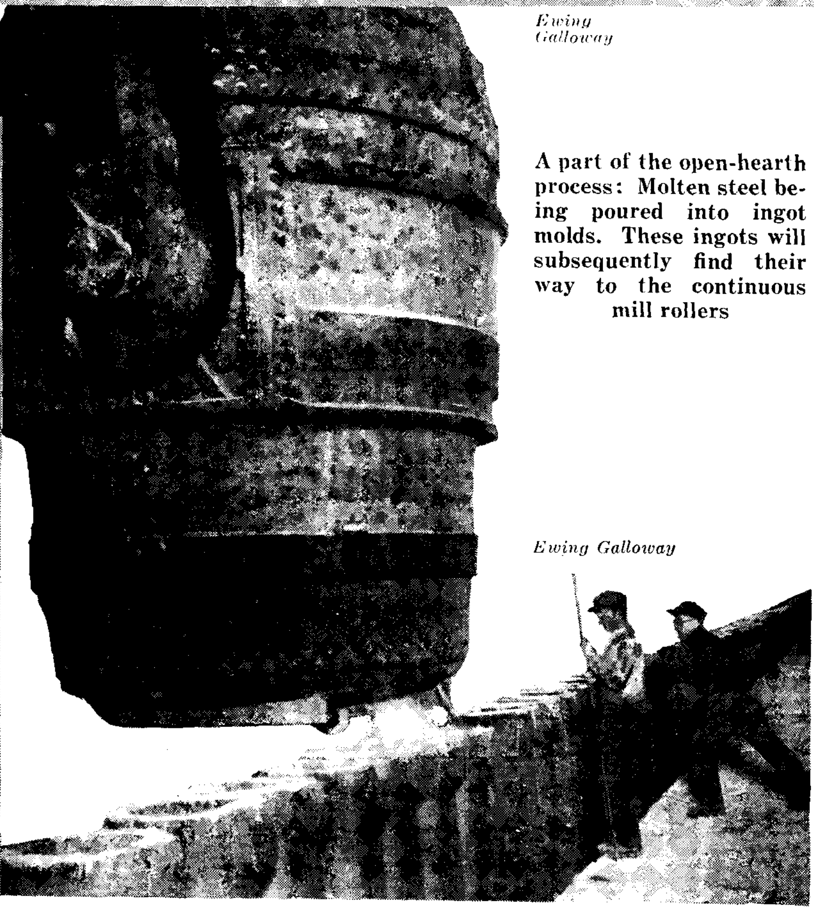
Ewing Galloway



Setting the rollers of a continuous mill to produce the desired thickness of steel sheet. This ultra-modern machinery has opened a vast new field of potential uses for its product



The end of the trip. The cooling slab of steel has been converted into a single sheet of metal in about thirty seconds' time, a process which, under hand-labor methods, requires days of withering labor



A part of the open-hearth process: Molten steel being poured into ingot molds. These ingots will subsequently find their way to the continuous mill rollers

Ewing Galloway

Gipp the Great

Here's the story of the greatest of Notre Dame's great, told by the man who discovered and trained him. It's a dramatic story and it contains the essence of football

GEORGE GIPP was the greatest football player Notre Dame ever produced. He was unequaled in the game by anybody, save, perhaps, Jim Thorpe. Gipp was Nature's pet and, as with many of her pets, Nature also punished him. Gipp had everything to make a man great—splendid physique (he was 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighed 185 pounds, all bone and muscle), balanced temperament, a brilliant mind. He became great at the art he loved most—football. If his untimely end held a touch of tragedy it was not because of any lack of mental or moral assets on his part, but because Nature, that had given to him so generously, denied him at the very peak of his career when he was to be crowned the outstanding All-America halfback.

I first met George Gipp on a football field. It was and is a habit of mine to ride or stroll to the practice field and observe groups of freshmen or nondescript students kicking footballs around. Once in a great while you can spot, among these clumsy beginners, genuine talent.

On this early autumn afternoon in 1916 the practice field was all but deserted. A tall lad in everyday campus clothes was booting a football to a boy in a playing suit who kicked it back. The uniformed lad was a candidate for the freshman team. Their play seemed nothing more than a casual duet of punts between a football aspirant and some hall friend or roommate who had come out to oblige.

The style of the taller boy caught my eye. He picked up the ball, poised his body with natural grace, slid the ball to the ground and drop-kicked with perfect ease—fifty yards. For about ten minutes I watched him. His kicks were far and placed evidently where he wanted them to go to give the other player catching practice. Here, I thought, was somebody worth examining. When he strolled from the field as if bored, I stopped him.

"What's your name?" I asked.

Most freshmen regard the football coach as if he's a deity on duty for the season. This boy was almost indifferent.

"Gipp," he said, "George Gipp. I come from Calumet, Michigan."

"Played high school football?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Don't particularly care for football. Baseball's my dish."

"What led you to come to Notre Dame?" I asked.

"Friends of mine are here," he said.

"Put on a football suit tomorrow," I invited, "and come out with the freshmen scrubs. I think you'll make a football player."

The lad with Gipp stared pop-eyed.

"Why," he said, "he's been kicking those punts and drops with ordinary low shoes. What'll he do with football boots?"

That question was soon answered. Gipp romped through the freshman line on the very first play of a scrub game, the first time he had ever carried a ball in competition under the coach's eye. I learned that he had gone out for the Brownson Hall team, the usual thing for boys to do at Notre Dame, as every student physically capable of doing so is expected to enroll in his hall squad. But Gipp was not interested and had quit the hall team.

A Story-Book Hero

After a month of knocking about with the freshmen, in which I observed him four or five times and watched how naturally he acquired running, kicking and tackling technique, we sent him into his first game. It was against Western State Normal, tough competition for any bunch of freshmen. The game was tied up in the last three minutes. Gipp had been doing a good deal of ball-carrying—showing a lot he had learned and a lot he needed to learn—principally cutting back and interfering, at which he was weak. In one of those frowned-faced huddles dear to all freshmen teams, Gipp insisted that he be allowed to try for a kick to win three points and the game. His quarterback and captain argued against it. The quarterback called for a punt, as a matter of fact, to get the ball out of his own territory and make sure of a draw when a win seemed impossible.

Gipp took the ball and fell back to his own thirty-eight-yard line. With effortless grace he dropped the ball, booted it and it soared high and away, parting the square of space above the crossbar. A perfect bid for the three points that won the game.

This Frank Merriwell finish—disregarding signals to win a game—was so poetically right that I thought Gipp too good to be true. He himself seemed to have no thought about the matter. Where another boy would be flushed in triumph, this youngster took congratulations calmly. Even when I asked him to come out in the next practice between varsity and scrubs he showed no emotion.

"All right," he said. "If you think I can do any good."

In this game the scrubs were to represent the Army. Good scrub players had been schooled to imitate the styles of various Army stars. But I had found nobody on either varsity or scrub squads who could give an imitation of Oliphant, the ground-gaining Army Jehu. This was why I wanted Gipp. For three days I took him personally in hand, making him vary his pace, break his runs and cut back and dodge. He was extremely patient, even during the dull repetition in slow motion of every part of a long broken-field run. Next he was initiated into Oliphant's veering style of ball-carrying.

The varsity knew Gipp was going to be sent in against them. They were primed to stop him. They didn't. Gipp gave a perfect imitation of Oliphant and ran wide around end, passing the secondary defense with ease and scoring a touchdown. The only drawback was that in the actual game with Army, Oliphant gave a perfect imitation of Gipp and also made an end run for a touchdown.

Becoming in his freshman year a hero of campus talk is enough to inflate any youngster's head. But this boy Gipp had the superb personal policy of being indifferent to everything. Even on my short acquaintance

Knute Rockne, friend and counselor of the great George Gipp through his meteoric days at Notre Dame University

Keystone

By Knute K. Rockne

with him this caused me to marvel. The explanation came, quite dramatically, later.

He reported to me that he would have to work his way through school. There were a few jobs of the white-collar type available. Those who had them to give would have been glad to hire a boy who, in his freshman year, was already an accepted football hero in a school that had no small reputation for football heroes.

Gipp made his own choice.

"I want to wait on table," he said.

He became a hash-slinger and a most efficient one. Visitors to the refectory were surprised to have Gipp pointed out to them—after his fame became more than Mid-Western—wearing a white waiter's coat and passing out bowls of soup and plates of stew. But the two tables in his charge—waiters nearest the kitchen had to cover two tables—were always promptly served and promptly cleared. He took the job seriously because it paid for his room and board.

The Perfect Athlete

My fear for Gipp was that Nature had made him such a fine athlete that, overgifted, he would not appreciate or respect his gifts. He lived quietly, had few companions—apparently cared nothing for female company, of which there's none whatever on the Notre Dame campus. He skipped the study-room more frequently than I liked to see him do. But a check-up on his habits showed him with fewer than the usual faults of star athletes.

During his first summer he surpassed everybody as an outfielder and hitter in freshman baseball. There, as in football, he early showed a tendency to dominate quietly but effectively. He had a keen sense of strategy. I didn't see this game; but I was told that once when he was sent in with orders to make a bunt he slugged the ball for a home run and explained that the afternoon was much too hot to be running around bases. He had a fine throwing arm—shooting the ball from boundary to plate on one hop.

What I hoped would be the hall-mark of quality in the athlete who seemed too good to be true—namely, humor—was lacking in his early months at school. He was pleasant without being cheerful, affable without being congenial. He appeared just too sure of himself.

In his first year of gridiron play we held him under leash. We had plenty of stars, and as he was only twenty, and the war was on, it was my policy to save him for the 1918 season. At that time it looked as if all our first-string men would join the service. That's exactly what happened. After a brief season that did not officially count as a scholastic year in 1918, Gipp, while having an opportunity to show that his greatness was growing, was not given too many chances to shine. 1918 was my first year as head coach, and I made it my undeviating rule to handle the boys without in the least putting anybody in a spot where I might be suspected of favoritism.

Gipp joined the Students' Army Training Corps, which some cynics irreverently paraphrased as Safe at the College. When he returned to school after the holidays he switched his course from Arts to Law. Which meant nothing to me so long as he studied. I hope I'm pardoned for speaking in this proprietary or, at least, paternal way of the boy, because I felt the thrill that comes to every coach when he knows it is his fate and his responsibility to handle unusual greatness—the perfect performer who comes rarely more than once in a generation.

This year, 1919, I felt, would be a great one for Gipp. During early spring practice he displayed uncanny accuracy in kicking and blocking. I should have mentioned that he had shown the football intuition that no coach or system can teach, in the first major game in which he had appeared for long—against Army at West Point in 1917. We had the Army beaten 7 to 2 as we came to the last few minutes of play. The cadets cut loose and marched to the tune of several first downs, planting the ball on our twenty-yard line. There they were held, but advanced for the fourth and final down to our eight-yard line. Remember, the score was 7 to 2. Gipp remembered it. Army's quarterback barked signals and they lined up for a place kick. Gipp instantly cried:

"Look out for a pass!"

George Gipp, whose death in 1920 ended one of football's most brilliant careers

He was right. Army didn't kick. They gambled for six points instead of an almost certain three. Six points would have won the game. But Gipp warned our defense in time. Receivers were covered and he himself knocked the pass down and saved the game.

The Faculty Intervenes

That was quick thinking. It made him, as far as I was concerned. I knew there'd be nothing to stop this man being the outstanding star of his next full season. Nothing, that is, excepting Gipp.

On a bright spring morning of 1919 I received the encouraging news, the news that puts a coach beside himself—that his bright particular star has been fired from school. Gipp was kicked out for missing too many classes. It seemed too late to do anything except scold him, and that was profitless. Yet when I tackled him on his remissness and told him that he had put the finish to, not on, a brilliant athletic career, he quietly asked me why he couldn't have an oral examination. Townsmen of South Bend even appealed to the school authorities to give Gipp another chance. Gipp claimed to have been ill and he got it on that account.

Gipp went into that examination-room with the whole school and the whole city awaiting the outcome. Some of his inquisitors were no football fans. They were prepared to stop his scholastic run with tough, tackling questions and blocking from the books. His professors knew that Gipp was no diligent student. He made no notes. But he astonished everybody by what he knew when it came to cross-examination. He passed back into school, and there was general rejoicing. Not, however, by Gipp. Calmly, as usual, he accepted victory; but it was observed that he was more regular in attending class.

A Flair for Dramatics

The boy was really a master showman, with a mind alert to catch every effective detail of a show. Secretly, although he gave no outward sign, he loved the dramatic. To him it was striking fun to be fired from school because he wouldn't study, only to be returned when it was discovered, under fire, that he knew quite as much as the most unwearying plodders. The lad had brilliance and a sense of dramatic opportuneness, of doing the right, unpreconceived thing at exactly the right, unpreconceived moment that made me wonder, at times, what self-dramatizing leaders of men must have been among his forbears. Even Gipp's voice was a warm, vibrant baritone, full of life. Yet his ancestry, so far as I knew, was Puritan. His father was a Congregational minister.

This detail, mentioned by him when he applied for a change of domicile at the university, led to one of his crisp comebacks. A dormitory mate, chiding Gipp as a meek, heretical lamb among orthodox wolves, was surprised when Gipp pointed to a battery of showers next to his room door.

"I'm the holy one around here," he said. "Cleanliness is always next to godliness."

This hall-mark of humor which developed in what might be called his manners, step by step with the development of his athletic prowess, first stamped him—at least in my sight—as the solid-gold article called greatness. He displayed it first on the gridiron during the opening game of the 1919 season. This was against Kalamazoo, a medium-strong team.

Not desiring to pile up a score against Kalamazoo and urgently wishing to give Gipp and the rest of the boys a strict test, I asked the officials to impose penalties without hesitation, even, at times, without reason. Gipp shone in the first period with an eighty-yard run. As the stands cheered the star's first touchdown of the season, the grim officials called back the ball, ruling one of our linesmen offside. Within ten minutes Gipp broke through the entire Kalamazoo defense for a sixty-eight-yard run to a touchdown. Once more a grim field judge ruled a guard offside.

Gipp was mad clear through. He said nothing. Even during the intermission he made no bleat to me.

That was one more striking piece of evidence that the boy had real, unmistakable class.

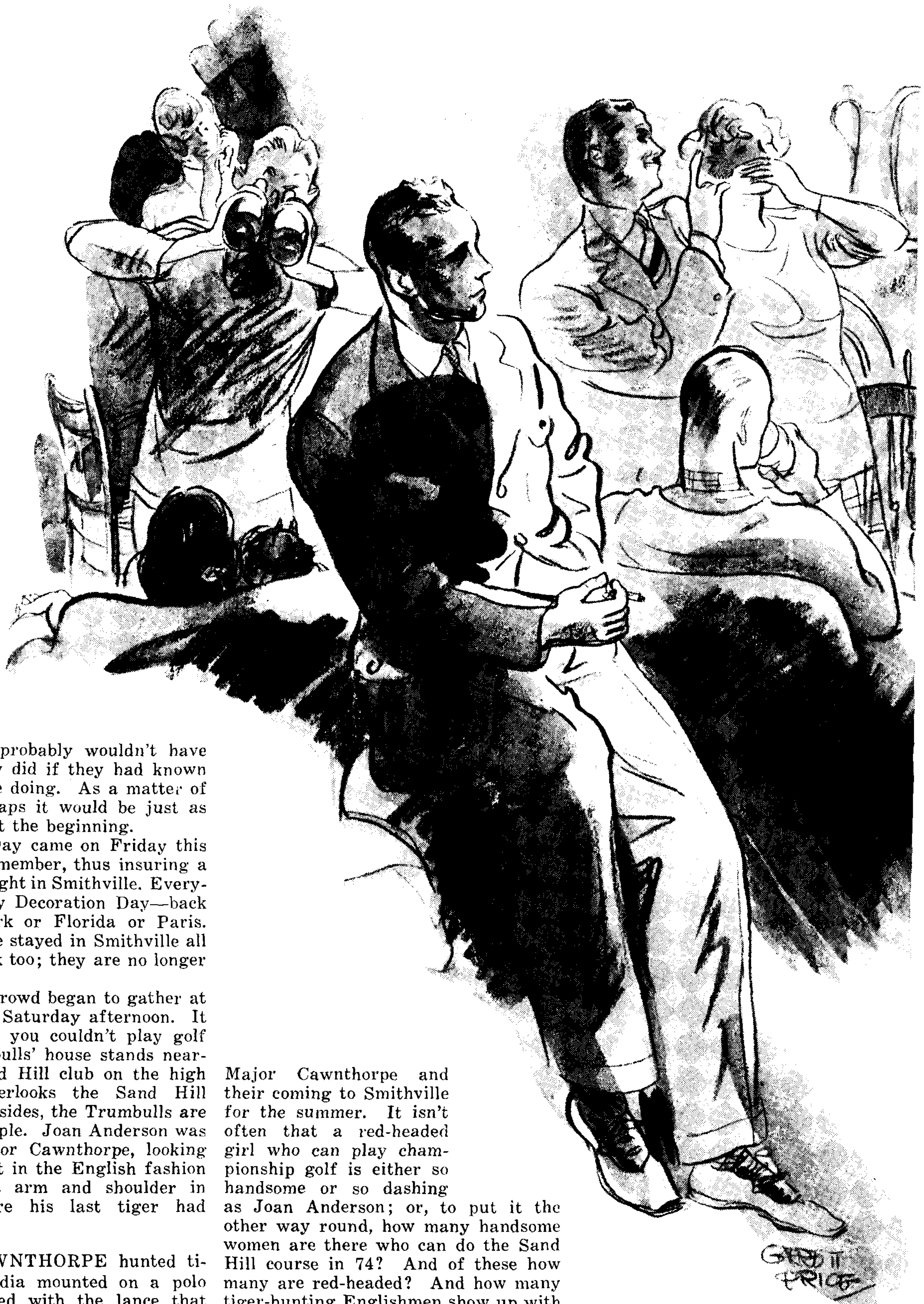
During the third period he hung back for a while, as we were ahead and it was always his whim to loaf when an opposing team was obviously weaker. But he caught a punt and couldn't

(*Continued on page 63*)

Explaining the curious love affair of Sam Agnew and Cynthia Trumbull—and that singular Smithville Saturday-night custom of—

Going to Bed at Nine

By Lucian Cary



NOW that there has been so much nonsense about the quaint Smithville custom of going to bed at nine o'clock Saturday night it is time to tell the truth about it. The idea is still so new that a good many Smithvilleites do not know how it started; they have merely followed the fashion.

They will tell you that the idea of going to bed at nine o'clock Saturday night is to get up at five o'clock Sunday morning and play golf. This is not the point. The custom is followed by people who never play golf at all.

Until late last summer Smithville was a good deal like other suburban places. It is too far from New York to commute from in the winter, unless you are a glutton for punishment, and it has the reputation of being an artists' colony. That sort of thing always booms prices in a New England village and turns all the natives into real-estate agents and fills the place up with bankers and brokers who think they are going to have wild free summers. But these differences are trivial.

Like every other place in the neighborhood of New York or Kansas City or Detroit or Chicago or San Francisco, where people go to get away from it all, Smithville was dedicated to the Saturday-night party. Saturday night you danced and drank and disappeared in couples. It is the tradition, the old, established American custom.

The Smithville rebellion against Saturday night was started by two people who didn't know they were starting anything and probably wouldn't have done what they did if they had known what they were doing. As a matter of fact—but perhaps it would be just as well to begin at the beginning.

Decoration Day came on Friday this year, if you remember, thus insuring a big Saturday night in Smithville. Everybody is back by Decoration Day—back from New York or Florida or Paris. Those who have stayed in Smithville all winter are back too; they are no longer hibernating.

The golfing crowd began to gather at the Trumbulls' Saturday afternoon. It rained so hard you couldn't play golf and the Trumbulls' house stands nearest to the Sand Hill club on the high ridge that overlooks the Sand Hill course; and, besides, the Trumbulls are that sort of people. Joan Anderson was there and Major Cawnthorpe, looking tall and elegant in the English fashion with his right arm and shoulder in bandages where his last tiger had clawed him.

MAJOR CAWNTHORPE hunted tigers in India mounted on a polo pony and armed with the lance that other men use for pig-sticking. Major Cawnthorpe held that pig-sticking wasn't sufficiently sporting. It so seldom happened that the wild boar was able to kill you. A tiger had a fair chance.

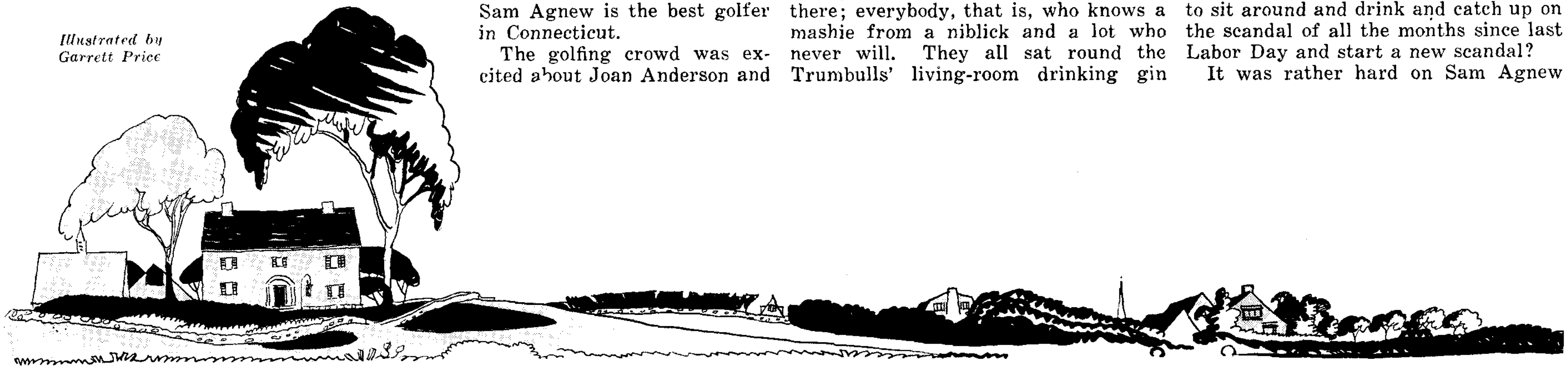
Joan Anderson had played an exhibition round the day before with Sam Agnew. She had done the Sand Hill course in 74, or two over par, and beaten Sam by one stroke. Sam Agnew is the best golfer in Connecticut.

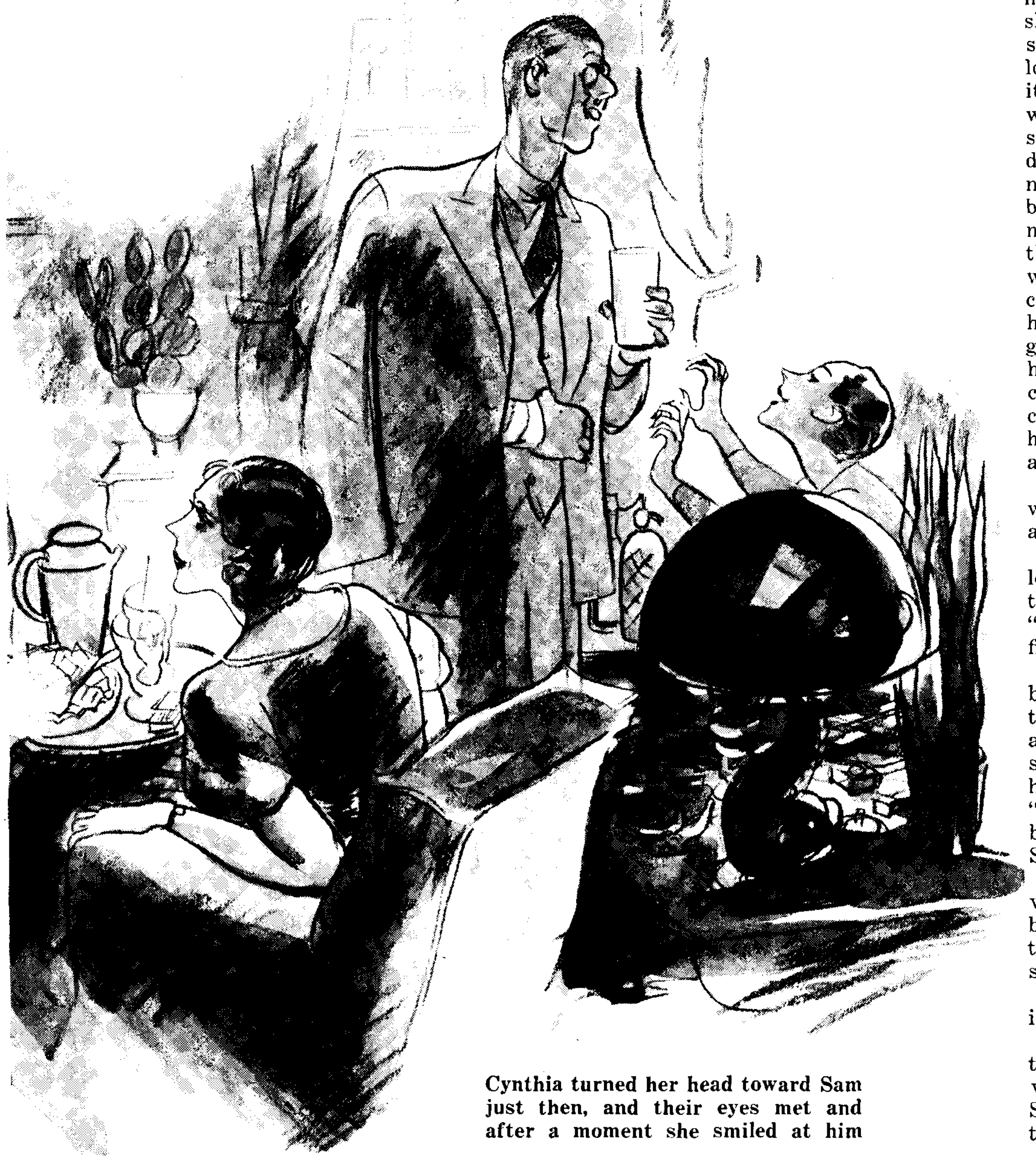
The golfing crowd was excited about Joan Anderson and Major Cawnthorpe and their coming to Smithville for the summer. It isn't often that a red-headed girl who can play championship golf is either so handsome or so dashing as Joan Anderson; or, to put it the other way round, how many handsome women are there who can do the Sand Hill course in 74? And of these how many are red-headed? And how many tiger-hunting Englishmen show up with the bandages still on the claw marks? And how many of these are quietly enthusiastic about the United States? Major Cawnthorpe said, every time they gave him a fresh whisky and soda, "I had no idea, you know, that there was any sporting country in America."

Sam and Milly Agnew were both at the Trumbulls that afternoon; and the mischievous Harry Dunster; and Bill Wumpus; and well, everybody was there; everybody, that is, who knows a mashie from a niblick and a lot who never will. They all sat round the Trumbulls' living-room drinking gin and ginger ale, except the major, who never drank anything but whisky, and Harry Dunster, who had discovered a bottle of Pernod that Phil Trumbull had brought back with him from Paris. What else is there to do in Smithville when it rains pitchforks on the last day in May and everybody is back—except to sit around and drink and catch up on the scandal of all the months since last Labor Day and start a new scandal?

It was rather hard on Sam Agnew

Illustrated by Garrett Price





Cynthia turned her head toward Sam just then, and their eyes met and after a moment she smiled at him

and Cynthia Trumbull, who weren't drinking and who had never been any nearer a scandal than being married to it. Sam Agnew was in that sensitive state a man is likely to be in when he observes his wife expertly ensnaring the distinguished stranger. Sam was noticing things. He noticed how the major hung over Milly, as if he had never met anything quite so charming before in his life, which he probably hadn't. He noticed Joan Anderson and the way Phil Trumbull followed her around; and the way Cynthia Trumbull's eyes followed her husband.

Sam thought that what Milly always said was true—that if Cynthia Trumbull were not so scared she'd be beautiful; really beautiful. Cynthia turned her head toward Sam just then, and their eyes met and after a moment she smiled at Sam. Perhaps Cynthia only smiled because she was aware that she was looking unhappy and she didn't want anybody to see that she was unhappy. Who knows what happens when a man and a woman who have known each other casually because they move in the same group suddenly look into each other's eyes for one brief, revealing moment and then look away again?

They both behaved as if something had happened. Two experienced campaigners such as his wife and her husband couldn't have done it better. Sam got up and strolled out on the porch. Cynthia Trumbull followed him. He hadn't asked her to follow him. Or perhaps he had. He didn't know. He only knew that she stood beside him and they both looked out over the rain-swept fairway that leads from the third to the fourth at Sand Hill and he felt the way he had so often felt when he took up his mashie-niblick for the pitch that was going to win or lose the match.

HE GAVE Cynthia a quick sidewise glance and at the same instant she gave him a little sidewise glance. Sam felt the way he had felt the day he had pitched 180 yards on the seventh hole at Sand Hill and dropped the ball in the cup so that he made the hole in two. Par for the seventh at Sand Hill is four.

Cynthia was wearing a dress with little cap sleeves. Sam Agnew saw how beautifully modeled the bare arm next him was—how round where the sleeve ended and how slenderly and with what long and subtle curves it came down to the wrist. He wanted to say, "I think you're a darling." But he was not the sort of man to burst out like that. He never had said anything like that to a woman, except of course to Milly. But his outward calm was going, as it never would have gone on the golf course no matter how close the match. He had to say something and say it quick.

"D-d-d-do you know what time it is?" Sam asked in desperation.

Cynthia raised that lovely arm to look at the watch on her wrist. "It's five minutes after five," she said.

That was all. They both looked out across the drenched fairway again. But by now something had indeed happened. Sam said, "I see it's going to be a big Saturday night in Smithville."

And Cynthia said what she had never said before to anybody in the world. "Oh," she said, "how I hate it!"

"Do you really hate it?" Sam asked.

"I loathe"—and Cynthia drew out the word with passion—"I loathe Saturday-night parties."

"Why do you do it then?"

"Why does anybody do it?" Cynthia asked.

"Most of them do it because they like to drink or to flirt. I can't imagine any other reason."

"I hardly ever take a drink," Cynthia said. "I never flirt. I never learned how. And besides, I've always been crazy about Phil."

"I don't like Saturday-night parties either," Sam said. "That's why I never stay for them. Tonight about nine o'clock I shall duck out as usual and go home to bed. At five o'clock in the morning I'll be up and getting coffee. At half past five I'll be out there on the course practicing pitches."

"I wish I had the courage to do that," Cynthia said. "I think you're wonderful to do it."

"No," Sam said, "I merely happen to prefer going out early Sunday morning and practicing pitches when there's nobody on the course to sticking out a late Saturday-night party. I've been doing it for years."

"Is that how you got to be such a whiz with your irons?"

"That's how I learned to play my irons," Sam said.

"I'd love to do that," Cynthia said. "But—but—"

"Say it."

Cynthia gave him an appealing look and Sam saw what lovely eyes she had. Her eyes were troubled now but even when they were troubled they were the deepest violet blue.

"But," Cynthia began again, "I mean—aren't you afraid that—that—that—"

"That what?" Sam asked, as if he didn't know what she was thinking. He did know. She was thinking that her husband was notoriously unable to resist a new and pretty face; and that Milly Agnew was the most accomplished flirt in Smithville.

"I suppose I'm awfully jealous," Cynthia said. "I'm always afraid that—that Phil—I mean that something might happen if I wasn't at the party."

"Do you ever do anything about what does happen when you are at the party?"

"N-n-no," Cynthia said.

SAM turned to her. "Cynthia," he said, "I'll be at the ninth green tomorrow morning at five o'clock—will you join me?"

Cynthia looked away for a long minute. "Would you teach me to play my irons the way"—she nodded toward the living-room and Joan Anderson's gay laugh—"the way that lady wrestler in there does?"

Sam grinned. He thought to himself how unerringly women saw their rivals' weaknesses. Joan Anderson was handsome. She was magnificent. But like so many top-flight women golfers she had the underpinning of a piano.

"Yes," Sam said, "I'll teach you all I know."

"I will be there," Cynthia said.

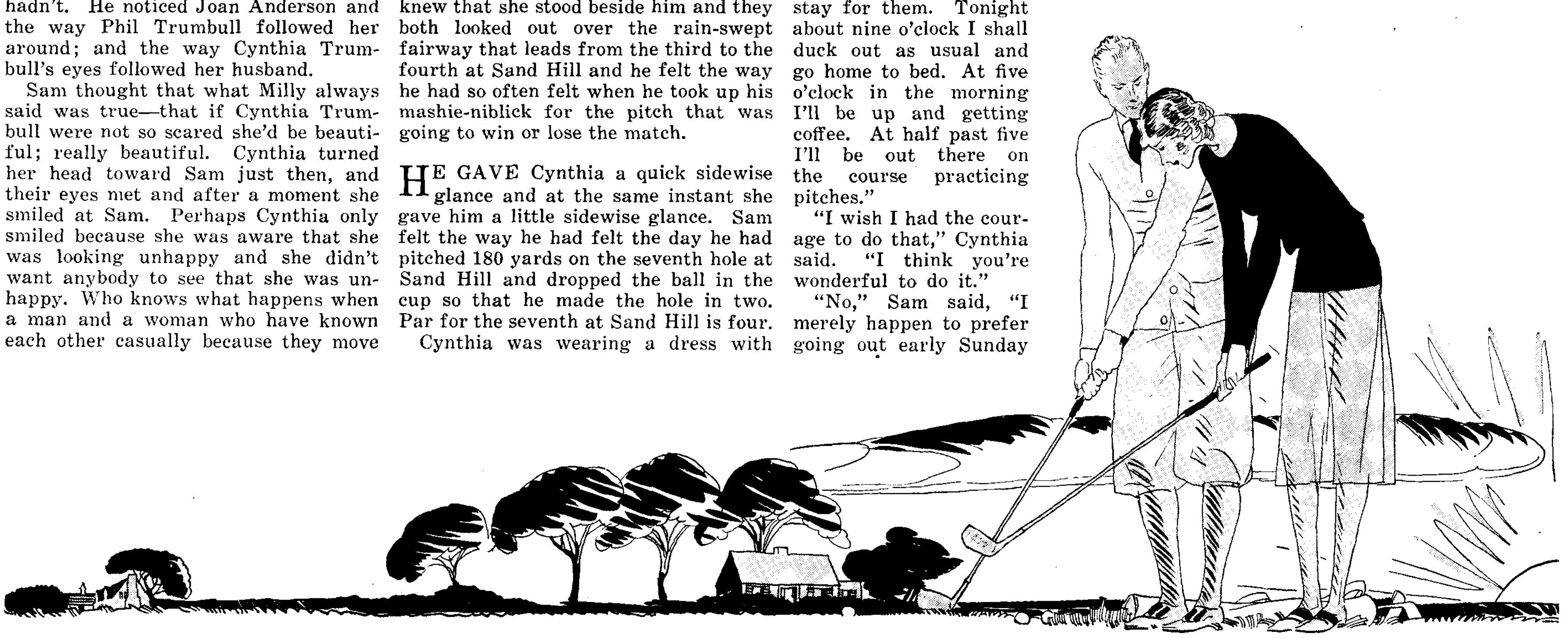
"It will mean leaving the party early."

"I will leave the party at nine o'clock," Cynthia promised, "even if I am the hostess."

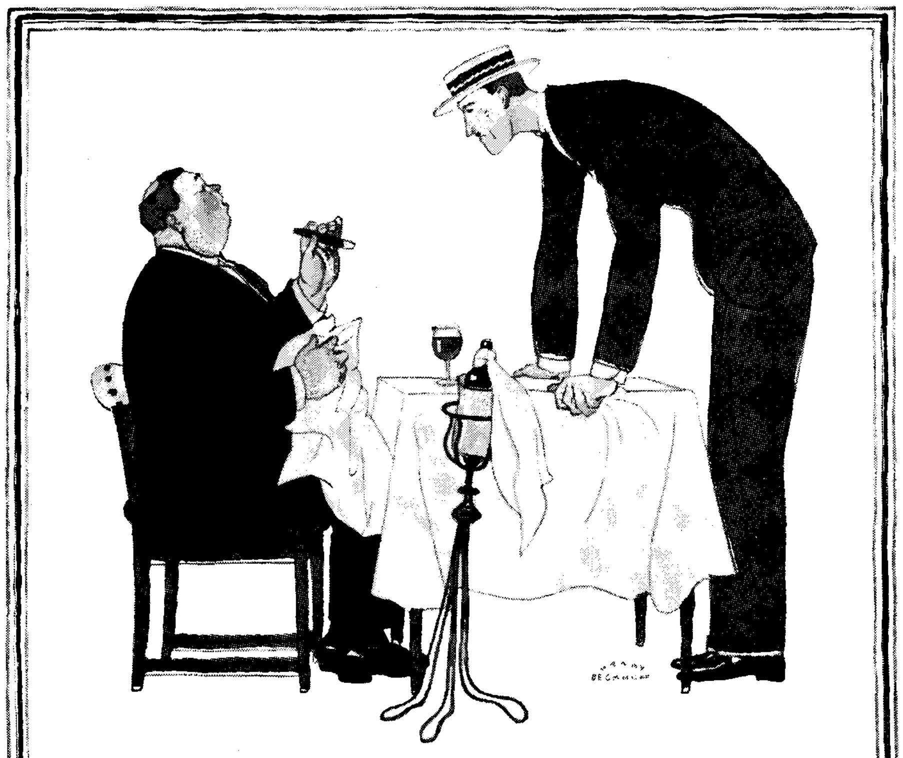
As if by mutual consent they strolled back into the living-room, parting at the doorway. And in all that gay and knowing crowd no one observed them, or saw the light of high resolve in their faces, or faintly suspected what had started.

Sam Agnew rolled out of bed the next

(*Continued on page 54*)



Big Money



The young man's gaze narrowed. "Hoke," he said, "I know your secret!"

The Story Thus Far:

TO HIS amazement and delight, T. Paterson Frisby, American financier residing in London, is informed by his secretary, young Berry Conway, that he—the penniless Berry Conway—is the owner of The Dream Come True, a copper mine which, because he regards it as worthless, he is anxious to sell.

The Dream Come True adjoins Mr. Frisby's Horned Toad mine; and, as Mr. Frisby is well aware, it is worth millions. Hoping to secure it for a small sum, he sends the young owner to a "possible buyer"—one J. B. Hoke (secretly on the Frisby pay roll), who promptly purchases the mine—for himself!

Much shocked when he hears the news, Mr. Frisby still sees a chance to make money. He consents to a merger of the two mines—and plans to clean up on the sale of stock. . . .

Ann Moon, American heiress and niece of T. Paterson Frisby, arrives in London; likewise, Kitchie Valentine, one of her friends. Ann promptly gets herself engaged to the penniless, but dashing, Lord Biskerton (the "Biscuit," to his intimates), whose aunt—the tight-jawed, penniless Lady Vera Mace—is her chaperon. Kitchie goes to Valley Fields, a suburb, to visit her uncle, Major Flood-Smith. And the excitement begins!

Lord Biskerton is being hounded by his creditors. How can he evade them until he is married—and in funds? He seeks the advice of his dearest friend, Berry Conway.

"Simple!" says Mr. Conway. "Say you have the mumps, change your name to Smith, and take a house near mine at Valley Fields *until the storm's over!*" His lordship acts on the suggestion instantly. And then—

He meets the lovely Kitchie Valentine, a neighbor, falls in love with her, proposes—and is accepted! . . . Meanwhile, Miss Moon has not been inactive. And presently, following a series of strange adventures, she finds herself in love with—and actually engaged to—a fascinating young man who says he is a member of the romantic Secret Service. . . . The young man's name is Berry Conway!

When Lord Biskerton hears the news—from Mr. Conway, who does not dream that the Biscuit and Ann know each other—he is delighted. "Take her, my boy!" he yodels. "I want Kitchie! . . ." But Lord Hoddesdon, the Biscuit's father, and Lady Vera Mace are shocked. They decide to have Mr. Frisby buy off this adventurer that Ann wants to marry.

X

ALTHOUGH the little luncheon arranged by Lord Biskerton and his friend Berry Conway had been designed primarily as a celebration of their joint felicity, they had scarcely settled themselves at the table before it lost this care-free aspect and became undisguisedly a discussion of ways and means. The peculiar complexity of their position had escaped neither of them. Each had been doing solid thinking overnight, and the business note was struck almost immediately.

"What it all boils down to," said the Biscuit, when the waiter had left them and it was possible to deal with matters more intimate than the bill of fare, "is, Where do we go from here?"

Berry nodded. This was, he recognized, the problem.

"I am not saying," proceeded the Biscuit, "that this isn't the maddest, merriest day of all the glad new year, because it is. We love. Excellent. We are loved. Capital. Nothing could be sweeter. But now the question arises, How the dickens are we going to collect enough cash to push the thing through to a happy conclusion? We must not fail to realize that between us we have got just about enough to pay for one marriage ceremony. And we shall need a couple."

Berry nodded again. He had not failed to realize this.

"Because," said the Biscuit, "there is none of that one-portion-between-two stuff with clergymen. Each time the firing squad assembles, even though it be on the same morning and with a breathing space of only a few minutes, the vicar wants his little envelope. So we are faced with the eternal problem of money and how to get it. Who," he asked, looking across the room, "is the red-faced bird who has just waved a paternal hand at us? I don't know him. One of your city friends?"

Berry followed his gaze. At a table near the door a stout and florid man was sitting, obviously doing himself well. J. B. Hoke, that obese double-dealer, always made of his lunch almost a holy rite, and as a temple in which to perform it he usually selected this particular restaurant. For here he could get soup that was soup, a steak that was a steak, and in addition that wholehearted affection which restaurateurs bestow on clients who come regularly and are restrained from giving of their best neither by parsimony nor by any of these modern diet fads.

J. B. Hoke had never dieted in his life. Nor was there at the present point in his career any reason for him to stint himself from motives of economy. Things were going well with Mr. Hoke. He had unloaded all his Horned Toad Copper at four shillings, and the Financial News informed him this morning that it was down to one shilling and sixpence. At his leisure he proposed to buy it in again, possibly when it had sunk to a *shilling*, and *then* the information of the discovery of the new reef would be made public and he would have nothing to do but sit pretty and watch her shoot skyward. The future looked to Mr. Hoke as rosy as his face.

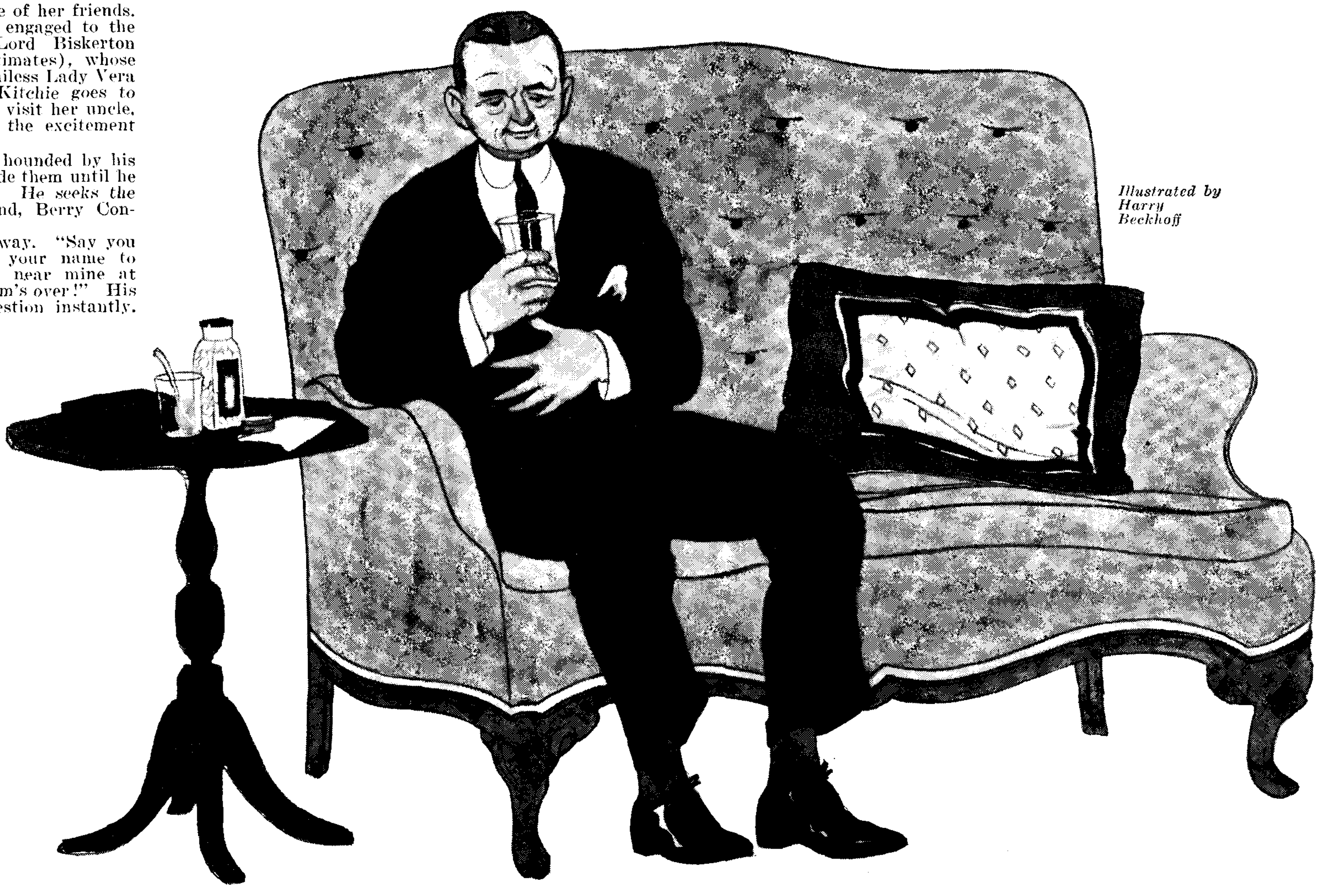
HE REGARDED Berry with eyes that bulged with greed and good will. The thought that he was about to make a large fortune out of a property for which he had paid this young man five hundred pounds diverted Mr. Hoke. He bestowed upon his steak a look that was somehow deeper and more reverent than that which he usually accorded to steaks, though his manner toward them was always respectful. He was pleased to see that today the white-aproned *chef* had excelled himself. J. B. Hoke had chosen that steak in person after a good deal of careful thought, and justice had been done to it in the cooking.

"That," said Berry, "is Hoke. The fellow who bought my mine."

"Is it?" The Biscuit scrutinized the philanthropist with interest. "Bought the mine, did he? Odd. He doesn't look like a mug. You don't think it's possible . . ."

"What?"

"I was just wondering whether that mine was quite such a dud as you thought it. I don't like Hoke's looks. I suspect the man. He has the air of one who would be pretty rough with the widow and the orphan if he got a chance. What's become of this mine? Is he



Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

By P. G. Wodehouse

using it as a summer camp or something?"

"I believe it has been absorbed into a thing old Frisby owns—Horned Toad Copper."

"How does Frisby get mixed up with it?"

"Hoke's a friend of his."

"Is he?" The Biscuit snorted. "Well, that damns him properly. What honest man would be a friend of old Frisby? A bounder," said the Biscuit bitterly, "whose only niece gets engaged to an admirable young man of good family and who, in spite of being given every opportunity of coming across with a small gift, sits tight and does nothing. You take it from me, Berry, these hounds have done you down."

"Well, it's too late to worry about it now."

"I suppose it is."

"What we had better think about is how we are going to raise a bit of money."

The Biscuit frowned.

"Money!" he said. "Yes. You're right. What a rotten thing this business of money is. Half the best chaps in the world are crippled for want of it. And the fellows who have got it haven't a notion what to do with it. Take old Frisby, for instance. Worth millions."

"I suppose so."

"And is a bloke with a face like a horse and a spending capacity of about twopence a day. On the other hand, take me. You know me, Berry, old man. Young, enthusiastic, dripping with *joie de vivre*, only needing a balance at the bank to go out and scatter light and sweetness and—mark you—scatter them good. If I had money, I could increase the sum of human happiness a hundredfold."

"How?"

"By flinging purses of gold to the deserving, old boy. That's how. And here I am, broke. And there is your foul boss, simply stagnant with the stuff. All wrong."

"Well, don't blame me."

"WHAT ought to happen," said the Biscuit, "is this: If I had the management of this country, there would be public examinations held twice a year, at which these old crumbs with their hoarded wealth would be brought up and subjected to a very severe inquisition. 'You!' the examiner would say, looking pretty sharply at Frisby. 'How much have *you* got? Indeed? Really? As much as that, eh? Well, kindly inform this court what you do with it.'

"The wretched man, who seems to feel his position acutely, snuffles a bit. 'Come on, now!' says the examiner, rapping the table. 'No subterfuge. No evasion. How do you employ this very decent slice of the needful?' 'Well, as a matter of fact,' mumbles old Frisby, trying to avoid his eye, 'I shove it away behind a brick and go out and get some more.' 'Is that so?' says the examiner. 'Well, upon my Sam! I never heard anything so disgraceful in my living puff. It's a crying outrage. A bally scandal. Take ten million away from this miserable louse and hand it over to excellent old Biskerton, who will make a proper use of it. And then go and ask Berry Conway how much he wants.' We'd get somewhere then."

He contemplated dreamily for a while the utopia he had conjured up. Then he looked across the room again and clicked his tongue disapprovingly.

"I'll swear Hoke swindled you over that mine," he said. "I can see it in his eye."

"There must be dozens of ways of making money," said Berry reflectively. "Can't you suggest anything?"

The Biscuit withdrew his gaze from Mr. Hoke and gave his mind to the problem.

"How about winning the Calcutta Sweep?" he asked.

"Fine!" said Berry. "Or the Stock Exchange Sweep."

"Why not both?"

"All right. Both, if you like."

"STILL," said the Biscuit, pointing out the objection frankly, for he was not a man to allow himself to build castles in the air, "we shan't be able to do that for about another ten months or so, and what we need is cash down and on the nail. We will earmark the Calcutta and Stock Exchange sweeps for a future date, but in the meantime we must be thinking of something else—something that will bring the brass in quick. Any ideas?"

"Invent a substitute for petrol."

"Yes. We might do that. It would be simpler, though, to save some old man from being run over by a truck. He would turn out to be a millionaire and would leave us a fortune."

"That would mean waiting," Berry pointed out.

"So it would. Possibly for years. I had overlooked that. It seems to me that every avenue is closed. We might try the old secret game, of course."

"I don't know that."

"Yes, you do. I recollect telling you. The two blokes—Bloke A and Bloke B. Bloke A goes up to Bloke B and says 'I know your secret!' And Bloke B . . ."

"I remember now. But suppose your second bloke hasn't got a secret?"

"My dear old boy, everybody has a secret. It's one of the laws of Nature. When you get back to the office, try it on old Frisby and watch him wilt. Become a gentlemanly blackmailer and earn while you learn."

"TALKING of Frisby," said Berry, looking at his watch, "I suppose I ought to be getting along. He's had another of his dyspeptic attacks and didn't come to the office this morning. He phoned to say he wanted me to bring the mail up to his flat in Grosvenor House. Rather convenient."

"Why convenient?"

"Well, for one thing, I want to see him, to tell him I'm chucking my job. And then," said Berry, "I shall be near the Park. I promised to meet Ann at the tea house. We're going to feed the ducks on the Serpentine."

"My God!"

"Well, we are," said Berry doggedly. "And if you don't like it, try to do something about it. Are you coming along?"

"No. I shall sit here and think. I must think. I must think . . . think. How the dickens, with your whole future clouded with the most delicate financial problems, you can waste your time feeding ducks . . ."

"I don't look on it as a waste of time," said Berry. "Well, so long. See you tonight."

He walked to the door, and was hailed in passing by Mr. Hoke.

"And how's Mr. Conway?" asked Mr. Hoke.

"I'm all right, thanks," said Berry.

"Who's your friend?"

"Man who lives next door to me down at Valley Fields."

"What were you talking about so earnestly?"

Berry wanted to hurry on.

"Oh, various things. The Dream Come True, among others."

"The Dream Come True, eh?"

"Yes. He seemed interested in it. Well, I must rush."

"Pleased to have seen you," said Mr. Hoke.

He returned to his steak, and for some moments became absorbed in it. Then a shadow fell on the table, and, looking up, he perceived his old friend, Captain Kelly.

MR. HOKE was not glad to see Captain Kelly. Indeed, he had been going to some little trouble of late to avoid him. But his mood was too radiant to allow him to be depressed by this encounter.

" 'Lo, Captain," he said amiably.

Captain Kelly pulled a chair back and lowered himself into it with a tight-trousered man's slow caution.

"Want a word with you," said Captain Kelly.

J. B. Hoke cut off a generous piece of steak, dipped it in salt, smeared it with mustard, bathed it in Worcester sauce, placed a portion of potato on it, added cabbage and horse-radish, and raised the complete edifice to his mouth. Only when it was safely inside did he reply, and then only briefly.

"Yeah?" he said.

The captain continued to eye him fixedly.

"Begin by saying," he went on, "that of all the dirty, swindling hounds I've ever met you're the worst."

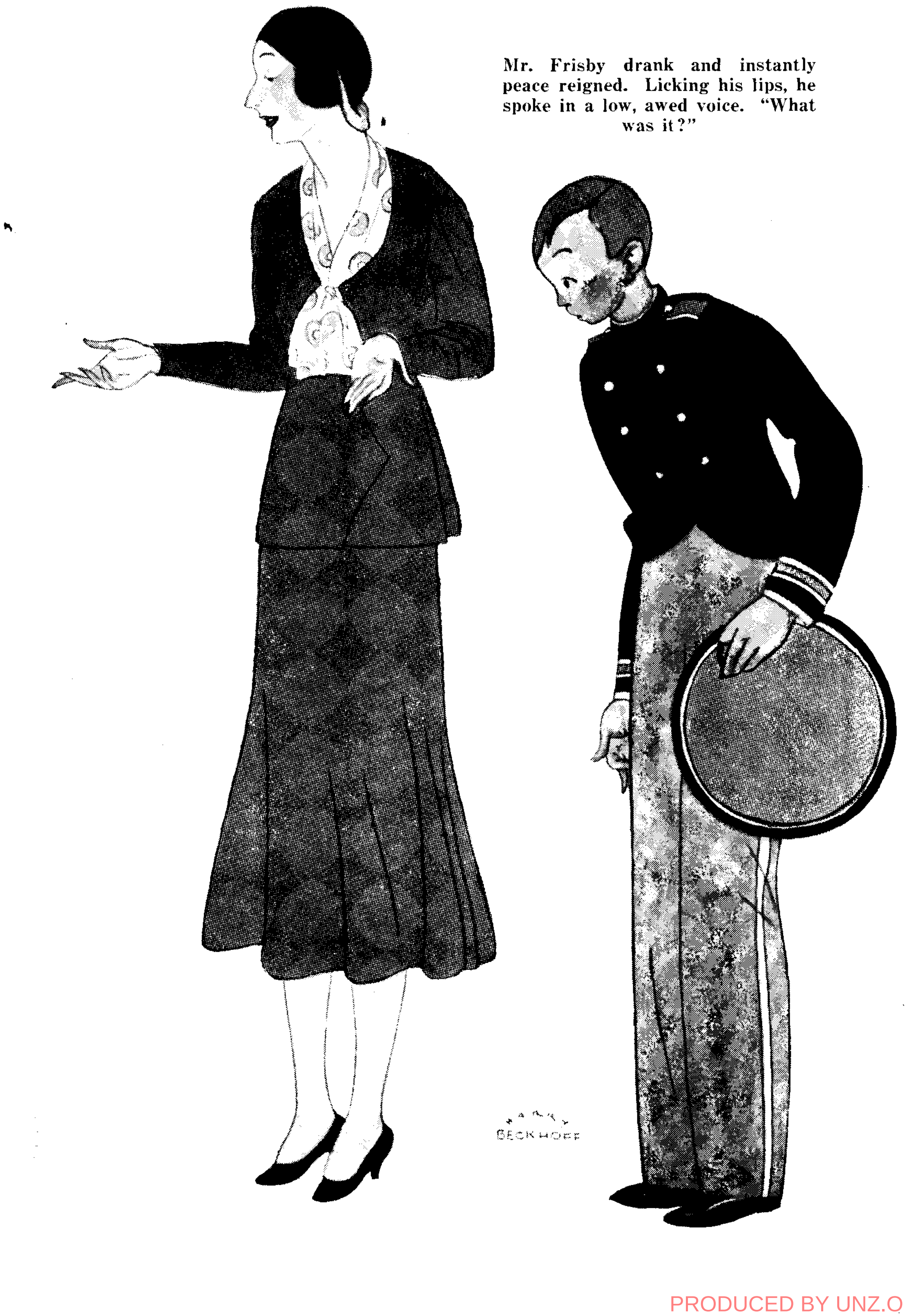
Hard words never broke Mr. Hoke's bones. He smiled indulgently.

"What did you have for breakfast, Captain?"

"Never you mind what I had for breakfast. I had a brandy and soda, if you want to know."

"I guess it disagreed with you," said Mr. Hoke, detaching another portion of

(*Continued on page 48*)



Mr. Frisby drank and instantly peace reigned. Licking his lips, he spoke in a low, awed voice. "What was it?"

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING fled from Wyoming, where (he says) he is wanted by the authorities, a young man giving the name of Jim Wall (obviously an assumed one) gets a job at the Star Ranch in a wild section of Utah.

The ranch amazes the youth. Almost all the employees are gunmen and cattle rustlers. Bernie Herrick, the wealthy Englishman who owns it, has, it seems, deliberately hired all the desperadoes for miles about, hoping thereby to insure himself against depredations. He has even employed Hank Hays (whom he trusts and makes his superintendent) and Bill Heeseman, leaders of two hostile gangs who are constantly on the verge of warfare.

Hays tells Wall quite frankly that he and his men are working for one purpose: to *rob Herrick on a gigantic scale.* He asks the young man to join his gang; and Wall, realizing that to decline the invitation would mean the loss of his job, agrees to cast his lot with the robbers.

Herrick's sister, Helen—twenty-two years old and beautiful—comes out from England to visit the ranch. She is, obviously, no girl for that wild country. The thought of what may happen to her, among her brother's lawless hirelings, shocks Jim. But, try as he may, he cannot convince her that she is in danger—that she should go back to England before it becomes too late. And then—

Having ridden with her many times (on Herrick's orders), having taught her many strange Western ways, having had long and most fascinating talks with her, he finds *himself hopelessly in love with her!*

Hank Hays, too, is interested in the new arrival. Wherever she goes, he shadows her; and Jim, watching him closely, feels sure that the girl is in peril. . . .

Regarding himself as no match for the cultured, sophisticated English girl, Jim struggles to hide his feelings. But to no avail. While riding with Helen one day, his emotions master him; he seizes her in his arms, kisses her madly, *tells her of his love and what it means to him.*

Then comes the unexpected. Hays' followers have succeeded in selling almost all of Herrick's cattle. Now for the get-away! With Brad Lincoln, Smoky Slocum and other members of the gang, Jim—certain that to remain would only mean heartache for Helen—rides away from the ranch. Hank and one "Sparrow," an aide, remain behind, announcing that they will join the party later on in a cedar grove above the head of Red Canyon.

When the two men finally appear, someone is riding between them: a prisoner—a woman. They have kidnapped Helen Herrick!

VII

NO MORE was said after Slocum's profane outburst. It probably voiced the unity of the watchers. Hank Hays led his two followers to within a few feet of the cluster of riders, when he leaped off and checked the gray horse. Sparrowhawk came right on. Jim's lightning-swift glance took the three in, their dust-caked horses, and flashed back to fasten upon Miss Herrick. Her features were not visible through the veil. The linen coat showed the wear and tear of contact with brush. To Jim's incredulous amaze, she had on riding boots and overalls. She sat free in the saddle, with neither hands nor feet bound. The gray horse carried a long pack folded over the cantle.

"Wal, you're all here but Jeff," began Hays. He had a bold front, a piercing eye. Fear of man or beast or God did not abide in him then.

"Jeff'll be comin' by now," replied Smoky.

"We ain't got a hell of a lot of time to wait," said Hays.

"Whar you aimin' fer?"

"Brakes of the Dirty Devil."

"But we was goin' around an' head thet hot hellhole."

"No time."

Brad Lincoln thrust himself forward, black of face, hitching his gun belt. "Who's the third party?"

"Wal, you can guess," leered Hays.

"I take it you've fetched Herrick's sister."

"You're a bright boy. Go to the head of the class."

"Hank Hays, after all you double-crossed us," roared Smoky.

"Wal, if I did—turn about is fair play."

"Fair play—hell! You're a liar. You're a cheat. You think you can drag us in on a deal like this. I thought you acted powerful queer. So it was this gurl you tricked us fer? . . . You —— !"

Jim Wall strode forward and aside, his swift action menacingly significant.

"Hays, your jig's up. She goes back!" he thundered.

"You can all go to hell," the robber replied, stridently. "Stick or quit, if you want. But if you give me a word edgeways I'll say somethin'. I fetched this gurl fer ransom. She come willin', 'cause if she hadn't I'd killed Herrick. He'll pay twenty-five, mebbe fifty thousand for her. Is thet to be sneezed at?"

"So thet was your deal?" queried Slocum.

"Thet, an' nothin' else. Now what're you goin' to do about it?"

"Hank, on the face of it thet's different. All the same you double-crossed us."

"Same as you did me. I swore to get even with you."

Jim interposed again: "Hays, you're a dirty liar. You didn't steal this girl for ransom," he called out, fiercely. Then, turning to the dejected figure on the gray horse: "Miss Herrick, is he telling the truth?"

"Yes, he stole me for ransom," she replied, with emotion. "They broke into my room—one through the window, the other at the door. They threatened me with guns. . . . If I screamed they'd kill me! If I didn't come with them they'd kill my brother! . . . I agreed."

"What'd they do to Herrick?"

"Oh, I didn't see. I don't know whether they told the truth or lied."

"JIM, if you're so damn' pert to know everythin', I'll waste more time by tellin' you," interposed Hays. "We tied Herrick up before we got the gurl. An' after, we made him promise to pay handsome. An'—"

"That's enough," snapped Jim. "Give me a man or two. We'll take her back and get the money."

"Hold on. Thet was somethin' I had in mind," drawled Hays. "But it didn't work. I had to kill Progar. An'—"

"Who's Progar?"

"Wal, he's Heeseman's right-hand man. Now it happened thet foxy Heeseman was plannin' the same trick I pulled. Progar an' another feller ketched us takin' the gurl out. The other feller got away."

"Thet's wuss than ever!" screamed Smoky. "Heeseman will find out."

"Huh. I should smile in perticular thet he will. We seen his outfit on your trail!"

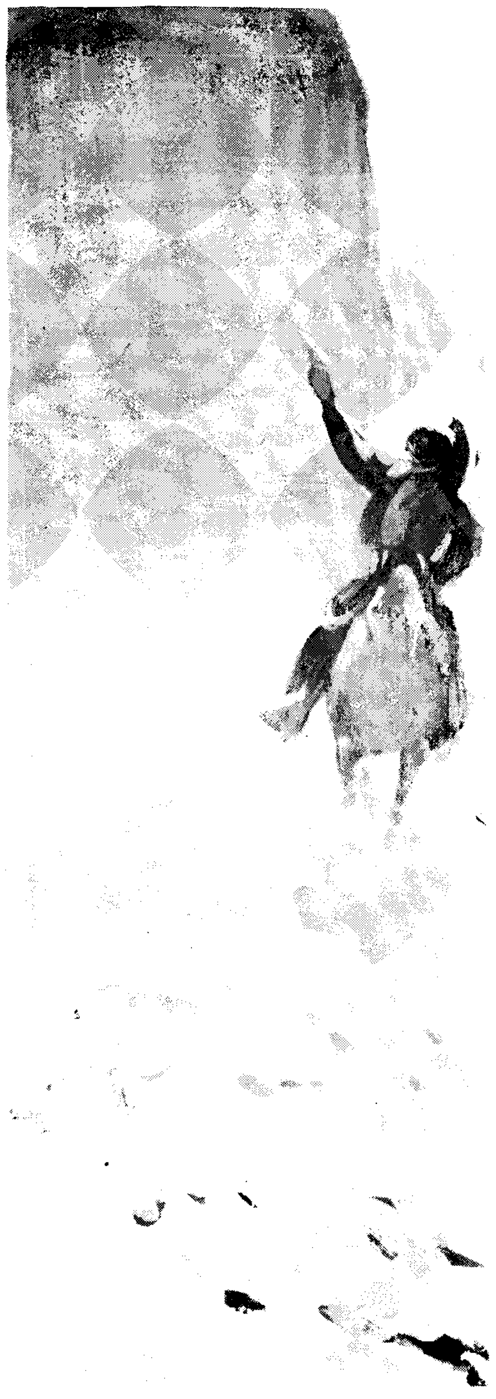
"Shet up! Hosses comin'!"

"Grab your rifles an' dig fer cover!"

The ensuing rush was quelled by Smoky's ringing order: "Hold on! It's Jeff!"

"Lordy, look at him come! No wonder he sounded like a stampede!"

An opening in the grove showed Bridges plunging upon them. Wild-eyed and snorting smoke, his big charger threw gravel all over the others.



The riders above turned their

"Heeseman's outfit's trailin' us," he announced. "Back about five miles when I left my post."

Smoky turned in cold fury upon their leader. "Now—*you!* See what you've got us up agin'."

From that speech, Jim calculated, dated the beginning of a definite breach between Hank Hays and his lieutenant Slocum.

"Wal, it's no time to cuss me," snarled the robber leader.

"By Gawd, I wish I hadn't come," replied Slocum, bitterly. "Fellers, grab your rifles an' take to cover."

"THERE ain't no cover, Smoky," asserted Brad Lincoln.

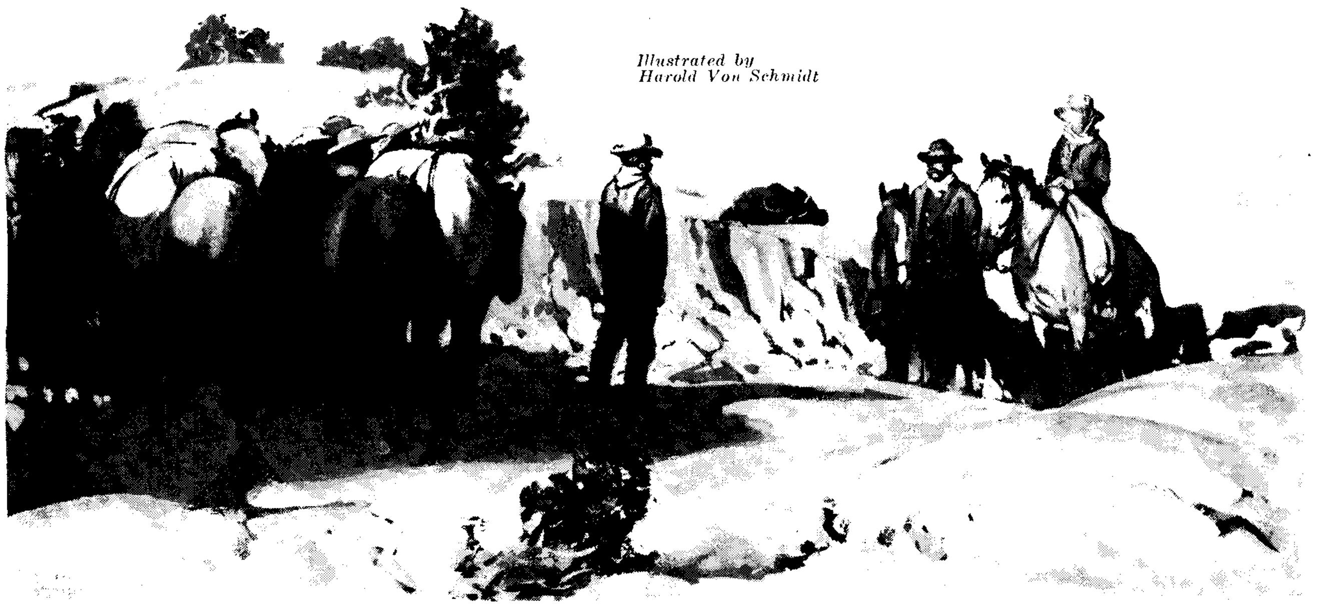
"This place won't do," interposed Jim, sharply. "Miss Herrick might be hit. We'd better make for a canyon."

"No sense in a fight, anyhow," rejoined Hays.

"But, man, we'll have to fight," rasped out Slocum. "Heeseman's ridin' light. We've got this pack outfit. He'll ketch us shore. An' I say let's hide behind these trees an' wait fer him."

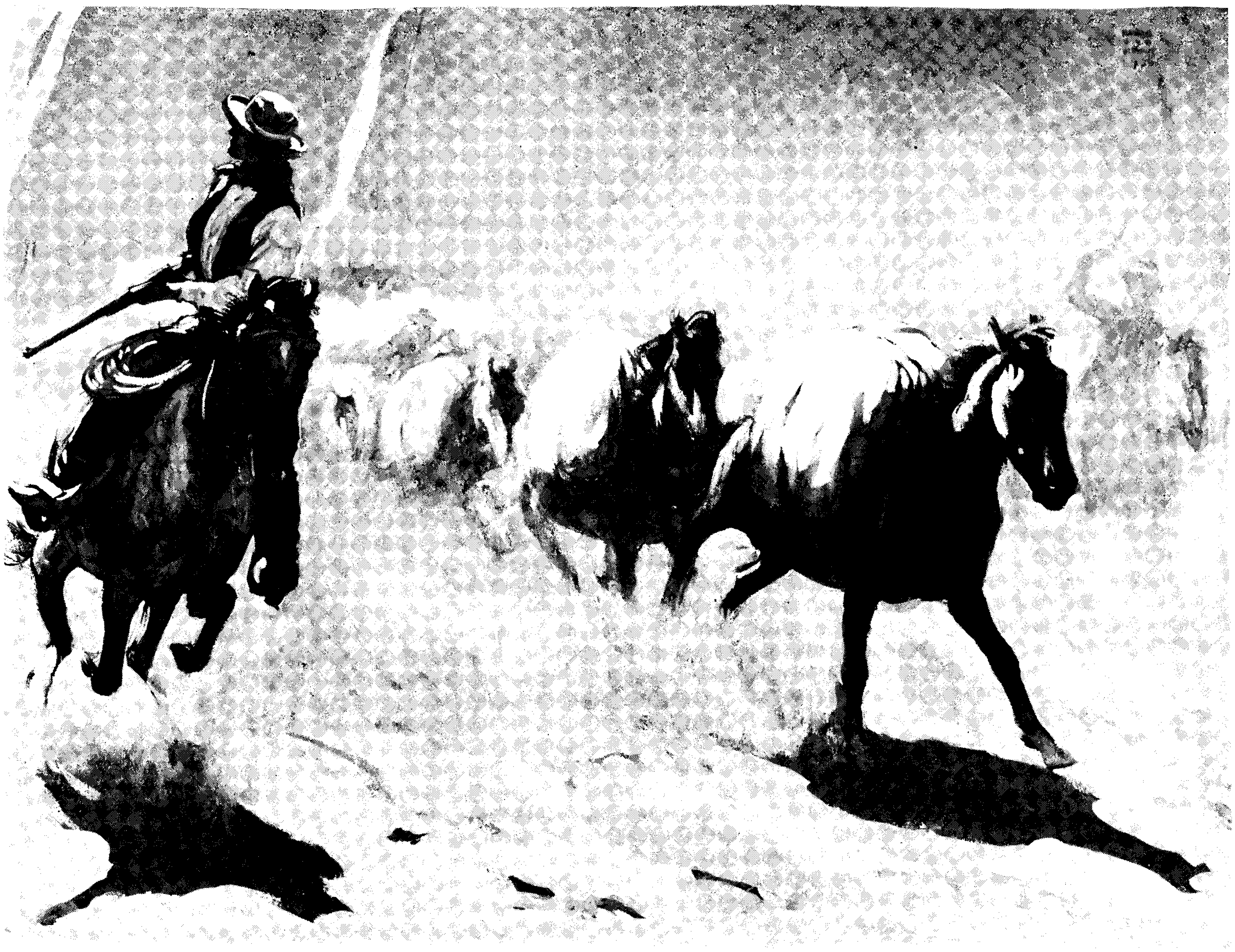
There was no gainsaying the little rider's wisdom, and Jim would have backed him up but for the girl. If she fell into Heeseman's power she would be as badly off, if not worse.

"Jeff, air they comin'?" queried Hays of Bridges, who was standing in his



Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

Brad Lincoln thrust himself forward, hitching his gun belt. "Who's the third party?" he asked



attention to the rest of Hays' outfit. "Come on!" yelled Jim. "Run for it. Our only chance!" He let Bay find the way and threw up his rifle

saddle, peering back over his own trail.

"Nope. But I see dust over the ridge, an' I reckon thet's him."

Hays made a dive for his horse and, mounting, leaned over to take up a rope halter round the neck of the horse Miss Herrick was riding.

"You lied—to me," she cried, angrily. "You assured me that if I'd come without resistance you'd soon arrange for my freedom. Here we are miles from Star Ranch."

HAYS paid not the slightest attention to her, but started off, leading her horse.

"Jim Wall, are you going to permit this outrage?" She turned in her saddle to entreat him.

"I'm powerless, Miss Herrick," he replied, hurriedly. "I'm only one of Hays' band. We are being tracked. If Heeseman catches us you'll be worse off."

"Oh, how dreadful! I will not be dragged down into that ghastly hole."

"Drive the pack horses behind me an' keep 'em movin'!" yelled Hays. "Once we reach the river I can give them the slip."

"Aw, you're crazy," derided Smoky. "Heeseman knows this country as well as you."

The leader did not answer that taunt. He headed down the slope, dragging Miss Herrick's horse. Sparrowhawk Latimer fell in with them. Jim could hear the girl's protestations. The other riders made haste to line the pack horses. Smoky brought up the rear.

The wash that Hays had come down was the one which led into the Red Canyon. It was shallow, dusty, hot. The dry stream bed afforded easy progress. Jim could not see any sign of a trail or even of an old hoof track. No doubt about Hays knowing his way! He rode as one familiar with this red clay and gray gravel canyon. Soon it merged with another coming in from the left, and then all features were magnified. It began to drop, the stream bed grew rough, the walls higher. All landmarks above were lost sight of, even the Henry Mountains disappeared. The pack horses kicked up a dust like a red cloud; the riders pulled their scarfs up over mouths and noses. Their yells and curses sounded muffled.

Jim kept unobtrusively working ahead until there were only three pack horses in front of him, and he could see Hays and the girl at intervals. Latimer hung close to them. The canyon deepened. No more places occurred where it might have been possible to lead a horse up. And not long after that the walls became so steep that a man could not have climbed them.

Gradually the sand and rocks and holes slowed the pack horses to a walk. Hays yelled back for his riders to hurry. He pointed to the left wall as if any moment their pursuers might appear there. Jim thought if they did that it was all up with Hank Hays' outfit. What to do kept harassing Jim, until that problem, combined with the heat and dust, wrought him far from his usual coolness of mind.

From the first moment that he espied the girl in Hays' power he had conceived the idea of rescuing her. But how, when, where? He could only go on and await developments. The immediate necessity was flight, until some safe retreat had been found.

An hour or more of this travel, the first half of which had been rapid, the last slow, brought them to a comparatively long stretch of canyon with a turn. This was too open and unsafe to suit Jim. And evidently it increased Smoky's concern, for he bawled out to push the pack horses harder.

THE next sign from Smoky was a rifle shot. It bellowed out from wall to wall. Jim wheeled to see that he was throwing in another shell, both gun and face pointed back and up toward the right wall.

"What you shootin' at?" yelled Brad, jerking out his rifle. The other riders shouted hoarse queries.

Jim espied something flash along the rim, high up and far back, out of range, if it were a pursuer.

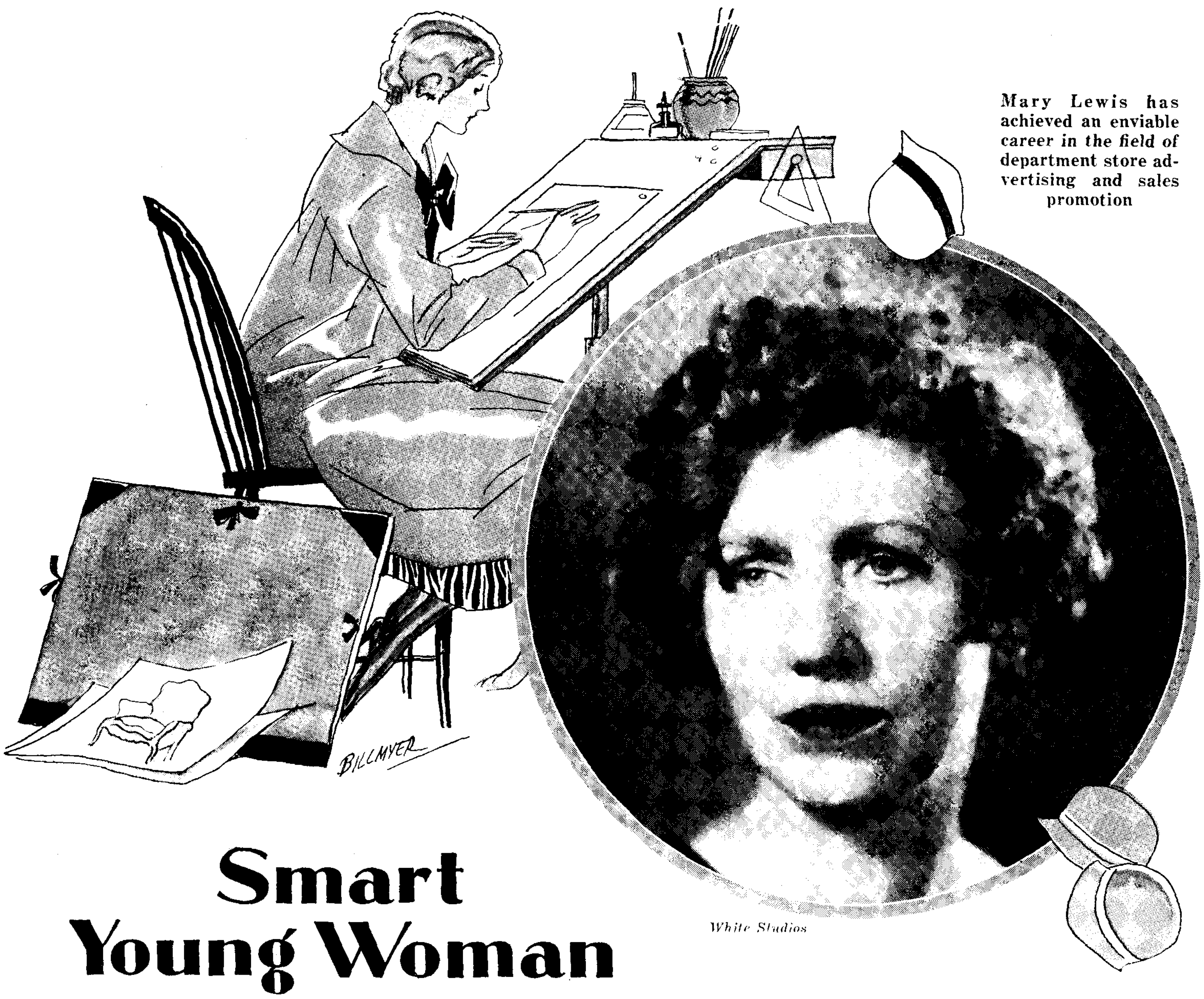
"Rustle!" shrilled Smoky. "I seen riders. They ducked back. They'll aim to head us off."

Hays bawled back an order and pointed aloft. Jim, from his point, could not see the very evident danger. Halfway down this long stretch, on the right side, opened a deep canyon. That would surely block pursuers, at least until they had headed it, which might require miles of travel. At any rate it relieved Jim.

He, with the riders behind, had the pack horses loping, a risky thing, because if a pack slipped, thereby stopping the horse, it would have to be abandoned. And to these fugitives, going down into this hole, packs were incalculably precious.

Suddenly riders popped into view back on the point of the intersecting canyon. Hays and Latimer opened fire with their side arms, the .45 revolvers, the heavy bullets of which fell short, puffing yellow dust on the sloping point. The riders began to return the fire with rifles. Jim saw Latimer knocked off his horse, but he leaped up and mounted again, apparently not badly injured. He raced ahead after Hays, who rode fast, dragging the girl's horse, and at the same time shooting at the riders until he passed around a corner of the canyon. Latimer soon disappeared after him. Then the riders above turned their attention to the rest of Hays' outfit.

(*Continued on page 65*)



Mary Lewis has achieved an enviable career in the field of department store advertising and sales promotion

White Studios

Smart Young Woman

"A good idea can't fail," says Mary Lewis. Her own career has stepped up on one good idea after another till now, at the age of thirty-two, she's one of the five directors of a great New York store

By Walter Davenport

A LITTLE more than twenty years ago a family named Lewis moved to New York from Louisville, fetching with them a daughter named Mary.

Mary was a clear-headed young one of twelve, not the conventional beauty but highly animated by a prying intelligence and an independent courage. She took nothing for granted and was filled with that desire to know why and how that is usually the young masculine characteristic.

She went forthwith to high school where she won neither prizes for scholarship nor the admiration of her teachers for general perseverance. English and art were her best subjects. Mathematics, science and nuisances of that sort had no attractions for her, so she left them severely alone. Her reward was no diploma, a failure which failed to annoy her.

At the time when the Great War was the world's largest industry she went to work for an insurance company, typing and filing records. She was a good but unwilling typist and filing bored her. Not that she didn't work hard. But the records were so many that she never managed to get to the bottom of the pile no matter how industriously she filed and typed.

So one afternoon she wrote three letters to department stores asking for a job in interior decoration where the holder thereof occasionally enjoyed a sense of having finished. She didn't specify what sort of job she wanted. But the one she was holding struck her as a bit silly, with neither head, tail nor destination; and she was a girl who always inquired into these features.

A Momentous Decision

She got one reply to her inquiries—R. H. Macy & Co. offering her twelve dollars a week to sell upholstery. Or maybe it was nine dollars. Details of the sort have escaped her. Within a week she hated this job with all the old fervor, but in her careful survey of what was going on around her (a habit that became a tremendously profitable obsession in time) she decided that what she wanted most to do at the time was to design things—furniture, for example.

She went to night school seeking to cultivate a mild flair she had for art, and even if she manifested no sign of arriving genius she convinced herself that here was something she wasn't going to get too tired of.

For some reason she is unable to isolate now, she decided to quit Macy's, going so far as to inform her immediate superior. This immediate superior didn't wilt beneath the blow. With wholly unnecessary cheer he accepted her resignation, saying that she had better think it over, however, and that, after all, twelve dollars was twelve dollars and the war wouldn't last forever and so forth and so on. She heeded his advice, remaining at her counter and continuing at her night classes in design.

Then, one day, this small, eager girl was sent with a message of some sort to the advertising office—an office on which she had cast longing eyes and toward which her thoughts had a habit of running.

The advertising department was commanded by an energetic gentleman who had a penchant for discovering people. He was particularly fond of discovering blondes. He had made quite a success of it, too. Never too busy. But here was a blonde who was a discoverer on her own.

A young woman who had been discovered by him and was working for him, writing copy and making surveys, recognized Mary Lewis as a former schoolmate and made an appropriate fuss over it. We shan't go into details here, but the result was that Miss Lewis got a job designing furniture. Her wages were eighteen dollars a week.

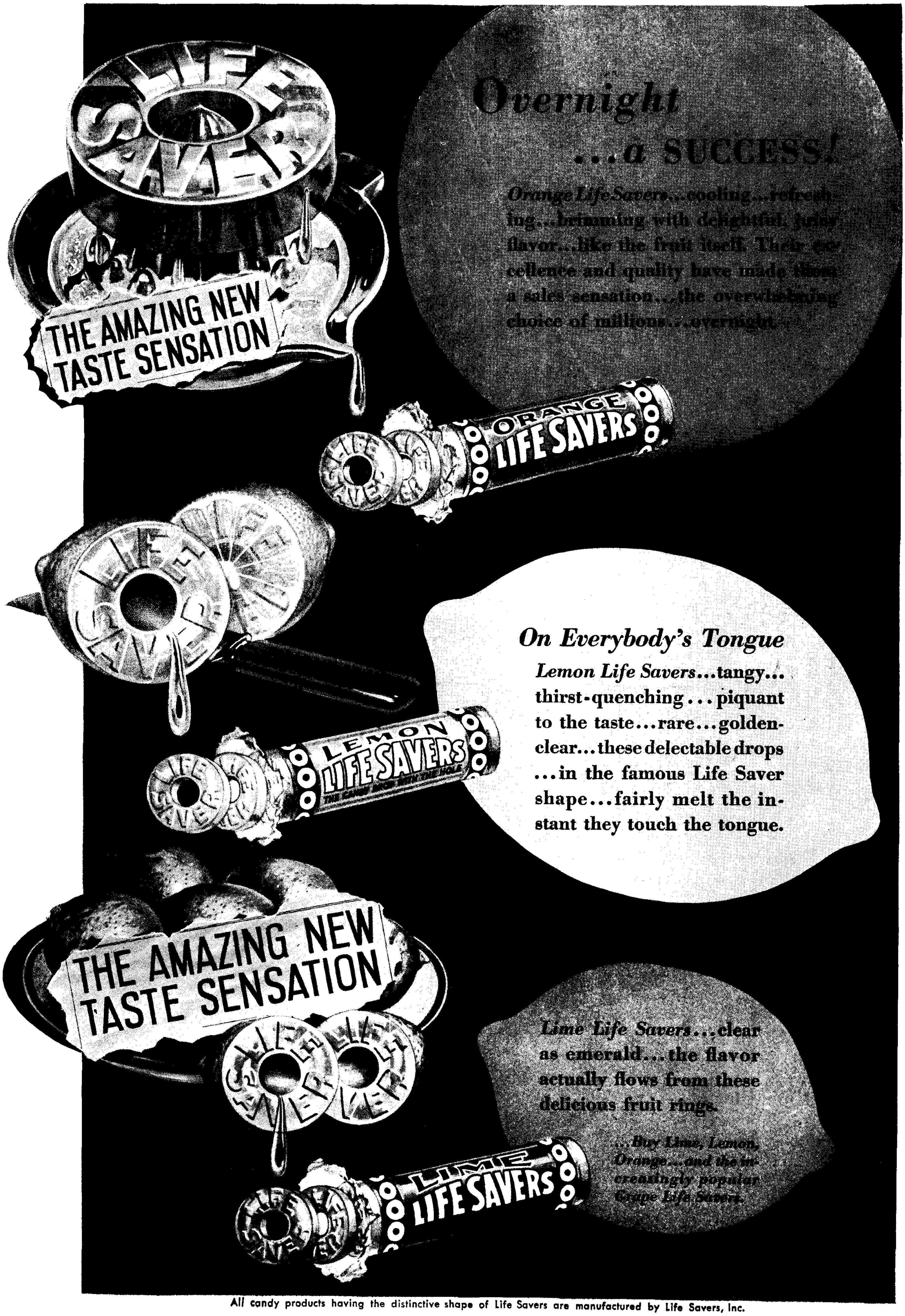
In the course of the next six months, Mary Lewis learned that while there may have been worse furniture designers than she, there must have been great numbers who were better. Just couldn't help being. Also, with her incurable habit of digging up all available data on jobs she held, she found out that a fair-to-middling designer is usually permitted to remain just that. Furthermore, her prying intelligence informed her that any job is a good bit of a nuisance if you don't like it a little bit more than any other job.

The sentimentalists call it fate, the cynics call it "the breaks"—have it your own way—but just at this critical juncture a copy writer in the advertising department got herself fired for something. Anyway there was the vacancy. Asked then whether she wanted to try her agile brain on writing advertisements she said yes. Didn't know whether she could write, but she'd try. She got the job. The salary was eighteen dollars a week, just as it had been over yonder in the furniture designer's corner. In just about one week her reliable intelligence told her that here was something she would do well—because she wanted to.

Then and there Mary Lewis' rather startling rise began. From that moment she began the ascent which has fetched her at the age of thirty-two to

(Continued on page 68)

Illustrated by James Billmyer


THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION
ORANGE LIFE SAVERS
LEMON LIFE SAVERS
THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION
LIME LIFE SAVERS

Overnight ...a SUCCESS!

Orange Life Savers...cooling...refreshing...brimming with delightful, juicy flavor...like the fruit itself. Their excellence and quality have made them a sales sensation...the overwhelming choice of millions...overnight.

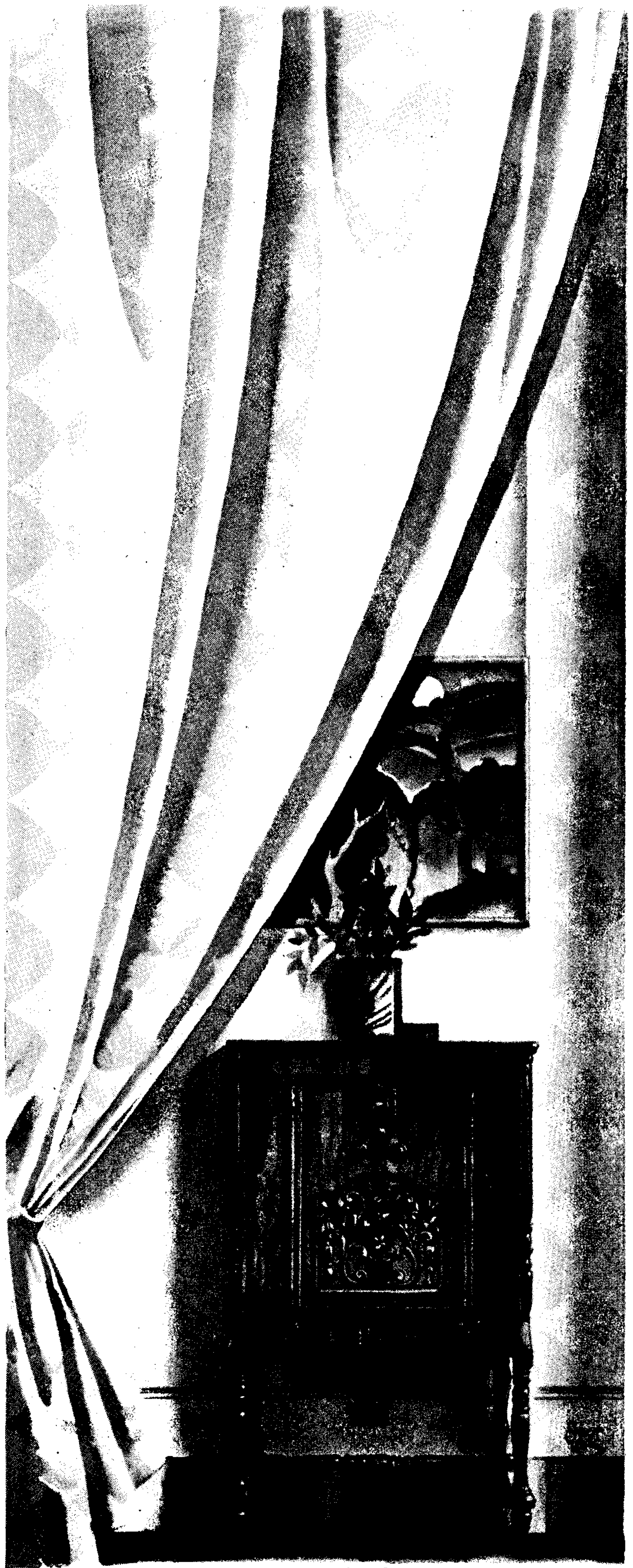
On Everybody's Tongue

Lemon Life Savers...tangy...thirst-quenching...piquant to the taste...rare...golden-clear...these delectable drops...in the famous Life Saver shape...fairly melt the instant they touch the tongue.

***Lime Life Savers*...clear as emerald...the flavor actually flows from these delicious fruit rings.**

...Buy Lime, Lemon, Orange...and the increasingly popular Grape Life Savers.

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.



BEAUTY is BUILT into these GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO CABINETS

External beauty, however attractive, is only one important factor in a radio cabinet.

The rich brown walnut from which these cabinets are built is thoroughly aged . . . beyond the influence of extreme climates.

Today's demand for simpler, more authentic furniture design is exemplified in the handsome lines of these cabinets.

But there is something else at least equally important. The craftsmen who built these cabinets know that vibration and "rattle" will ruin radio tone.

Every part of these cabinets has been put together with the utmost care. Each joint is sturdy and strong. Each cabinet has been designed and built to preserve the true tone quality of your General Electric Radio.

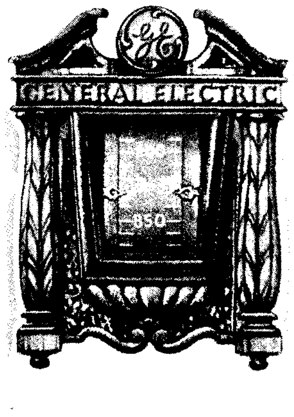
If you desire further information write Section R-2811A, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

LOWBOY—A distinguished example of early American cabinet design. Rich brown walnut, satin finish. Harmonizes beautifully with any surroundings. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. More selective and sensitive than any set hitherto offered to the public. Its performance and its appearance will please you.

HIGHBOY—Two-door cabinet of American design. Dignified, distinctive. Rich brown walnut with satin finish. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Fitted with *tone control*. Remote control optional at slight additional cost.

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION—Rich brown walnut cabinet with satin finish. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Fitted with *tone control* and home recording equipment. Remote control optional at slight additional cost.

So selective that every line on the dial marks a different station.



Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

Since 1914 General Electric has spent twenty million dollars in Radio research alone. The contribution of G-E engineers and scientists has made broadcasting possible. Now, out of the "House of Magic" has come a radio set worthy of the General Electric monogram. Hear it before you buy.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
FULL RANGE RADIO

Good Little Man

Ever since the days of Jack, giants have been long on brawn while the little fellow has concentrated on brains and courage. That's what makes Albie Booth a greater football star than other players fifty or sixty pounds heavier

By Grantland Rice

IT HAS always been said that a good big man could whip a good little man. Why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't Jack Sharkey, weighing 195, whip Al Singer, weighing 135? He should. But this doesn't always follow. Some good little men in sport have been an inspiration to those who lacked physical brawn and bulk by proving they could match brain and heart and speed against double the opposing power.

And it is these qualities, after all, that impress the crowd. This is one reason why thousands of football fans filled the Yale Bowl last fall to see little Albie Booth run wild against such teams as Army and Dartmouth. And they came again this fall to see the 140-pound back in more than one game gain more ground and do more things than any man on the field. For they were watching a man with no marvelous physical equipment outplay opponents who were just as fast and who outweighed him forty, fifty or sixty pounds.

It meant that Booth had to think just a little faster, that his mental and muscular team play had to be better coördinated and that his timing had to be keener than that of those opponents who might handle him with one hand.

For these same reasons the memory of Frank Hinkey still lives. Hinkey was a great end. But he was a greater end weighing 150 than he would have been weighing 180 or 200 pounds. Old-timers still remember the little fellow, who broke through or sifted through interference and threw the runner with the force of a giant.

Checking back on competitive sport it has always seemed to me that many of the most remarkable performers were such men as Frank Hinkey, Little Bill Johnston, Joe Sturneman, Arthur Poe and Jerry Travers. Harry Greb, although weighing only 160 pounds, won most of his fights against opponents who ranged between 175 and 200 pounds.

And not all women athletic stars are of the Amazon type. Georgia Coleman, who holds the national fancy diving title for women, weighs but 129 pounds. You must compare her size and her accomplishments in the pool with those of her huskier competitors to discover her real superiority.

Why shouldn't a football back weighing 190 or 200 pounds and who has speed on the side be a star? He has all the advantages in a man-to-man collision with an opponent weighing 150 or 160 pounds. So there was always something of a thrill in seeing Albie Booth head straight for a rival line and finish up ten yards beyond, where every man he touched was from forty to sixty pounds heavier.

Diminutive Whirlwinds

The little star is coming back in other sports. When the heavyweight situation began to sag badly through lack of talent and skill it took a flock of the smaller fighters to keep promoters and managers from joining the bread lines. In this list were Al Singer, the lightweight champion; Kid Berg, an English lightweight; Jimmy McLarnin, a light welterweight, and Suarez, the South American.

The fight crowd turned with a cheer from the slower, lumbering heavyweights who tugged and mauled and fouled to speed, action and far greater skill. Jimmy McLarnin is the best fighter, pound for pound, now in the boxing game.

The little fellows named are not only faster but they are smarter, more aggressive, and far more skillful. Berg and Suarez have given the heavyweights a lesson in the lost art of tearing in and keeping busy. They have brought back memories of the great Dempsey.

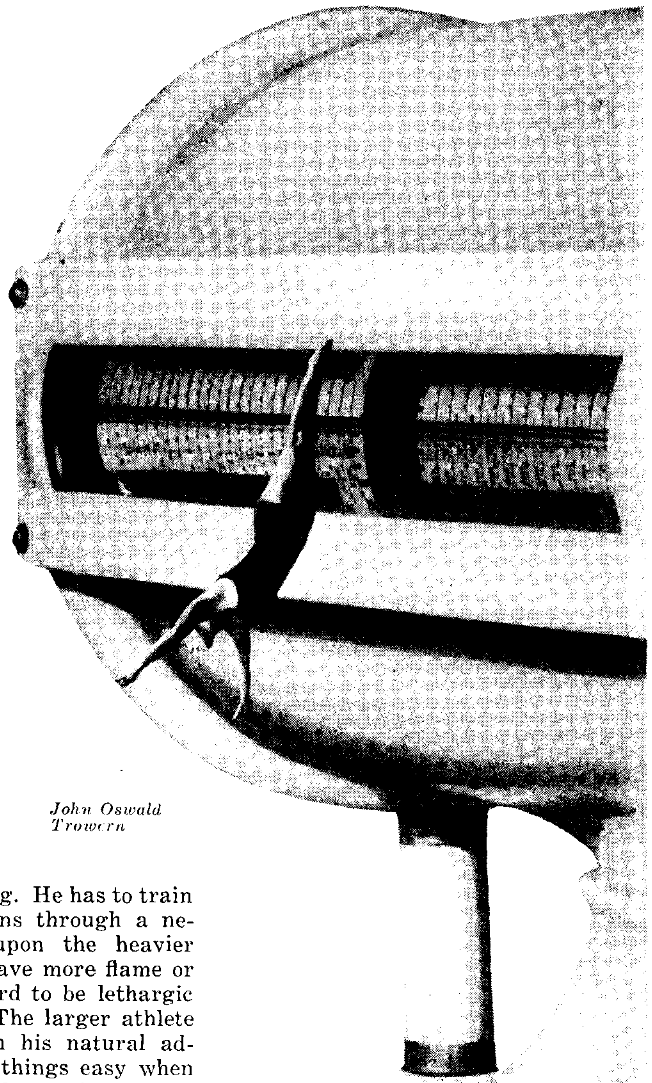
How small or light can a competitor be and still be a star? Johnny Evers weighed 95 pounds when he joined the Cubs and he played his first season weighing 105. Yet he is mentioned with the great second basemen of all times—Larry Lajoie, Eddie Collins and one or two others from fifty to eighty pounds heavier. Evers was one of the smartest thinkers in baseball and a dangerous hitter.

Reynolds Tichenor of Auburn and Georgia University weighed 116 pounds and was All Southern quarterback at least three years. He not only directed his teams with rare ability but he was also an elusive ball carrier and a sure tackler, stopping 180-pound backs as abruptly as a much heavier man. He knew the true art of tackling. He had to know it to keep from getting killed.

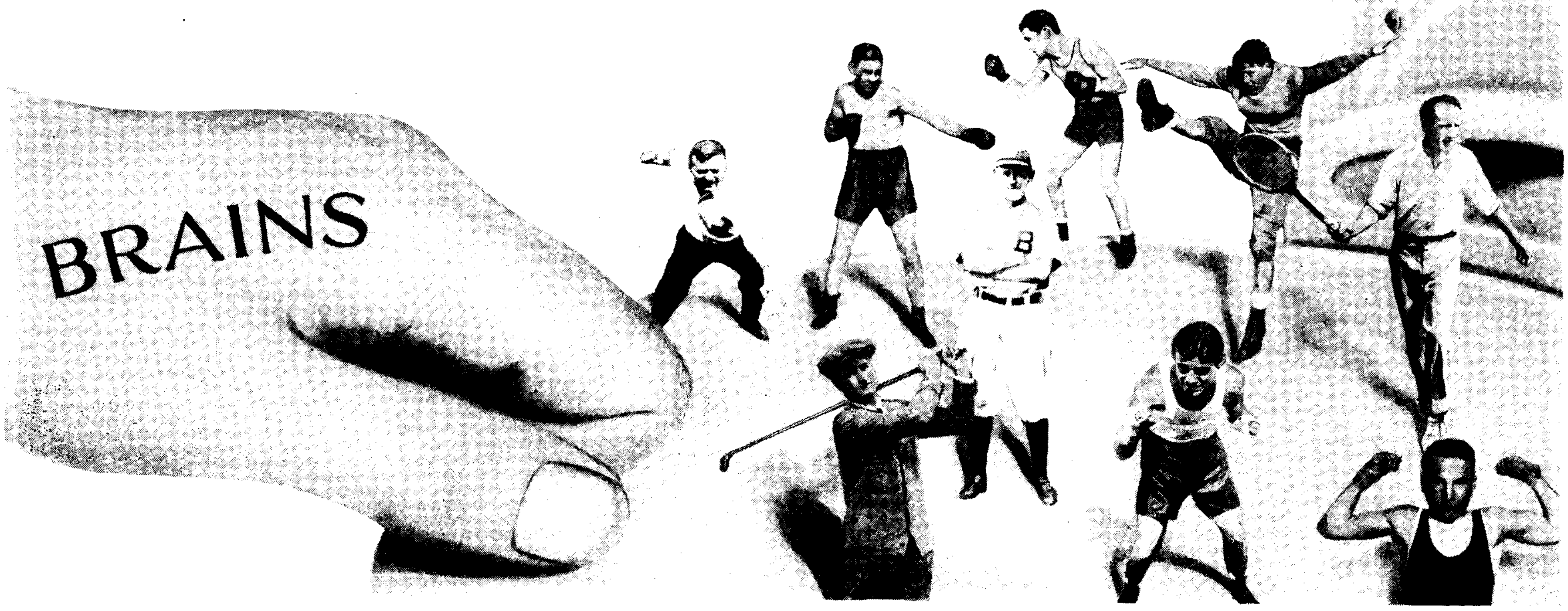
Bill Johnston, who with Bill Tilden ruled tennis for the better part of seven years, weighed 118 pounds but often entered championship tournaments around 114 after a hard campaign. His whole arm was about the thickness of a thin wrist, and yet his forehand drive had all the power of a giant's. He could whip the head of that racket with the force and speed of a 190-pounder.

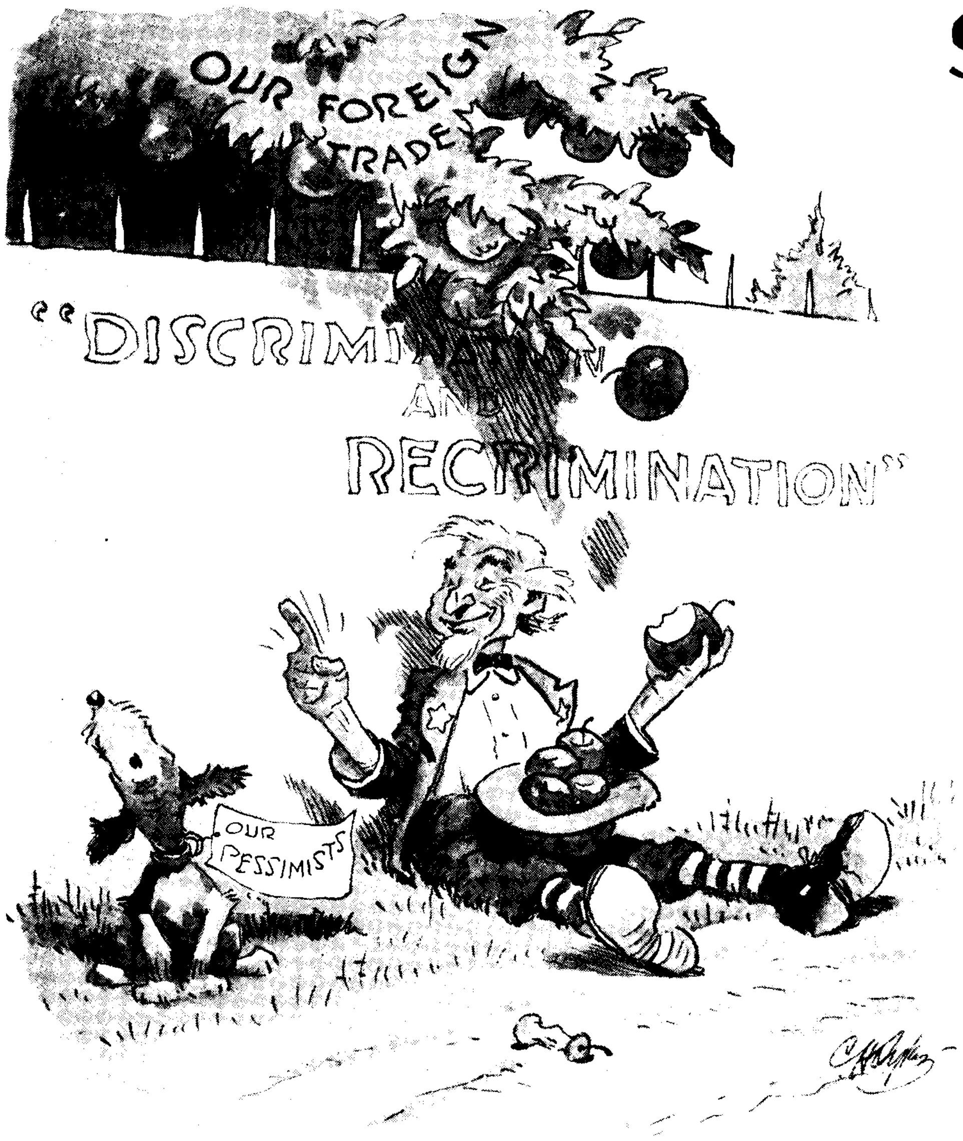
I once asked Bob Zuppke of Illinois his angle on the little man in sport, Zuppke himself being on the smaller side. "The little fellow," he replied, "has to face heavy handicaps and that in itself means fine training. He has to train and develop his brains through a necessity not forced upon the heavier athlete. He has to have more flame or fire, for he can't afford to be lethargic or inclined to loaf. The larger athlete often feels that with his natural advantage he can take things easy when he has the chance. The smaller player knows he must travel at top speed. When you do get a good little man you generally get a star because he has a spirit that never surrenders."

There is more than a little in this philosophy. The average person goes through life doing just about enough to get by. If he has superior advantages he rides them instead of working them into higher places. Those who lack weight, height and strength must find other qualities if they are to compete on even terms. The heart and the brain, two of the winning factors in any form of endeavor, must be highly developed to overcome other weaknesses.



John Oswald Trowern





Discriminatory devices aren't new to our world traders; they were always with us

Selling the World

The next time you purchase a tube of tooth paste in Timbuctoo, Vladivostok or Capetown look at its label—it will probably read "Made in U. S. A." Our world trade goes marching ahead, despite obstacles, chiefly because foreign consumers prefer some of our products

By Dr. Julius Klein

AN AMERICAN tourist skiing in Switzerland probably would laugh at you if told that his feet were still firmly attached to his native soil; or at least to a growth of that soil. Of course it does seem like an impossible leap, even to a ski expert, from the sunny hills of Tennessee to Alpine slopes; but, figuratively, that is the distance covered by most of the skis used in Switzerland; for Memphis is recognized as one of the largest hardwood trade centers in the world.

The tourist might be further surprised to learn that two of the leading dairy countries in Europe are excellent markets for American condensed milk; that for years we have supplied hungry Germans with pretzels and wieners; that France has long furnished us a substantial outlet for cosmetics; that our annual sales of finished textiles to England—even to Manchester—runs into millions of dollars.

Last year twenty-six million false teeth were shipped from the United States to all parts of the world—just another evidence of the universal recognition given American specialties; and there are a great many commodities which are singularly American and secure from any great danger of foreign rivalry—chewing gum, amusement park equipment, toy balloons, shaving cream, talcum powder, bathtubs, soda fountain fixtures being a few of the queerest, if not the most important. If a polar explorer were to find a tube of tooth paste in some abandoned cache of an earlier adventurer, it is reasonably certain that the tube would bear a "Made in U. S. A." label.

In recent years ten per cent of our production has been shipped abroad. That modest margin may seem insignificant, yet "the last ten" is frequently the tithe that saves more than one American industry from insolvency. This is particularly true when a domestic depression comes upon us as at present and we turn our faces hopefully toward foreign markets.

The upward path to export prosperity, however, is strewn with more rocks than roses. The obstacles facing us are many declining prices of foreign raw materials, impairing buying power abroad; civil disruptions in the two most populous nations, both of them good markets for us and for our best customers; unstable currencies; tariff discriminations and similar trade barriers; an unemployment list of five million in three of our major markets; and so on down the dark list. Yes, the road is rough, but it isn't impassable.

We're Used to Reprisals

And speaking of obstacles, we hear much these days from job-hunting demagogues and headline-hungry "publiciteers" of the devastation to be visited upon our trade by way of retaliatory tariff discriminations. Doubtless there will be a few bona fide instances of this, but such problems are far from being a novelty in our commercial development. Our traders have long been accustomed to encounter discriminatory devices in world markets everywhere, applied because of "our war debt policy," or "our immigration policy," or "our tariff policy," or any other handy alibi.

But in time these difficulties, no matter what their alleged cause, have been overcome. And the usual arbiter of their fate has been the determined foreign consumer, insisting upon the availability of American films or tractors or other wares which seem to meet his needs so completely. In fact, consumers everywhere in these days of "the buyer's market" are pretty apt to have the last word.

For one thing, there are a good many more of them than there are of rival traders or ambitious politicians; and they are considerably better placed than they ever before have been to assert their wants and to see that something is done about it. The special merits of American merchandise are thoroughly understood by buyers in every remote corner of the globe, thanks to our films, our advertising technique, the world spread of our illustrated periodicals, and the universal growth of our branch factories.

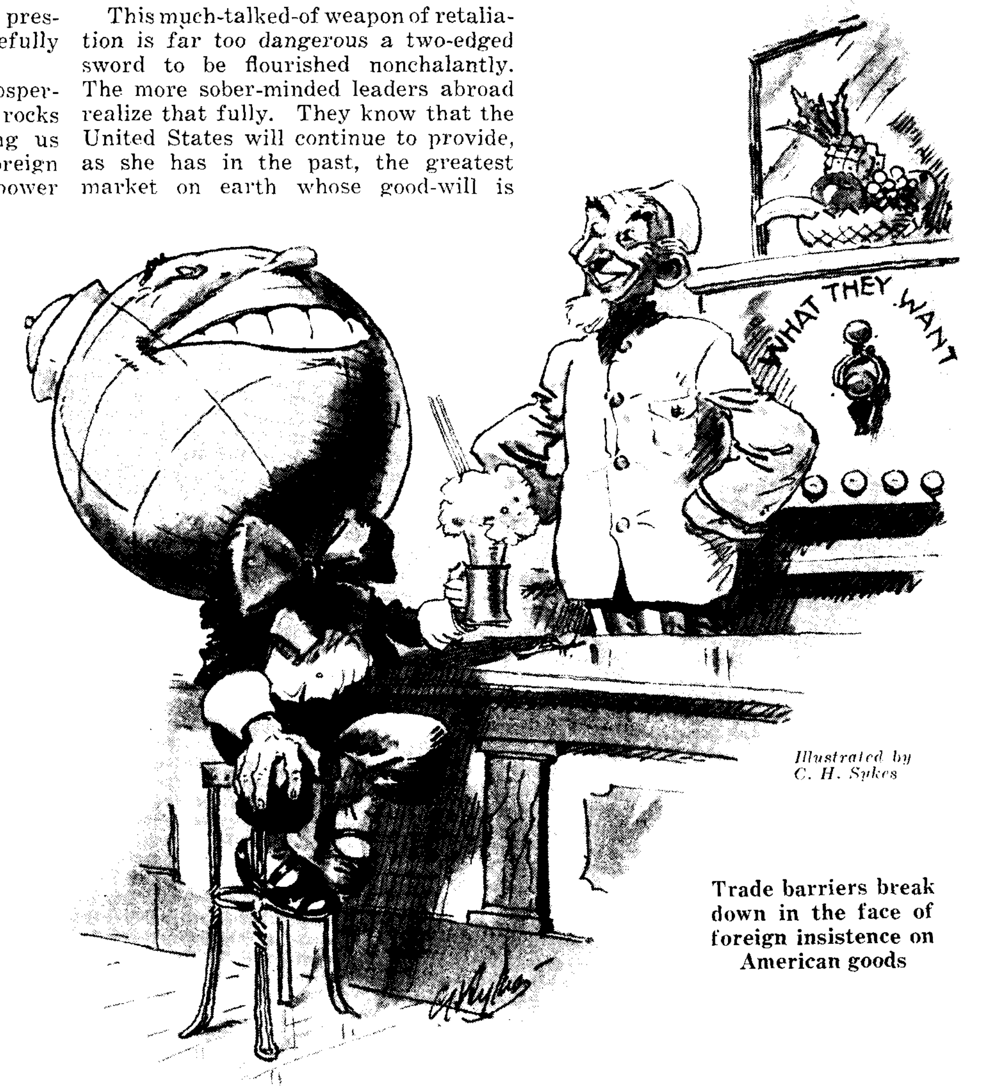
This much-talked-of weapon of retaliation is far too dangerous a two-edged sword to be flourished nonchalantly. The more sober-minded leaders abroad realize that fully. They know that the United States will continue to provide, as she has in the past, the greatest market on earth whose good-will is the most valuable single asset in the world's business. And foreigners everywhere have thought so highly of the prospects of that market that they have invested over seven and a half billion dollars in its industries and utilities, making the United States the world's greatest debtor in this field of economic obligations. Anything approaching drastic commercial reprisals or similar economic warfare upon such a debtor, such a customer, whether through discriminatory devices or otherwise, would be little short of economic lunacy.

Imaginary Obstacles

And how about our competitors? Aren't some of our troubles due to the renewed rivalry of a convalescent Europe? *Isn't it true that we are losing* out in Latin America and across the Pacific because of the rapid recovery of those venerable masters of overseas commerce, the veteran traders of the Old World?

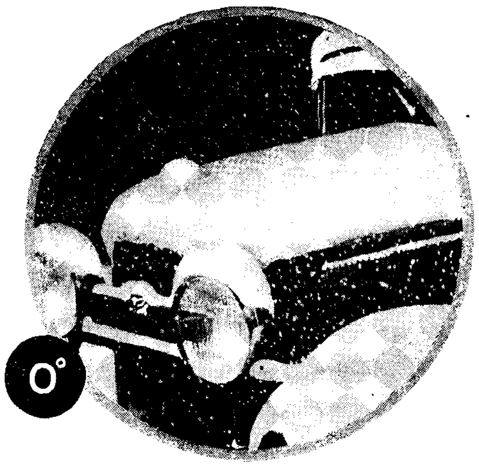
The analysis of any trade problem calling for a dreary search through statistical mazes is an exhausting, an

(*Continued on page 59*)

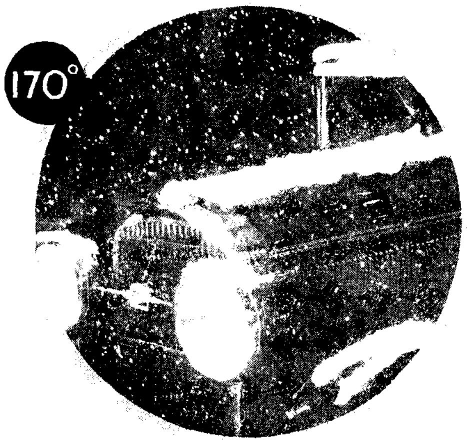


Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

Trade barriers break down in the face of foreign insistence on American goods



From below freezing to almost
boiling in 5 minutes! . . .
That's why only a "*double-range*"
winter oil can protect your engine!



FREEZING WEATHER MEANS LUBRICATION DANGER!

Don't risk your engine this winter . . . change to "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic now!

Wherever winter brings cold, each Fall sees more thousands of motorists who say to their Mobiloil dealer—"Drain the crankcase—refill with Mobiloil Arctic. And while you are at it—flush out the gears, and put in Mobiloil 'CW.'"

Mobiloil Arctic sales have gone steadily up each year. This *double-range* winter oil out-sells every other winter oil—not only in America, but throughout the world.

In cold-weather countries where oils meet their severest test—in Iceland, Finland, Norway and Sweden—you will find Mobiloil Arctic overwhelmingly the most popular winter oil.

Why has such outstanding success come to Mobiloil? Because both Mobiloil Arctic and Mobiloil "CW" render a service that is unique in the whole field of lubrication!

Mobiloil Arctic gives your engine easy starting on coldest days. But unlike many of the so-called "winter oils" that may give easy starting, Mobiloil Arctic gives full lubrication at hot running temperatures.

In your gears Mobiloil "CW" gives smooth meshing on coldest days. It does not harden or separate out like ordinary greases. It clings to each gear tooth and cushions it from wear, yet shifts easily.

These unique Mobiloil winter lubricants are *made*, not found. Only the most exhaustive engine study, and the most modern oil-making equipment could have produced them.

If temperatures where you live go below 32° F in winter, go to your Mobiloil dealer today. Let him give your engine and gears the complete protection which only these unique winter lubricants afford.

VACUUM OIL CO.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. S. T., from WEAF, and 29 associated stations.

Ask here *for* GARGOYLE Mobiloil

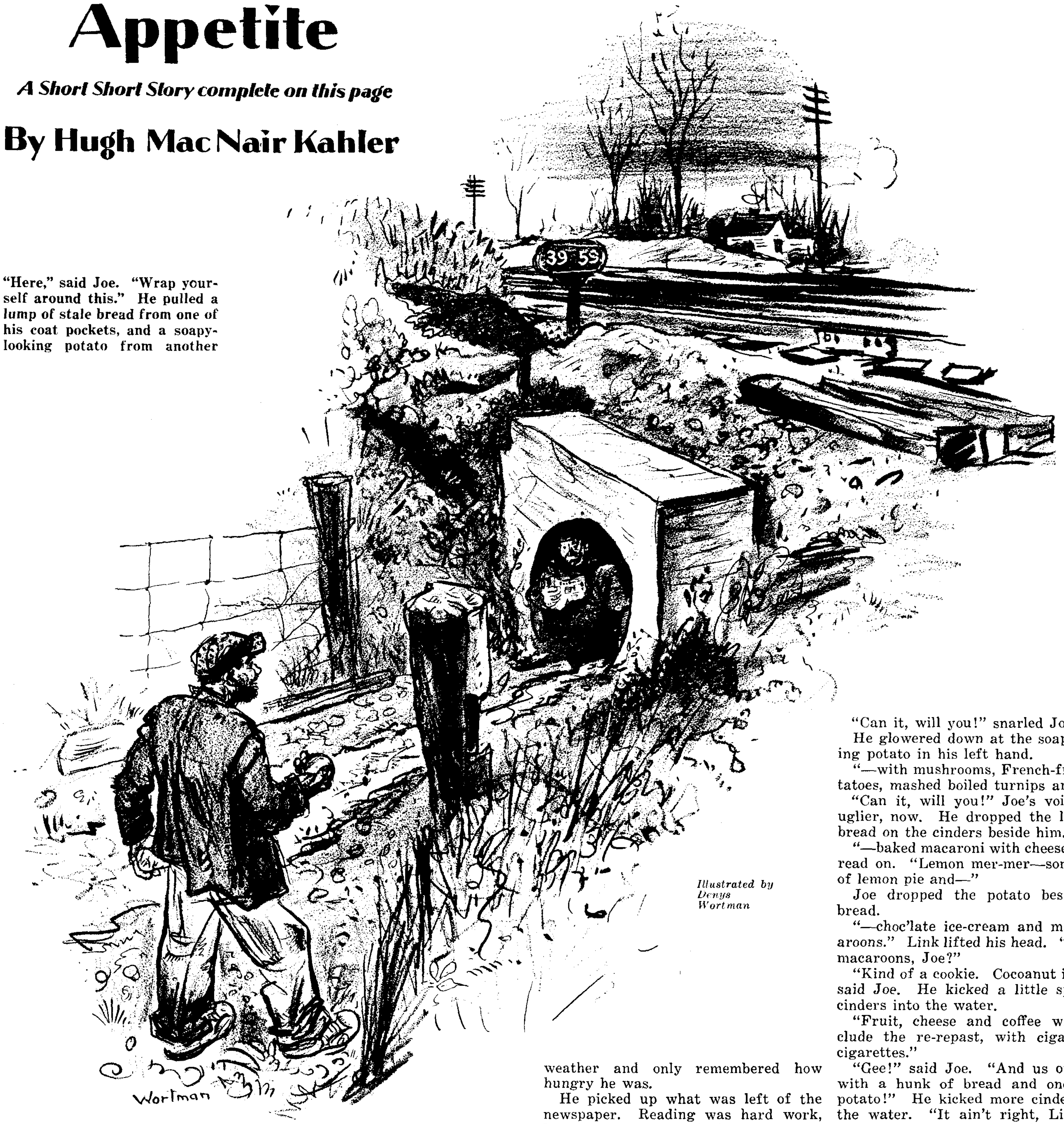
Mobiloil ARCTIC *for your engine*
"CW" *for your gears*

Appetite

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

"Here," said Joe. "Wrap yourself around this." He pulled a lump of stale bread from one of his coat pockets, and a soapy-looking potato from another



Illustrated by Denys Wortman

IT WAS Joe's turn to rustle for the pokeout, and Link waited for him in the shelter of the low culvert that left a passageway through the railroad embankment for a whimpering little trickle of dirty water.

It was pretty cold in the culvert, but there was shelter from the wind and from the steady slant of sleet, and a newspaper had been blown in far enough to be fairly dry.

The newspaper gave Link the idea of risking a little fire. On a day like this, he thought, the smoke wouldn't be noticed. He found some woody weed stems that felt dry enough to burn and, scouting along the embankment, gathered wet twigs and sticks.

He knew better, though, than to use all his paper for the first attempt. He crumpled half of it and built a careful little pyramid of weed stems above it, and over this arranged the wet wood. He was careful, too, with his match, because he had only three left. He cupped his hands close to the sorry little flame that climbed up the paper, so that, if the fire didn't burn, his fingers, at least, would have profited by the brief warmth.

They were blue fingers, broken-nailed; they had stiffened around brake-rods so that they wouldn't open all the way, and they were so thick-skinned that they hardly felt the heat of the tiny blaze.

LINK nursed and fed his fire cunningly. It stayed alive, and he crouched over it, twisting his head to look for Joe, and every time this happened his lips would pull themselves away from his teeth.

Joe was a long time about it, long enough for the tiny flame to thaw Link's hands so that he forgot to curse the weather and only remembered how hungry he was.

He picked up what was left of the newspaper. Reading was hard work, but sometimes it would keep you from thinking about things—like beefsteaks and big, steaming cups of coffee.

Link smoothed the paper on his knee and began spelling out the words. He did not look up again till Joe clattered up the pebbly creek bed toward the culvert's mouth.

"Here," said Joe, "wrap yourself around this. I got mine back to the house." He pulled a lump of stale bread from one of his coat pockets, and a soapy-looking boiled potato from another.

"Huh," said Link scornfully.

Joe scowled. "What's the big idea? If this pokeout ain't fancy enough for you I can use it all right."

"Go ahead," said Link.

Joe dug his teeth into the bread.

"Listen," said Link. He read aloud, slowly, following the words with a blue, gnarled forefinger.

"Dinner will con-sist of tomato soup, broiled Lake Erie whitefish with cream sauce, sirloin steak with—"

"Can it, will you!" snarled Joe.

He glowered down at the soapy-looking potato in his left hand.

"—with mushrooms, French-fried potatoes, mashed boiled turnips and—"

"Can it, will you!" Joe's voice was uglier, now. He dropped the lump of bread on the cinders beside him.

"—baked macaroni with cheese," Link read on. "Lemon mer-mer—some kind of lemon pie and—"

Joe dropped the potato beside the bread.

"—choc'late ice-cream and mac-macaroons." Link lifted his head. "What's macaroons, Joe?"

"Kind of a cookie. Cocoanut in 'em," said Joe. He kicked a little spurt of cinders into the water.

"Fruit, cheese and coffee will conclude the re-repast, with cigars and cigarettes."

"Gee!" said Joe. "And us out here with a hunk of bread and one lousy potato!" He kicked more cinders into the water. "It ain't right, Link, the way some guys get all the breaks. Sirloin steak! Macaroons! Why should other guys rate a blow-out like that when you and me—"

He paused.

LINK'S forefinger had plodded farther down the torn page. He had, it seemed to Joe, lost interest in the paper. At least his eyes were now fixed upon the boiled potato. He lifted it, and, thumbing off the cinders that clung to its soapy surface, he ate it.

Joe picked up the scrap of paper and found the place.

"—with cigars and cigarettes," he read. "And promptly at midnight the first of the three doomed men will begin the short march to the death chair."

Thoughtfully he watched Link's hands and teeth at work upon a swiftly dwindling lump of bread.

"Good, huh?" said Joe.

"Yeah," said Link. He swallowed largely. "And say, that potato went good, too."

YOU'LL KNOW WHY THEY CALLED IT L-O-N-G-H-A-N-D

. . . . after you've used an UNDERWOOD

FOR you, whose time is fleeting and whose thoughts fly by so fast that good white foolscap or letter paper must capture them quickly...consider The Portable Underwood.

A sturdy little mechanism of aluminum, steel and iron and years of knowing how. It leaps into writing action with all the willingness of a thoroughbred when your finger tips give the signal to go. It reacts to your touch with a hair-trigger responsiveness that leaves line after line of neatly arrayed, perfectly aligned, cleanly impressed words behind.

Try it...and YOU'LL know why they nicknamed pen writing L-O-N-G-H-A-N-D — why people who are DOING things these days have turned penmanship into typemanship ...on an easy-to-use Portable Underwood.

If you are mechanically minded, you'll want to look over the special Underwood features that allow this entirely different portable to perform in such an entirely different way. And, you'll be glad to know that its price is no higher than that of many other portables on the market — sixty dollars. Six attractive colors and black await your selection. On convenient terms if you prefer...at the nearest Underwood Dealer or the nearest Underwood Branch.

* * *

Special Features of The Portable Underwood

Strong steel frame inside aluminum housing...Fast—quick, instantaneous key response...Light touch—hair-trigger key action due to exclusive Underwood principle...Easy manifolding—produces 4 or 5 carbon copies...Takes standard ribbon...Takes paper 9⅜ in. wide... Adjustable Paper Clamps...Construction of feed roll and cylinder permits quick straightening of paper...Carriage shift keys also shift ribbon spools...Type can't crowd, blur, or jump out of alignment... Superior finger piece on line space lever.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 342 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Distributors of Underwood Standard, Noiseless and Portable Typewriters and Bookkeeping Machines
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"Underwood, Elliott-Fisher, Sundstrand — Speed the World's Business"

THE PORTABLE UNDERWOOD

So that you may shave with greater Speed and Luxury

RUBBERSET

offers a New Modernized Shaving Brush with

blended bristles

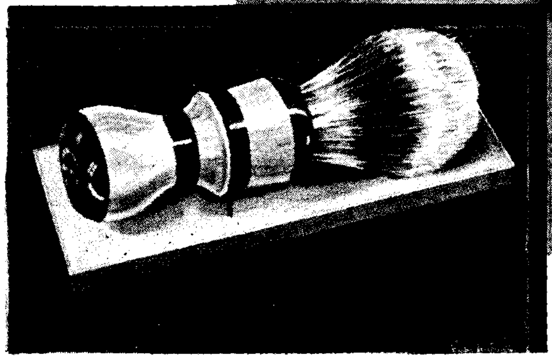
IN this lustily growing world of ours, shaving . . . like travel and other universal habits . . . has sprouted wings, taken on new speed and luxury.

First, razors set the pace with neat and compact safety types . . . Then modern creams and powders added sanitation and efficiency to lather.

And now, RUBBERSET . . . which years ago startled the world by presenting the original non-shedding brush . . . introduces a new *modernized* Shaving Brush to tally with the spirit of the times.

A New Idea in Shaving Brush Construction

You men, who have failed to find a shaving brush entirely to your liking . . . who have complained repeatedly because the bristles were either too hard or too soft, too long or too short . . . will discover in the new *modernized* RUBBERSET the brush you have always hoped to own. By a precise blending of imported Badger hair with the hair of Wild Boar, the new RUBBERSET bristles give you exactly the proper balance of softness and firmness for a truly luxurious shave. These blended bristles are set, of course, in the genuine RUBBERSET way—clenched everlastingly in a never-give-up grip of hard rubber.



THE AMBASSADOR, a striking, new RUBBERSET Brush

New Shapes and Colors!

The new *modernized* RUBBERSET is a different-feeling, different-acting brush because of its *blended* bristles . . . and finer looking, too, because the whole line has been re-styled. The handles are thoroughly modern in design and broader at the base of the tuft to give the fingers a man's-size grip . . . And a wealth of new color combinations invests these brushes with striking beauty.

The Perfect Christmas Gift

Get a new *modernized* RUBBERSET for yourself now. Or better still, buy *several*—one for the office, one for the club and another for your traveling kit . . . See how much more luxurious and comfortable your shaving becomes with this remarkable brush on the job. That's a satisfaction you'll want to share . . . and Christmas is close at hand. Put some new RUBBERSETS on your list. The wide range of styles is ticketed with a wide range of prices, starting agreeably at $1.00.

Be sure that the name and trade-mark RUBBERSET appears on the handles of the brushes you buy.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

RUBBERSET COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

Selling Agents:

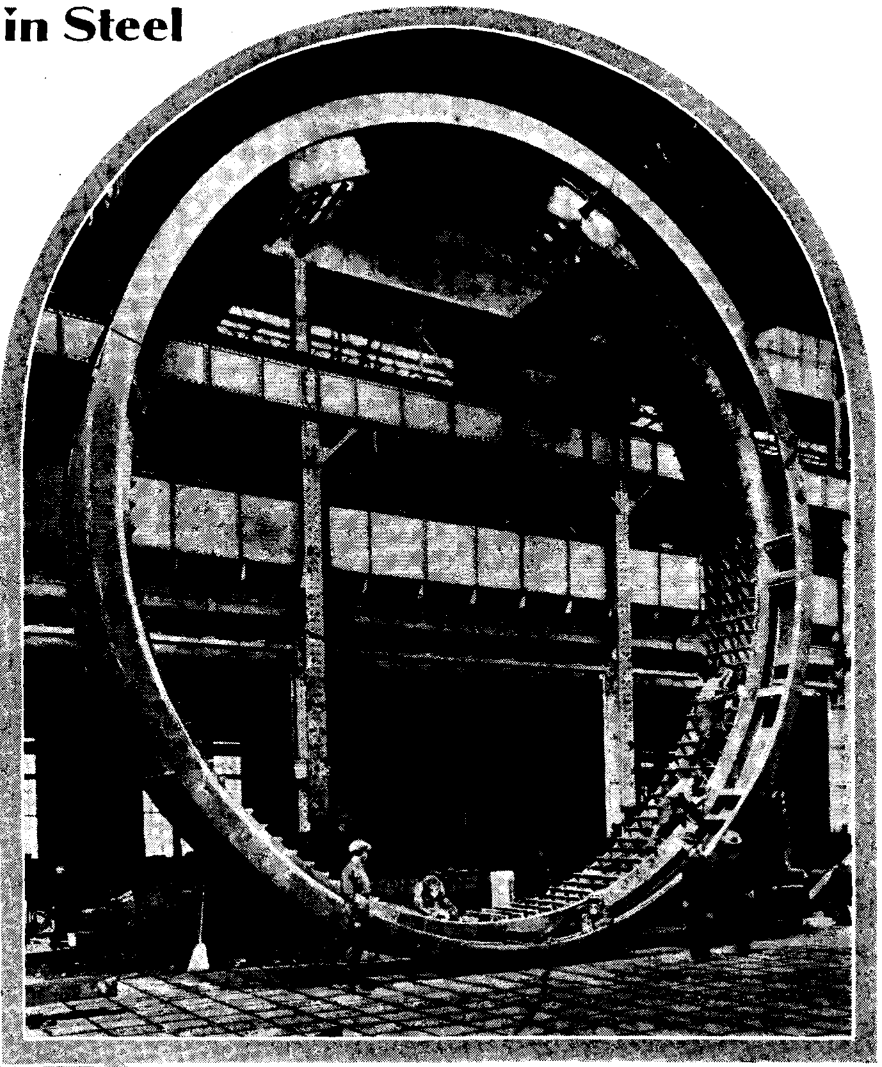
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 40 East 34th Street, New York

A Brisk Movement in Steel

Continued from page 12

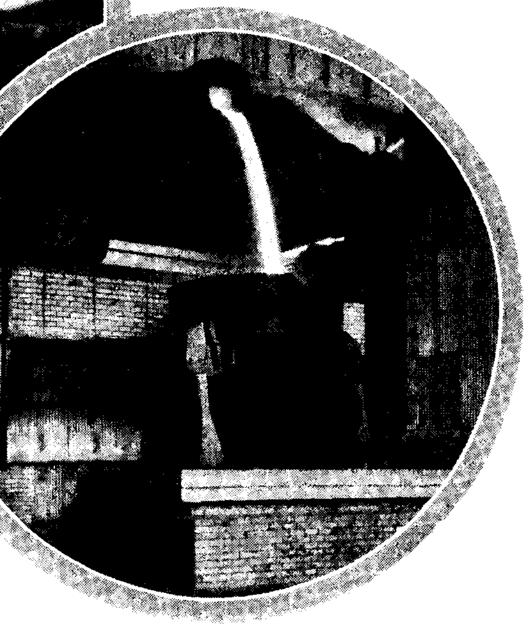
me a tiny sheet of steel, thinner than ordinary paper, that could have been covered by two large postage stamps. "These sheets are in your radio set," he said, "but you'll never see them. It requires many of these sheets, placed in layers, to make your transformer."

Within the past few years the steel men have been as eager to satisfy the demands of the electrical industry as they are those of the bridge or the skyscraper builders. They discovered that the great Mrs. John Smith, Unincorporated, of America, demanding electrical equipment for her home, was just as important as more imposing organizations. She was, in fact, a new magnet, drawing forth additional steel by thousands of tons from their giant open-hearth ladles.



A titanic generator frame, the largest single machine part ever manufactured. Steel welding made it possible

(Left) An ingot emerging from a soaking pit, where its temperature has been equalized preparatory to rolling it out into sheets



(Below) Molten steel, which has been carried by rail in a tank car from a blast furnace eleven miles distant, reaches a rolling-mill ladle

Underwood & Underwood

One result is the *small* electric motor. The first motors or generators were giant affairs, with huge cores of common, everyday iron. They couldn't be made small, at first. But better electrical steel has done its part in cutting down the size of motors until today Mrs. Smith can carry home in a stout shopping bag a one-quarter horsepower motor, strong enough to run her washing machine. It weighs only fifteen pounds.

"We used to work only with the builders," one of the old-time officers of a certain steel company told me. "The railroad builders were our best customers. We kept pace with them and kept improving on steel to meet their needs; longer rails, tougher steel, and so forth. When any other industry needed any certain kind of special stuff, it would come to us and ask us to do a special job for it. We'd get into step with that industry as quickly as possible."

The steel industry has been jolted from time to time in its history by new and abrupt demands. The first steel-framed skyscraper builder, John Dawson, of New York, was forced to hunt out a steel company that would be willing to pay some special attention to his demands.

Mr. Dawson had contracted to build an eight-story building at 25 Broadway, New York City. The plot was so narrow that, if he used brick or stone, the walls themselves would take up most of the space. His firm, Dawson and Archer, devised the idea of putting up an eight-story frame of steel and fastening a curtain of walls to it as in present-day construction.

Mr. John Dawson, with his new ideas, started the entire steel industry on the road toward greater prosperity. But he had plenty of difficulty at first to get any steel company to risk its reputation in supplying steel for such a dangerous and fragile structure. Today the steel companies can guarantee steel for a structure at least two thousand feet high.

You can't tell whether it was the hen or the egg that came first, but, with steel—until very recent times—it was the incessant demand of the American people for new conveniences, necessities or luxuries that literally hatched the present-day steel industry. Today, however, the steel industry is out seeking eagerly for new business. At every regular meeting of executives of various steel corporations today one of the most important discussions on the day's program is "New Uses in Steel." But even the most affluent steel magnate can't touch a magic button and automatically produce some new and hungry market. That must be done down in those laboratories where many alert young men are forever trying out new ideas. Trade research departments have become a part of every steel company's organization. Especially since the war, steel men have been ranging and scouting through every industry in America, to find new uses for steel; and they're finding them. That new, ever-shining radiator shell on your car, for instance, and all the car's silvery trimmings which need no polishing and are glittering long after the car has become an aged relic are proof of their hustle and ingenuity.

Just after the war, to illustrate, certain business men laid onto the shoulders of a certain young man a large plant which had been built for war purposes. It had never been put into operation; its huge machines intended for pressing out shells had never turned, except in experiment.

Seeking Jobs for Steel

"See what you can do with it," they told the young steel man.

He looked over the great bleak, idle structure, considerably puzzled. Then he got hold of a good advertising man. To him he said:

"I want you to tell manufacturers of all sorts of articles that we can make many of their parts out of pressed steel."

The first year the huge plant ran only five per cent of its capacity.

One day the manufacturer of a washing machine, seeing an advertisement, wondered, casually, whether the square-cornered, rather clumsy and very expensive wooden bowl of his machine could be made of pressed iron or steel sheets.

He went to the pressing plant, told the young president what he wanted, and, within a few weeks, was astonished to see one of the huge machines press out, with one mighty grunt, a smooth, solid steel bowl with curving sides, a curving bottom and extremely graceful lines.

"Now then," said the young man, "we'll cover that with a coat of porcelain enamel of any color you wish and if you don't like that shape we can press out any shape you want," he continued. He got a huge order; and the washing machine man was able to cut the prices of his machine that season.

Stumbling on Business

Today this young man's plant will do several million dollars' worth of business annually. It is constantly growing. Similar plants have appeared and will use several more million dollars' worth of steel than was used two or three years ago.

These pressed steel young men are pushers. Not long ago one of them, hurrying to a train, tripped over a round cast-iron disk. It hurt his foot; he kicked it, then he looked at it. It was the top of a gas meter, which had broken off at the bolt holes.

"Get a salesman out to the gas meter people," he ordered. "Tell 'em we can press out their meter tops and do it cheaper than they can cast 'em and they won't break off at the bolt holes."

The "gas meter people" were delighted at the discovery; their order was prompt and large.

Another young man was visiting his ten-year-old son in the schoolroom. The teacher had made a vain attempt to make the schoolroom attractive, but there was that funereal slate blackboard staring him in the face. "Why can't a schoolroom be as warm and attractive as my living-room at home?" thought the young man. Today his firm is making, and selling to many school

(*Continued on page 34*)

Year after year SIMONIZ keeps CARS BEAUTIFUL

BEAUTY
MILEAGE
33413
SIMONIZ KEEPS THIS CAR ALWAYS LOOKING NEW

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

"LET Simoniz guard the appearance of your car and you need never worry about the finish losing its beauty and value" say the millions of motorists who keep their cars looking bright and new for years with the world famous Simoniz.

Nothing takes the place of Simoniz for protecting the finish of a car. It is most durable and an application lasts for months. In all weather Simoniz guards the finish from the elements that otherwise dull, age and eventually destroy the lustre. It makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

Dullness and discoloration are warnings that the beauty of the finish is in danger and needs Simonizing—so the sooner you Simoniz your car the better.

Anyone can SIMONIZ a car

Simonizing is the modern and safe way of cleaning and protecting all fine finishes.

If your car is dulled and discolored Simonizing will make it look new again. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the lustre. And, Simoniz provides that long lasting surface of sparkling protection.

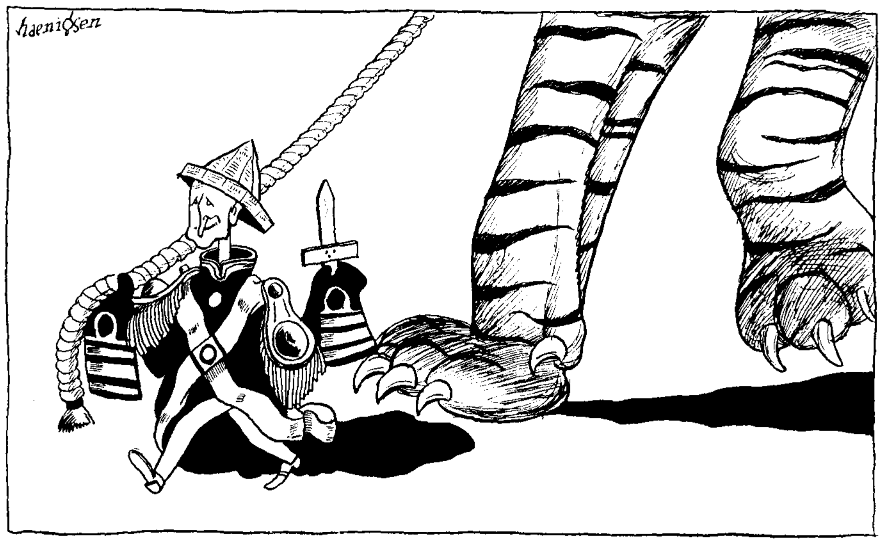
You can save yourself needless expense and disappointment by always insisting on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

KLEENER
SIMONIZ

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH



Top Sergeant

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE Republican national organization intends to make it impossible for the Democrats to nominate any Democrat from the state of New York for President in 1932, whether Franklin D. Roosevelt or Owen D. Young. At any rate they plan to raise such a scandal about Tammany Hall that if a New York Democrat is nominated for President the rest of the country will not vote for him.

That is the politics of the current attack upon Tammany, which, it will be recalled, was started by a Republican United States district attorney. It is good strategy. Faced by the prospect of a split in their party if prohibition is the issue in the next national election, the Republicans hope to shift the issue away from liquor to Tammany. They recall how well the Tammany issue worked in 1928.

In this enterprise they are helped by the fact that John F. Curry is the present head of Tammany. In 1928 it could be said that, as a result of Al Smith's leadership, there was a "new Tammany." But it is the old Tammany today, the political racket that has long governed New York City. The Tiger has not changed its stripes.

John F. Curry will have to pilot Tammany through the storm which will probably last until 1932. He is the smallest man who has ever been at the head of the New York County organization, and he isn't a leader in any sense of the word. He isn't even a real boss. He remains what he has been most of his life, a district leader, with the circumscribed views of the district leader. By common consent Curry is the agent, the general manager of the other district leaders. Instead of being a general he is a top sergeant.

A real leader of Tammany is aware that there is something more to his work than getting jobs, dispensing favors and making collections. Murphy saw that he had to say "no" more often than "yes." Smith also saw that Tammany, to be strong, must have the support of the independent elements in the state. Under Smith Tammany had to be respectable and go without a great many things that it thought it should have. For Smith said "no" more often than Murphy did.

Tammany resented Smith's introduction of political morality into its affairs. When Smith ceased to be governor the district leaders of Tammany determined at once to put an end to the "new Tammany" and make the organization the profitable political racket that from the district leaders' standpoint it ought to be. So they chose for their top sergeant the one among them who hated Smith most and who himself had been a victim of Smith's higher morality.

The origin of the feud between Smith and Curry is significant. During Smith's governorship there was a vacancy in the state insurance commission. Tammany offered John F. Curry as a candidate for the job, but Smith turned him down on the grounds that he was not competent.

Curry has never forgiven Smith for that. He was the one district leader who never acquiesced in Smith's control of the organization. When Smith had Judge Olvaney made leader of Tammany Hall, Curry was the one district leader who held out and refused to make his election unanimous. And when Curry became leader himself he declined to take Smith and Surrogate Foley, who was one of the Big Three in Smith's day in Tammany Hall, into the inner circle. That was an example of Curry's lack of vision, as was also his recent refusal to waive immunity when called as a witness before the grand jury.

Curry's idea of his job as head of Tammany Hall is shown by his relations with the Tammany district leaders and lesser leaders of the organization. When any Tammany man asks Curry to provide a job or get someone out of trouble with the courts or obtain any other favor, Curry not only complies but actually phones the man who made the request to tell him that he has done it. He strives to please.

He never sees beyond the local racket. He is incapable of thinking of the effect of what he does upon the Democratic party in the state, although a Democratic governor is almost essential to Tammany Hall.

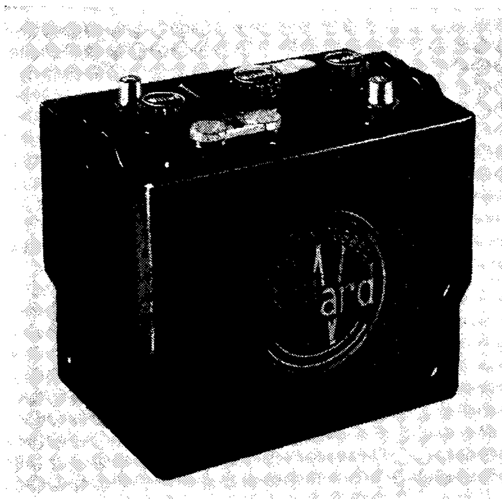
So Tammany under Curry has become nothing more than a local political racket. Smith may at any time reach out and take the up-state Democrats away from their alliance with Tammany and use them to dicker with the Democrats in other counties of Greater New York.

One may ask how Tammany, controlling only Manhattan, a borough which is second in population in the greater city and which in less than a decade will be fourth in that city, can continue to dominate the Democratic party in that city. Money. While Manhattan declines in population it is and always will be the center of wealth in New York. And the moneyed people are not going over in Brooklyn or up into the Bronx or out into Queens to give their money for political purposes.

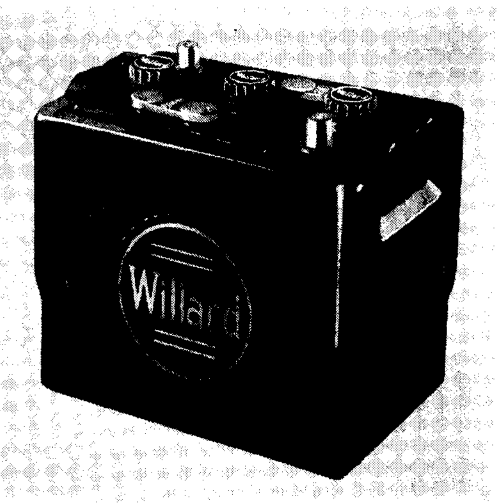
But Smith can get money just as well as Curry. That is one of the dangers confronting the top sergeant.

Zero-tested AT THE FACTORY!

WILLARDS MUST PROVE THEIR COLD-WEATHER DEPENDABILITY IN THE LABORATORY



In its Thread-Rubber insulated battery Willard offers you a battery in a genuine hard rubber case that is built to give extra months and miles of uninterrupted service, because its insulation will last the life of the battery's plates. You can get it only in a Willard.



In the Willard wood-insulated battery the insulation is of selected Port Orford cedar, chemically treated and dark-room inspected. This battery has the same full capacity plates, the same standard Willard battery design—the same scrupulous care in manufacture.

At the Willard factory, batteries are taken from regular production to demonstrate their cold-weather dependability. In the freezing temperatures of the laboratory cold room, Willard engineers, anticipating the demands of winter driving, put them through repeated starting tests—on a cold, stiff automobile motor.

This cold-room test is typical of the detailed care exercised at the Willard factory in every stage of production. Sixty-eight other searching tests and inspections unite in maintaining the Willard standard of quality—help to make a Willard ruggedly dependable under all weather conditions, in any kind of service.

And Willard goes a step further—offers Willard Service everywhere at 38,000 service stations . . . to help the battery buyer get all the life and dependability built into his battery at the Willard factory.

Over twenty-three million batteries made and sold by Willard indicates conclusively that the car-owning public recognizes the advantages of owning a Willard.

For Greater Service and Satisfaction From Any Make of Battery Use Willard Service Regularly

Willard

CLEVELAND · OHIO
LOS ANGELES · CALIF. " TORONTO · ONT.

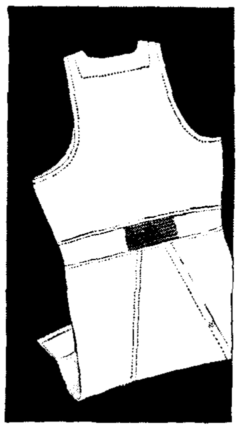
STORAGE BATTERIES
for

AIRCRAFT
AUTOMOBILES
BUS AND TRUCK
DIESEL ENGINES
DITCHING MACHINERY
EMERGENCY LIGHTING
LIGHTING PLANTS
MARINE EQUIPMENT
MOTOR AND PLEASURE BOATS
OIL CIRCUIT BREAKERS
RADIO
SOUND PICTURES
TAXICABS
TELEPHONE AND COMMUNICATIONS
ALL INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES

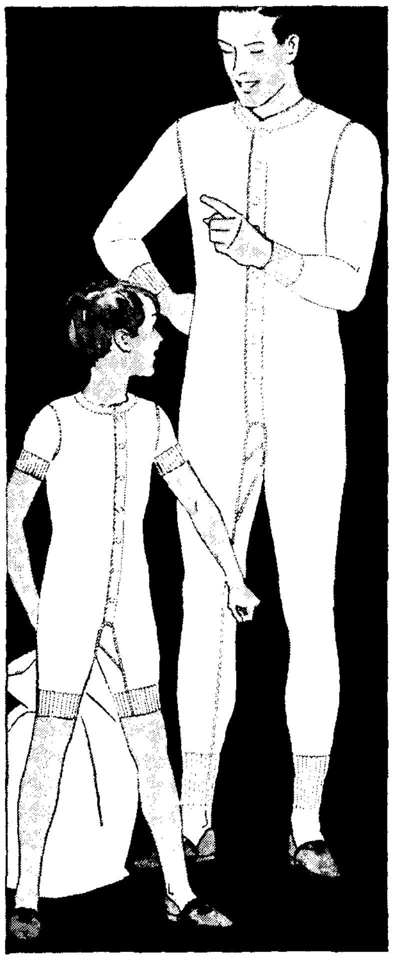
FOR REFRESHING COMFORT, BODILY AND MENTAL

GET "IN TOUCH" WITH HANES

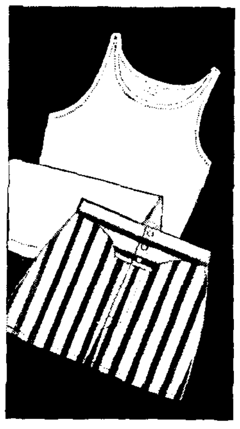
LUXURIOUS, AND LOW IN PRICE!



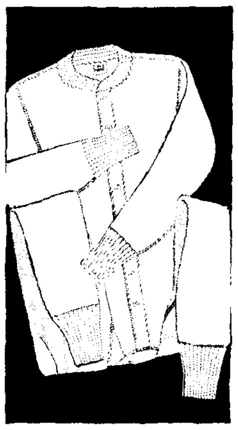
HANES Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit of madras pajama checks and broadcloth. Patented belt.* $1.



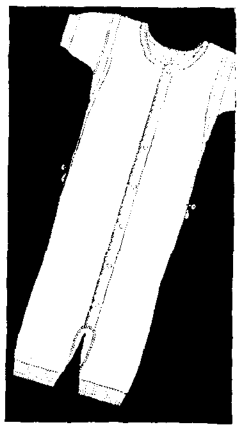
Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits. Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at $1.50. *Red Label Lightweights,* $1. *Boys', age 2 to 16, "heavies,"* 75c *to* $1.



HANES *Shirts and Shorts in smart new styles and colors.* 50c, 75c, $1. *Wide choice, real comfort.*



Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 *to* $1.50. *Shirts and drawers,* 75c *to* $1.



Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 to 12, 85c. *Also made ankle length with long sleeves.*

SURROUND yourself with every comfort. Slide into HANES for a change. In all your life, you never bought such underwear value.

Try the Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suit. Great for work or play and mild or cool days. Really luxurious in its soft hanespun cotton—and knitted and cut to careful measurements of both trunk and chest. Never bunches or binds. Seams are flat-locked and can't irritate. Buttons won't pull off.

Red Label Lightweights are also winners; and here is a red-hot tip for freezing weather: HANES Red Label Heavyweights! (Union suits or shirts and drawers.) None so famous for over 25 years.

HANES makes underwear in every style and material, size and weight that man or boy could want. Don't fail to see it—ask for it by name. If your regular dealer hasn't the complete line, write direct to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS

TRADE MARK HANES

FOR EVERY SEASON

A Brisk Movement in Steel

Continued from page 31

boards, green "blackboards," blue "blackboards," or any other color of "blackboard" that is desired—all porcelain enameled on steel.

There are from twenty to thirty different kinds of steel or iron in your motor car. You and I think of the romance of our car "running out on the line" at the factory and starting off under its own power, a machine which, only a few hours before, had been nothing but a batch of parts stuck away in bins.

But there's more romance behind that. Think of your car in this way: almost every part and bit of it was once liquid steel poured from a ladle. It was all "red dirt" once.

Turning this "red dirt" into exactly the sort of iron or steel for the score and more of special uses in your car is the job of a cook—a steel mill laboratory cook.

A Scientific Chef

The man in the steel laboratory knows exactly what special elements to add to boiling steel to turn out the material from which tough auto fenders are made. He must make a different mixture for the steel that forms the chassis, another for the steel in the springs; another for the fine, thin, hidden sheets of soft electrical iron which are used in lamination in the generator that charges your battery; another for the metal that forms the engine parts, and so forth, through many varieties for many purposes.

Remember, how, back in the days of the open touring cars, when only the very rich rode in closed cars, we began to want "sedans"?

We got 'em too. They were not, it is true, the carefully built wooden sedan bodies which sheltered the rich, turned out at great price by hand. But they were just as beautiful in line and color, even if they *were* pressed out by giant machines from sheets of metal. But they were far stronger, far safer. And today the rich use them, too.

The body makers were hard pressed by our demand, but they passed the demand on to the steel man. It was a tremendous and a very abrupt demand. All the car makers shouted for steel sheets at the same moment. The steel men met the call as quickly as possible. This demand has helped to bring about a new invention in the steel industry which promises to revolutionize it.

Steel sheets have been difficult to make; there has been no radical improvement in the principles of rolling sheets for about 150 years. The size of sheets was practically limited to the weight that a very strong man could handle with a pair of tongs.

The other day, by rare luck, I saw in a steel plant a crew of men turning out steel sheets in the old-fashioned way. They were running a special batch of sheets. A large machine, consisting mainly of two powered rollers resembling a washing machine wringer, stood between the two men.

One man, bare to the waist, his eyes shaded and a cloth tied over his mouth, drew from a furnace a forty-pound block of red-hot steel. With his tongs he thrust it between the rolls, which made it thinner and longer. The man on the other side of the rolls seized the red sheet with his tongs, and it was put back through the rolls again. Each time the rolls were screwed closer together. Five times these hot huskies juggled that piece of ever-thinning hot metal.

The men worked under the wind of a huge electric fan placed on the floor beside them.

"That's one of the cruelest jobs left in the steel industry," said the superintendent of the plant. "Those boys get from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a day. As wage earners they're the aristocrats of the industry, but it's tough work."

With all their muscle these mighty toilers were not able to produce a sheet of steel much larger than the top of a business desk.

This old hand method is no way, in this speeding age, by which to make steel sheets for thousands of acres or miles, or however you measure them, of automobile bodies or for an ever-increasing number of other purposes. The steel men *had* to find a better way, though for over six generations men have said there *was* no other way.

The new invention, known as "the continuous rolling process," is doing away with the old hand-rolling mills, except for special work, as rapidly as the huge new mills can be established.

Five million dollars is the approximate cost of one of these new mills!

The first one was started in 1922 and it required more than eighteen months to construct it. Several more months were consumed in ironing out the difficulties of such a new and radical process. As a practical method of manufacturing sheet metal these new mills are only about five years old. Most of the great companies are installing them as quickly as possible.

One of these new magic mills that I saw in operation recently was a continuous piece of machinery over two city blocks long. Others now being erected will be longer. It is reported that one company will build a "continuous mill" a third of a mile long.

Here's what I saw:

From a heating furnace there dropped onto a runway a huge rectangular block of almost white-hot steel, weighing fourteen thousand pounds—seven tons. This chunk was carried on small rollers by machinery to a large mill called the "blooming mill." There it was smashed down between mammoth rolls into a large rectangular slab, still white-hot, but not hot enough to suit the steel maker, for, as we walked along beside it, we saw it dart into a roaring cave, called a re-heating furnace, whose white heat dazzled the eye.

Steel on the Run

In time it dropped from this furnace to the roller tables and was carried along to a large knife which cut off chunks of the steel slab. This smaller chunk, weighing a little more than a ton, was carried by machinery to the first of a long line of rolls. It passed between two rolls as clothes pass through the washwoman's wringer. When it came out on the other side it was thinner and longer. After each successive rolling, it seemed to lengthen as if by magic.

We couldn't walk fast enough to keep up with the sheets; we took it at a dog trot. Never stopping, it continued through one set of rolls after another, always faster and faster until at length it emerged from the last set at a speed of twelve hundred feet a minute.

It was now a ribbon of steel, less than a quarter of an inch thick, about four feet wide and over two hundred feet long. It rippled and scuttled, like a frightened, manhandled snake, up an inclined runway, where another machine

(*Continued on page 39*)

© 1930, RCA Victor Co., Inc. Radiola Division

HEAR the radio Marconi praises

...you will agree with the inventor of radio that the new Radiola Super-Heterodyne is "a great advance"

Praised by the great Marconi! Acclaimed by the famous inventor who sent the first "wireless" message! Hailed by the brilliant scientist who has stood at the peak in radio for 36 years!

Marconi calls the new RCA Radiola Super-Heterodyne "a great advance in radio reception." Hundreds of experts call it "the finest home instrument that ever carried the RCA trademark." What greater compliments could be paid a radio?

This new Radiola is the most highly perfected instrument that the world's greatest group of radio engineers and RCA's vast resources can build... it is the revolutionary climax of a 7-year development of the Super-Heterodyne principle by the recognized leader of the industry.

Thousands of Delighted Owners

The new Radiola meets modern broadcasting conditions perfectly. The government has assigned to each broadcasting station a broadcasting channel of a standard 10-kilocycle width. The new Radiola is so expertly designed that it receives all of the program in the full width of the channel—no more—no less. Hence the remarkable tone quality, the startling realism, the exceptional freedom from overlapping, interference, noise and distortion.

So gorgeous is its tone, so phenomenal its performance that in a few weeks it became one of the greatest popular successes in the entire history of radio.

You'll Enjoy These Extra Features

The new Radiola models offer all the latest features for home entertainment. The combination radio-phonograph model affords all the fun of home-recording—allows you to make actual records of your own voice! Remote control enables you to change stations from your favorite chair! Tone color control permits you to adjust tone to suit your own taste!

$112.50, *less Radiotrons* ...... A worthy companion to the highly successful Super-Heterodyne! Despite its low price, the new 48 is the finest tuned radio frequency instrument in Radiola history... in a trim, compact cabinet only 3 feet high... ideal for homes where space is particularly valuable... a charming design... "trigger-touch" sensitivity... gorgeous tone... sharp selectivity without interference... tremendous power... screen-grid, 4 circuits, 7 tubes. Only $112.50, less Radiotrons!

Truly Amazing Value!

Four years ago Radiola Super-Heterodyne cost $570. Today you can have a far superior, infinitely more beautiful model for $142.50, less Radiotrons.

Prove these facts for yourself. See your Radiola dealer today. He's a dependable merchant selling the world's most dependable musical instrument—the Radiola. Insist upon the RCA trademark—your guarantee of satisfaction in the years to come.

Set Illustrated above: Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Model 80—screen-grid—9 tuned circuits—magnified, illuminated tuning dial accurately calibrated in kilocycles—improved volume control—local-distance switch—push-pull amplification—improved electro-dynamic speaker—handsome walnut veneer cabinet—$142.50, less Radiotrons. Also De Luxe Model and Radiola with electric phonograph, equipped with home-recording.

RCA Radiola
SUPER-HETERODYNE

RCA

Unless it bears this famous mark, it is not a Radiola.

S. S. VAN DINE . . *offers one* THANKSGIVING

Say it with Flowers

S. S. Van Dine, the distinguished creator of Philo Vance and author of the "Benson," "Canary," "Greene", "Bishop" and "Scarab" Murder Cases.

1 ▲ ▲ ▲ WHEN YOU CAN'T GET BACK FOR THANKSGIVING WITH THE FOLKS

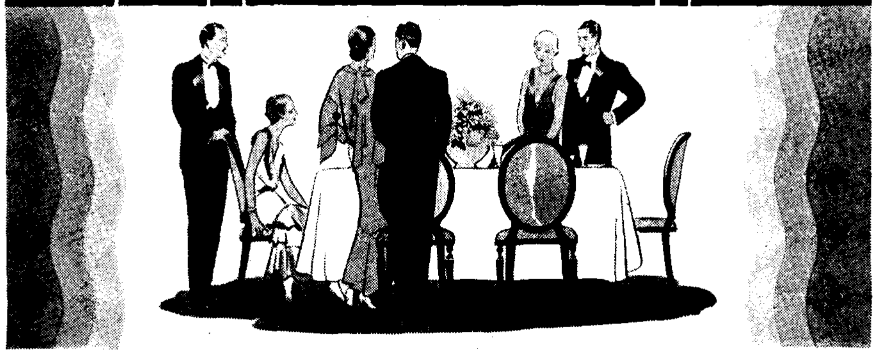
(*Tuesday, November 24; 9:51 P. M.*)

"Oh, my aunt—my precious, dodderin' aunt!" The great detective sighed as he sank into a chair. "D'ye know, Inspector, it entirely slipped my mind that she'd be expectin' me for Thanksgivin' dinner . . . and I simply can't leave this new murder case in the sergeant's hands . . . Ah, an idea! Flowers! A bouquet of the season's loveliest posies will indicate to the dear old lady that I am at least present in spirit . . ."

© 1930, S. A. F.

Say it with

solution to three PROBLEMS ▲▲▲



2 ▲▲▲ TO MAKE YOUR OWN THANKSGIVING DINNER MEMORABLE

(*Wednesday, November 25; 10:35 A. M.*)

"Your problem, Inspector, is this," murmured the great detective, exhaling a spiral of smoke, "—you wish to make tomorrow's jousting bout with *Meleagris gallopavo** distinctly out of the ordin'ry—a repast to linger in the memory." Philo Vance knit his brows. "Ah, I have it—flowers for the table! They will add just the needed touch. Your family's Thanksgivin' dinner must have its flowers!"

3 ▲▲▲ WHEN YOU'RE INVITED TO THANKSGIVING DINNER

(*Wednesday, November 25; 3:10 P. M.*)

The great detective lifted the receiver of his telephone languidly; then his manner quickly changed. "Dine at your home tomorrow, Commissioner? Rather! I'm charmed. Four o'clock, you say? Topping! I'll be there!" He replaced the receiver slowly. "Thoughtful of him . . . I must show my appreciation . . . Ah, quite—quite. *Flowers* once more! I'll just toddle round to that florist chappie now and say it with flowers myself!"

FLOWERS

Look for this emblem of the Society of American Florists when you place your order for Thanksgiving flowers.

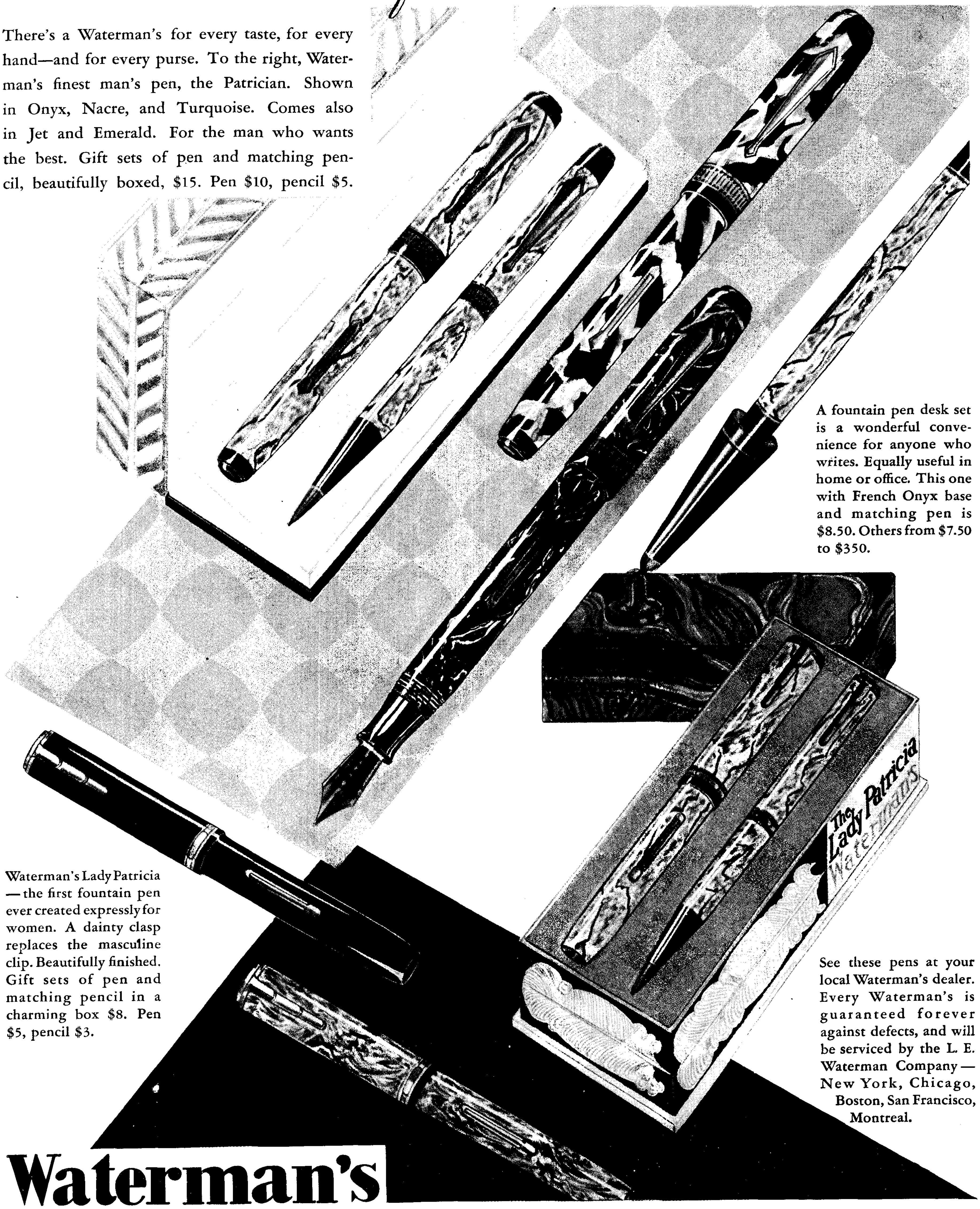
Telegraph flowers! Patronize the florist who displays this symbol of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

---

* *Meleagris gallopavo* (or *Meleagris mexicano*): A species of large bird, of the pheasant family, domesticated by the Indians of Mexico and introduced into Europe by the Spaniards in 1519. Erroneously supposed to have originated in Turkey, from which is derived its common name.

For a Christmas Gift - be sure it's a **Waterman's**

There's a Waterman's for every taste, for every hand—and for every purse. To the right, Waterman's finest man's pen, the Patrician. Shown in Onyx, Nacre, and Turquoise. Comes also in Jet and Emerald. For the man who wants the best. Gift sets of pen and matching pencil, beautifully boxed, $15. Pen $10, pencil $5.



A fountain pen desk set is a wonderful convenience for anyone who writes. Equally useful in home or office. This one with French Onyx base and matching pen is $8.50. Others from $7.50 to $350.

Waterman's Lady Patricia — the first fountain pen ever created expressly for women. A dainty clasp replaces the masculine clip. Beautifully finished. Gift sets of pen and matching pencil in a charming box $8. Pen $5, pencil $3.

See these pens at your local Waterman's dealer. Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects, and will be serviced by the L. E. Waterman Company — New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Montreal.

Waterman's

A Brisk Movement in Steel

Continued from page 34

grasped it and rolled it upon a barrel-shaped drum as if it had been mere paper. This roll was tossed by machinery onto a little car which transported it to the warehouse.

Coming along behind it were five other 200-foot sheets, all cut from that same seven-ton chunk of red-hot steel. This big mill could do as much work as fifty of the old-fashioned man-killing machines I had seen. One thousand four hundred tons a day was an easy job for it.

John B. Tytus, of Middletown, Ohio, a Yale man, is credited with developing the idea of the "continuous mill." His family was in the paper-making business. In the paper plant he saw pulp flattened into paper and then saw the long continuous sheet rolled onto a core.

"Impractical"—But It Worked

When he shifted into the steel business with a firm in his own home town, he could not get over the idea that some day steel would be rolled in great long sheets, like paper. One night in a greasy little mill office he mentioned his idea to the boyish foreman, and found a sympathetic ear. The years rolled along, and John Tytus became the company's superintendent of hot mills, while the young foreman stepped into the general manager's shoes. The company valiantly backed the two young men in their dreams. For twelve years they carried on a continuous series of experiments, expensive to the company but promising great rewards if they proved successful.

In 1922 the company built its first mill at Ashland, Kentucky, despite the opinion of steel men that it couldn't be done. It worked, and today there is the mill. To it have been added certain other processes for the continuous thin rolling of cold metal, already rolled. Most of the leading steel corporations have been granted franchises on a royalty basis by the owners of the new "continuous process."

It will not be long before people in the city of Chicago are eating meals cooked by natural gas brought from points one thousand miles distant.

There was a time when gas released with the drilling of an oil well was considered a costly and dangerous nuisance. In some cases this natural gas was diverted into mains and carried to near-by cities for use in homes and factories.

Today this United States of ours is being laced and crisscrossed with pipelines for natural gas. A map of the natural gas lines looks like a map of our railroad or aviation lines, and almost every public utility company is hurrying to establish its natural gas division.

For half a century we have wasted natural gas; that day is over. And here is how the change came about:

The steel industry did not formerly make a pipe that was either large enough or strong enough to withstand necessary gas pressures for long lines.

But today it's different.

Large pipe, two feet in diameter, was needed by the gas companies, and the steel industry has recently given it to them. No matter to what extent other branches of the steel industry may have slowed down during the lull of the past summer, the pipe-line departments of all steel plants were taxed to the utmost. They were making pipe for the natural gas companies, making it by the tens of thousands of miles.

Take a sheet of paper in your hands. Roll it into a tube, and paste the edges together. That's one new way in which modern steel pipe is made. An electric welding machine supplies the paste. Almost human mechanical fingers roll up the sheet, while behind follow automatic welding machines, always moving slowly forward. One firm, last summer, was making twenty-seven miles of such pipe daily!

Still newer is seamless pipe. Take a small lump of dough in the palm of one hand, and stretch it over the index finger of the other so that, with the finger as a core or mold, the dough will take the form of a hollow tube. That's the general idea followed in making seamless pipe by the newly devised pipe machinery of today.

Solid round bars of red-hot steel are stretched into tubes whose walls are one solid unit. Such pipe is made in diameters as high as two feet.

With such strong, air-tight, gas-tight pipe as this, the company dealing in natural gas need take no risk of the gas in one area becoming exhausted; it has only to extend its line to some other field, perhaps hundreds of miles away.

This new seamless pipe is also performing wizardry for us. It has put the oil-drilling methods of even half a dozen years ago entirely out of date.

Men couldn't drill deeply with the old-fashioned drill, hoisted and dropped with steel rope by machinery; that is, not deeply, as wells go today. Half a mile was a deep well.

Today seamless drilling pipe is being used in place of the steel rope. It is fitted together in sections, and is cutting down to depths of almost two miles. As this pipe, with a bit at the lower end enduring immense strains of pull and torsion, is rotated like an auger, a lubricating mixture of clay and water is forced through it into the bottom of the hole. This mixture, returning under pressure to the top of the well, brings up whatever the auger has cut away.

Striking oil at 7,000, 8,000 or even 9,000 feet is now not an uncommon experience. Old wells, once dead, are being pierced at the bottom by the new hollow drills and frequently open vast new fields of oil.

Steel framework is not new. But steel or iron walls in our homes or business buildings are likely to become a commonplace to many of us.

"What kind of a house will a steel house be?" I put this question to a man in the industry who has spent all his recent years in helping the industry to get ready for our demand for steel-walled houses.

"It will take two plates of steel hung from steel framework to make the walls," he said. "Two or three inches of space between them will be filled with some good insulating material. Such houses can thus be kept perfectly warm in winter, with no loss of heat. And in summer they can be artificially cooled, with no heat seeping in from the outside.

A Peep at the Future

"Bathrooms, pressed out of steel, like motor car bodies, can be placed in such houses as solid units, with all fittings in place, ready for connection with outside pipes. Closets, too, will be of pressed steel. Kitchens may be pressed units, scientifically efficient. The floors may be of wood or cement or of mat-covered steel plates.

"There may be one or two rooms in each home which are windowless. Perfect ventilation will be by pipes through which either warm or cool air is blown. Stop to think of it, the only reason we ventilate our homes by doors or windows is because the doors or windows are there, but door or window ventilation may not be the best, by any means.

"The steel homes will not be riveted together like the sides of a battleship. Already ships are being made by welding plates and skyscrapers are being raised by welding the steel beams in place. The walls of our steel houses will be as smooth as they are today and they may be covered on the outside with brick or wood, if you please.

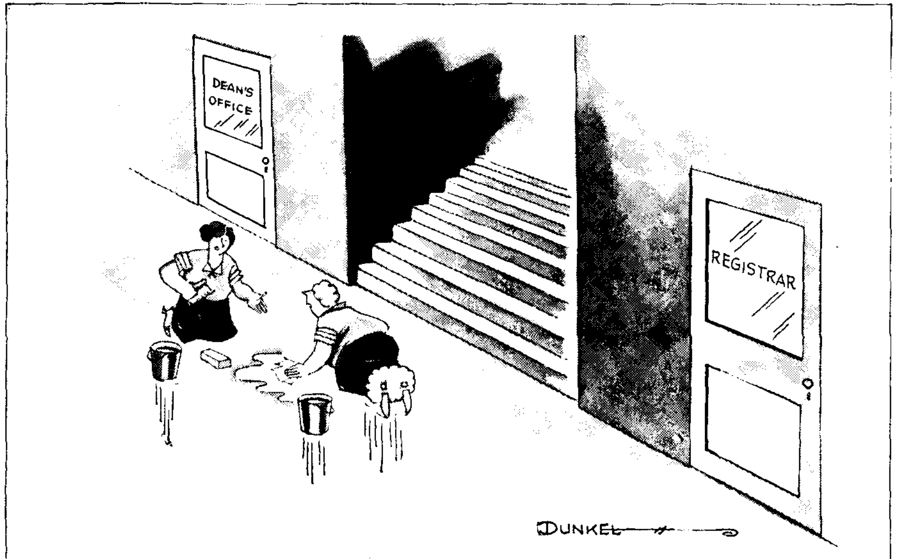
"In aviation also we are demanding new forms of steel and more of it. The ideal airplane will be a machine so light, yet strong of wing, that the bulk-headed inner spaces of its wings can be filled with an extremely light sustaining gas."

The good "red dirt" that some caveman smarter than the rest saw turning into a burning fluid in the tribal fire pit and later found in the form of malleable nuggets in his ashes, is still working for man. But every year its work is better; its aid more helpful.

We Americans, largest users of steel in the world, now consume over three pounds of steel daily—each man, woman and child of us.

And steel, as a commercial product, is only forty-five years old. Before the day of the Bessemer process, 1885, it was only a rare and expensive alloy.

Little wonder this young thing has a future before it!



"Now take their backfield—who have they got?"

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF TO THE ONE AND ONLY WOMAN

The one and only woman is more than an adornment of the hearth, she is the purchasing agent of the home. Most things you use must first get her okay. For example, she buys 84% of all the tooth-paste sold.

She may, or may not, know Ipana. Hundreds of thousands do. But, in case she doesn't, show her the few simple but important statements below:

1 **Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.**

2 **If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.**

3 **Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!**

●

Ipana's extra virtues have earned it the right to ask your trial. Modern in formula, helpful to the gums, delightful to the taste, its great success is a tribute to its benefits.

So please start the good habit of Ipana by handing the coupon below to her who directs your dentifrice destiny.

To My One and Only . . .

I'd like to try this modern toothpaste, Ipana. When next your footsteps take you to the drug store, will you please order—on my behalf, and your own as well—one tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Signed ________________

EDISON:

Does our average letter cost 50¢ and will the facility of direct dictation cut that cost in half?

It will be a simple matter to prove this. And it will amaze you to learn the high price you are paying for twice-written letters — once in a note book, once on the typewriter.

Let us prove this. Telephone "The Ediphone," your City, or ask us for the book, "An Easy Way to Chart Your Correspondence."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.
ORANGE, N. J.

World-Wide Service in all Principal Cities

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Ediphone
Edison's New Dictating Machine

Southern Waters

Continued from page 11

"It is because of a feeling that I have not fathomed you, some strange, intense part of you which frightens or fascinates me and I don't know which." She saw the hurt which her words gave and impulsively she released her hands and reached up her arms to him. "Kiss me, Michael, and don't let me be such a fool."

He held her a long time and with increasing tenderness, smiling finally at her unschooled anxiety to give him proof. "I take you, Eugenie, just for now, just as a loan while you search for what you miss in me."

"I miss nothing in you, Michael."

"Then you miss it in yourself," he said. "Something they thieved you of for years and years of youth and which you must have back before you can give me a complete self. What do I mean?" A flare of curious anger swept him. "You can call it what you like—music, a song in the south wind, Manon, or your self-created image of Alejandro Pascal."

THEY descended among long shadows barely in time to board the ship before it sailed. How small and toylike the Patrie had seemed when viewed from the hills of Tenerife and how mighty as their little tender slid under her great black bow! It was like coming home. . . .

Michael told her good night and sent her to bed rather early. They had danced together for the first time and afterwards they walked back through the smoking-room and out upon the open deck. Eugenie looked away into the darkness. "We will soon be in Africa, Michael."

"But a whole lot sooner," he said, "you'll be in bed. It's been a sweet day, Eugenie, but a hard one. I'm going to join Torres in here for a drink. Good night."

"Don't lovers kiss—good night, Michael?"

Much later she left him. Why did he persist in talking like that? "You are trying very hard to love me, Eugenie. I pray you succeed."

Eugenie had told Gianina she would undress herself and she was glad that she could be alone for a little while to catch her breath. She sat down on the bench before her little white piano, wondering about herself, trying to put reason in the place of doubt. Her hand, reaching out to steady herself, touched the treble keys and her fingers unconsciously picked out a phrase or two until presently she turned around and began to play softly, just for herself.

Yes, there was always that, music. There were the peace and release of it. One could talk to one's self with it when no words made sense. Feelings too fragile even for thought rose and subsided under her fingers. Perhaps she sang a little without being aware, a line from Butterfly, the Samson aria, Mimi in the church scene. There was only one thing she must not play and, when her hand wandered to it again and again, she skipped quickly to something else until the impulse passed. Through the open window port she could see only two of those low, pulsing, southern stars.

Eugenie realized that she was struggling only gradually. The palms of her hands were moist and her lips were caught between her teeth with some effort long before she knew what the effort was. Was she afraid to play Manon? Was her feeling for Michael so flimsy that it would vanish if she dared it? Almost as a challenge she threw back her head and struck the first bars.

Nothing happened. What did she expect to happen? Oh, the sweetness before the pain of Manon, her best beloved! She followed the mood of it. She was Manon and she was in the arms of des Grieux, or the arms of 'Jandro Pascal. She came to his dream of happiness, the Rêve, and she played through it to the end and then again, and, although her heart was suddenly ice, still again for fear the voice would stop.

It was not imagination now. It was incomparable reality, strong and full of yearning. It was somewhere outside, swelling on the south wind, falling clear as starlight upon those southern waters in a voice that could be no other voice but his. She went on and on with it to the last endearing "Manon—Manon!" and to the singer's breaking on the final note—and to the intense stillness when there was no more.

Eugenie's hands lay inert upon the keyboard. She reached out to draw herself up because she must get to the window and see. It was hard to get up and she brushed her hand across her eyes so that she might see more clearly where the window was. Then she fell, crumpling into a heap on the floor with the filminess of her white and silver dress all about her slender body.

Gianina had lifted her to the chaise-longue. Gianina had cold things upon her forehead and the fume of sal volatile was sharp in her nostrils. Gianina was rubbing her wrists and rocking back and forth muttering some monotonous incantation in her native tongue. "Oh, please, Gianina—just let me alone and I will soon be all right."

"What is it, Signorina mia? What has that beeg man done for you? Gianina will bring him to put him here on the knees."

"Who?" said Eugenie faintly. "Michael? No, I don't want to see Michael. I cannot bear to see him, but I will—in the morning."

"Then it is good," said Gianina. "I burn one more talla candle when we come to Casablanca. You escape more trouble than a little fainting, Signorina." She went to answer a persistent knocking at the door.

It was Mr. Torres, the Argentine. "I was passing by outside on the deck. I thought I heard a call. Is everything all right?"

EUGENIE had not been able to get up next morning and she had sent asking Michael to come to her. She rested back against the pillows in a blue bed-jacket which went with the sunlight pouring in through her window and it seemed ridiculous for her to be sitting in the sunlight in a blue bed-jacket with tears all over her face. "Michael—?"

He came and knelt beside her low bed, smiling as she knew he would be but with haggard eyes, as if he already knew, like a man almost bested who has mastered himself again. "No reason to cry, is there, Eugenie? You sent for me to tell me that you don't really love me. But I knew that already, my dear. What harm is there? A few sweet days with an illusion—and then we smile and pass on."

She was not deceived. He could not hide the pain. "Oh, Michael, it isn't that I don't want to. Everything in me answers to you. I shall long for you so often, Michael. Right now, if you urged me, I'd promise all over again. I'd try again and—"

"You'd fail again," he said. "We all fail, Eugenie. If you only knew how I have failed, though not altogether. I added one third to the production of my father's vast coffee lands, Eugenie, in—in a very short time. That was not failure but success and I mean my life to be successful and practical, so many pounds of coffee at so many pesos the hundred, so many native laborers at so many pesos the day. Those are the things that never let you down."

"But I didn't mean to let you down, Michael—"

"You? You haven't let me down, Eugenie darling. You have buoyed me up. It is not your fault that our worlds are apart, and I have no envy for yours, my dear, with its music, great music if you will, but also with its torment, its torn emotions, its forever unpeaceful hearts. I wanted to take you out of it into my world and I couldn't, that's all."

"Michael!" She sat up and a haunting bewilderment returned to her eyes. "I sat there in my sitting-room after I left you last night. I was playing Manon—just to show myself that I dared. I was that sure, Michael. Outside, I don't know where, but somewhere, he picked it up and sang the Rêve to me, beginning to end, twice. No fancy, my dear, but actually, unmistakably, exquisitely. If I doubted before, I can no longer doubt, and with the sound of his voice I knew there would always be something missing in any love I offered you. You deserve too well of love for that, Michael, and so—"

"AND so you must go on trying to find him," he said, "although you will not succeed, Eugenie. You must be prepared for that. If he wanted you to find him, there would be no need to search."

"I shall not search," she said. "I shall just go on as I have gone on—with my forever unpeaceful heart."

"And I with my coffee at so much per pound, Eugenie, but also with a memory and a wonder for things that almost happened." He bent over and kissed her lightly and, when she opened her eyes again, he was gone.

Eugenie did not see Michael before the Patrie reached Casablanca. Casablanca, Morocco, Africa—how it all must have thrilled her if she'd had the spirit to be thrilled. But the city seemed so new and white and glaring and the country about so baked and flat that she was not inspired to more than a casual drive and returned to the ship several hours before it sailed.

Night brought a cool beauty to the harbor as they were tugged away from the pier. She was standing near the bridge watching the bow swing out to sea once more when the ship's page brought her a note from Michael: "Remaining in Casablanca and shall go overland from here. Had not the courage to say good-by. Sing for me sometimes. Michael."

Sing for him? Eugenie brushed away a new tear. Funny that Michael had never asked her to sing. That was only for her world and not for his. But everybody sang somehow, even on coffee plantations, even the Arab fishermen in a dingy little launch that passed across their bow and disappeared in the darkness. She listened until the whining monotony of it faded to a whisper in the distance and then, as the wind stirred, swelled again. But it was something different now.

(*Continued on page 42*)

Play fair with yourself

COLD, wet weather drains the system. Resistance to disease is lower in fall and winter. Doctors say, "Dress warmly enough to keep the body temperature normal."

Duofold—modern underwear for modern times—gives the warmth and the protection you *need*—with this important *difference.* Duofold gives warmth *with light weight . . .* with solid *comfort . . .* with complete freedom from itch and irritation.

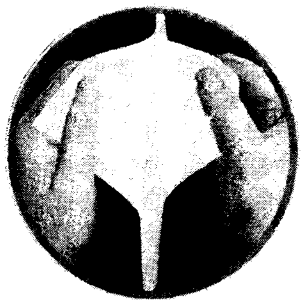
Duofold alone is made of a thin two-layer fabric which gives it all these characteristics—and you need them all. There's fine wool for warmth but only in the thin *outer* layer, where it can't touch you. The thin inner layer, which alone can touch you, is all fine, soft cotton.

Send the coupon for a sample of this extraordinary fabric. See how light it is. Hold the cotton layer against the skin. Try to make it itch! *See* Duofold at any good store.

"*Must* I catch cold?"

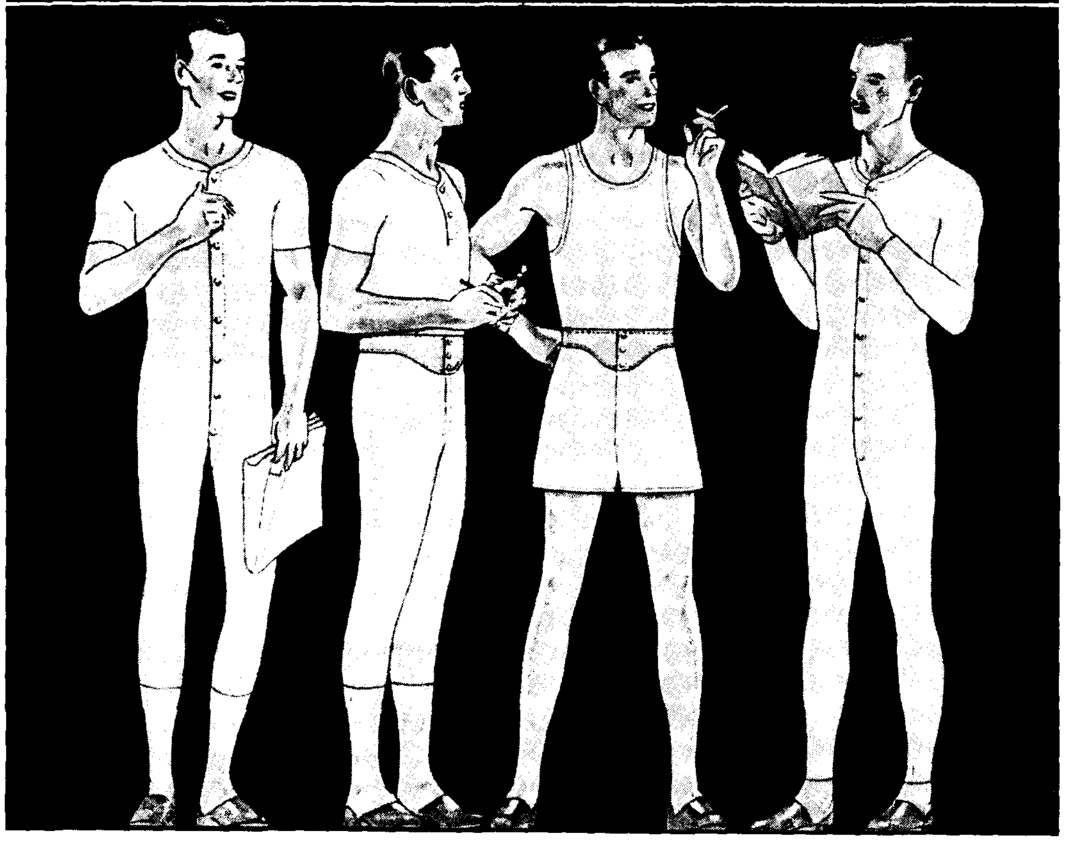
is the name of a booklet on colds and their prevention, prepared by Dr. Frederic Damrau, an eminent and nationally known authority. The coupon will bring you a copy.

Duofold
Health Underwear



Duofold's unique fabric . . . two very thin, separate layers interlocked at regular intervals . . . wool with cotton (or silk or rayon) in the outer layer . . . inner layer of fine cotton . . . no wool touches the skin . . . *no itch!*

83% of all persons suffer from COLDS each winter.
Reprint 966 U. S. Public Health Service Report.



Made in all popular styles . . . athletic union suits and shirts and shorts, with many varieties of color patterns as well as white; in union suits or two-piece garments . . . long sleeve, short sleeve, no sleeve; ankle-length, ¾ length, knee-length.

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Send Dr. Frederic Damrau's Booklet on Colds, and samples of Duofold Fabric for
☐ Men ☐ Boys ☐ Infants
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Name............
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Wait a minute, mother!

Are you giving her all the extra "sunshine" that spoon will hold?

It's not cod-liver oil you are giving her, you know—not really. It's straight, strong bones, and sound even teeth, and rosy cheeks, and added protection from the winter ills you dread so much.

This is the magic that the vitamins work. So, of course, when you give her cod-liver oil for the vitamins it contains, you want cod-liver oil that is *rich* in vitamins.

Perhaps you don't realize that there is a world of difference in cod-liver oils. To make sure that every spoonful of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil contains *definitely measured* amounts of both Vitamin A and Vitamin D, we subject it to a series of carefully controlled tests which take thirty-five days to complete.

As a result of these tests made in our own laboratories, we can say to you, *"Every teaspoonful* of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil contains as much of the disease-resisting Vitamin A as 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs, or one pound of butter; and as much of the rickets-preventing 'sunshine' Vitamin D as 7½ eggs or 2 pounds of butter."

This pure, golden oil comes in 4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles, or in convenient, easy-to-take capsules. At drug stores everywhere.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.
The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products
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(Parke, Davis & Company supply a number of other cod-liver oil products also, including Cod-liver Oil with Viosterol.)

Parke-Davis
STANDARDIZED
Cod-liver Oil

In 4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles—also in easy-to-take capsules

Southern Waters

Continued from page 40

On the stairway she paused and then went down another flight to the bureau. "Can you tell me who left the ship at Casablanca? Not many, surely."

"No, Madame, not many." The desk clerk referred to his chart. "A Mr. Michael Hope, Madame. That is all. Our second officer remained but no other passengers. Will Madame wait one minute?" He returned almost immediately with a penciled note. "It seems that a Mr. Torres disembarked there also at the last minute, Madame."

MANY months after that, long after the Patrie had sailed on to Gibraltar, Algiers, and left her finally in Naples, Eugenie remembered that item about Mr. Torres. Rome, Florence, the scenes of her study, somehow failed to lift her spirits.

Another month found her at Bellagio with a sun-tipped mountain at her back and Lake Como rippling at her feet in the long twilight. She sat alone on the terrace of her hotel having coffee after dinner when someone bent over her chair and said: "May I presume upon a shipboard acquaintance, Miss Forbes? I hope you haven't forgotten me because I have so many reasons for remembering you."

It was Mr. Torres. She recognized his dark, tense face immediately and she was even glad to have him join her, talking casually of the cruise and Tenerife while the light faded on the lake. Finally she remembered what he'd said—so many reasons to remember her. "Why, Mr. Torres?"

"Because through you, Miss Forbes, I have ended successfully a long quest. You see, I should explain that I am not the Argentine consul at Philadelphia. So few of us are quite what we seem. I am really an agent, a private detective if you wish, engaged by one of the finest as well as the richest sponsors of the Chicago Opera Company."

Eugenie sat up, startled. "Engaged to do what?"

"There is no reason I should not tell you, Miss Forbes, now that my work is done. Engaged to discover the whereabouts of one Alejandro Pascal. Of course the silly young wife of my employer soon confessed that her declaration about the young singer was merely to force him to a liaison he had done everything to avoid. Many husbands would have let the matter rest. But Pascal had disappeared, his career blighted. My employer determined to right the wrong done, that's all."

"But—you couldn't find him?"

"Not a trace, Miss Forbes. We discovered by reference to correspondence with the company that his name is not even Pascal, but we could not discover what his true name is. After that there was nothing, a story of someone singing in a Nevada mining camp as no miner could possibly sing. When I got there, he had gone. And then one time, because, as I told you, I was there that night in Chicago, it occurred to me that where his Manon was, there one day I would find my des Grieux."

Eugenie's hand was against her heart. "You found him?"

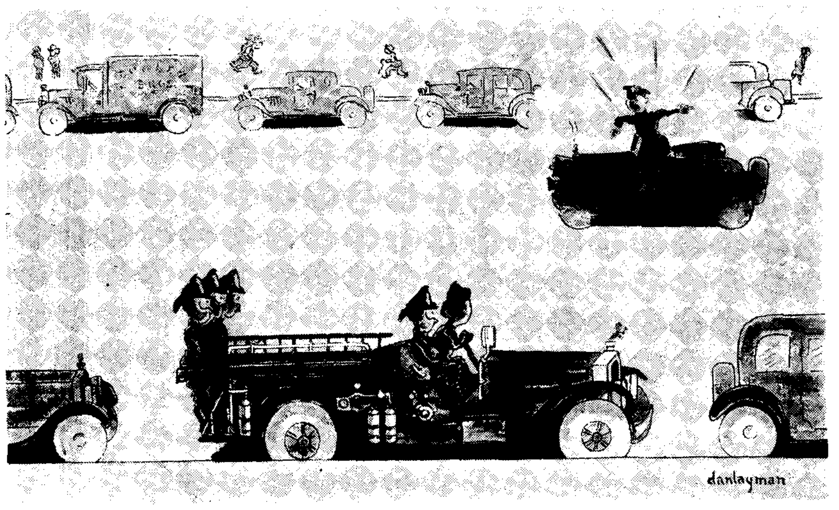
"Would you care to walk a few steps, Miss Forbes? I will show you just where I found him—and how I knew. There is a little lake-front café only a little way down the road. It is frequented by the local boat people, music mad as you know, and one may go there and sing a song for his drink—if he sings well enough. I have seen La Scala impresarios listening to the singing in that café. I saw one there last night listening to—but you shall hear. It will soon be time."

She leaned upon Mr. Torres' arm all the way until they were within a few paces of the place and could see through the trees its lights reflected on the water and hear a babble of argument which Eugenie's knowledge of Italian was just enough to make out. "Down, Vicento. Pull that net fisher down. Nor you, Guido—"

THERE was a sort of cheer in the end and then a quiet voice she would recognize no matter what the tongue: "Very well, my friends. I have told you I do not wish to sing. Once I vowed that I would not. And yet once also I threw all my happiness into the southern seas, because when the spell is on me I cannot help it. So what shall I sing? Who has the guitar?"

Eugenie reached out for Mr. Torres' shoulder to steady herself but neither Mr. Torres nor his shoulder were there. He had left her alone to listen to that voice filling the night with a message which was meant only for her—"South winds—blown from afar—whisper I love you—wherever you are."

She took a step forward at the end. Had she been singing too? Their faces all had a startled, wondering look, and the face of the one leaning against the bar in his well-worn riding clothes and a soft white shirt was as if he had first seen light. It was Michael Hope.



"Why weren't you at the fire?"
"Sorry, we just couldn't resist this parking space."

Man to man! That's how we learn

Straight from users we have found what features of wear, comfort and style men want in socks

SOMETIMES it was approval we got . . . sometimes friendly advice. Or once in awhile just a plain, unvarnished "kick."

In ten years of selling direct to customers, we've learned a lot about how to make good socks—*straight from wearers themselves.*

No other hosiery mills has had this advantage because Realsilk *alone* sells direct to you through Representatives.

Whatever men thought, they told us frankly. All over the country they talked with our Representatives. They told us—millions of them—just what features they wanted.

Toes of extra strength, for example. So many customers stressed this need that we developed a new "triple tip" toe for silk socks—*6-ply at the end.* (*Patent applied for.*)

Then there's the whole question of *longer wear.* Realsilk Socks are nine per cent more closely woven, from stronger and better yarn. Realsilk soles are reinforced. The high-spliced Realsilk heel is *4-ply.* The result is that *extra durability* which has led users to call Realsilk Super-Service Socks "the best wearing socks in America—bar none."

Add to this such features as the *special garter band* of double thickness. And the *extra long silk leg*—in graduated lengths according to the foot size.

Remember, Realsilk Socks are never sold in stores. If one of our Representatives is not calling regularly, 'phone the Realsilk Office in your town. No obligation, of course.

❧ ❧ ❧

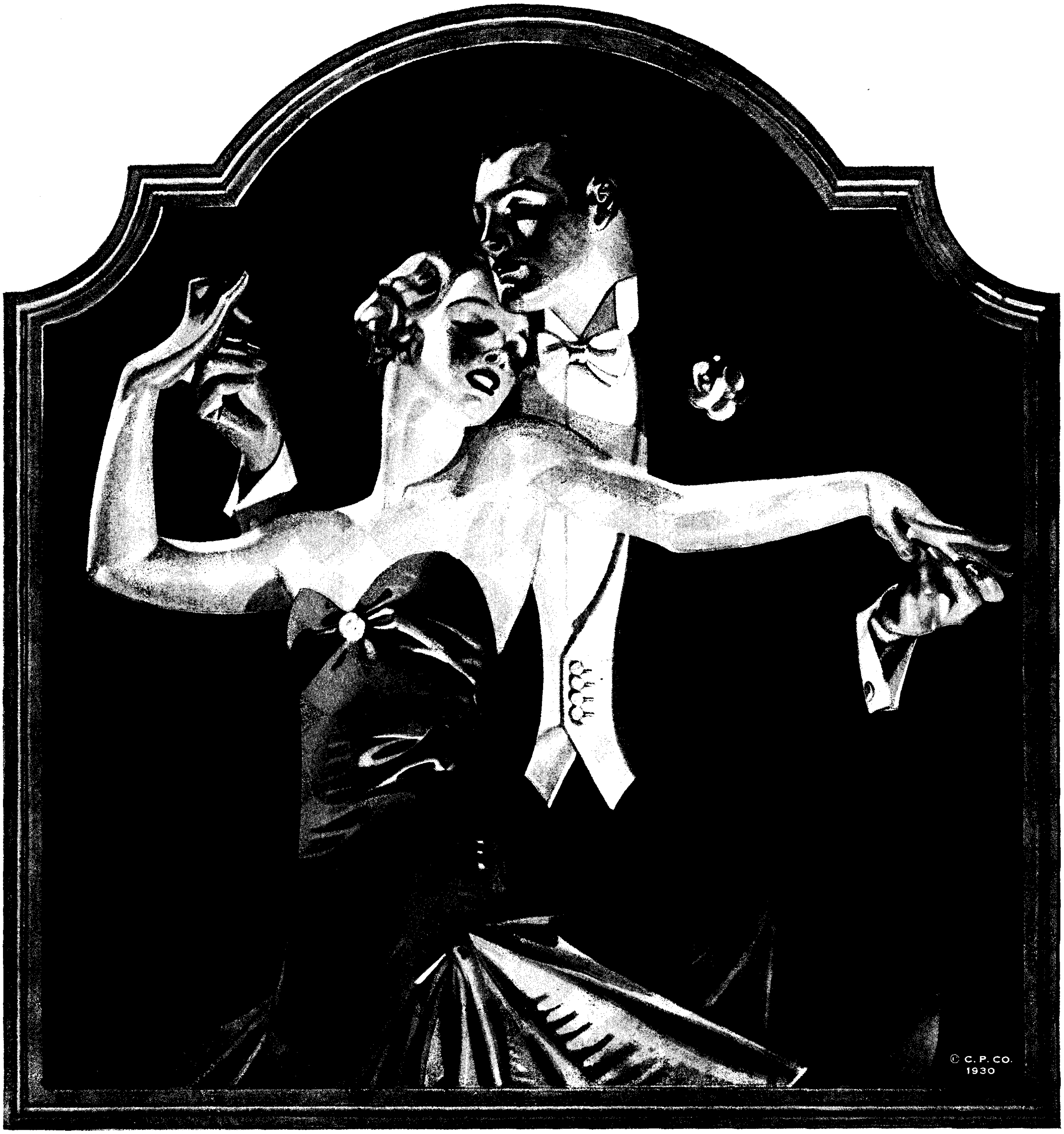
The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery. 250 branch offices in the United States. Consult local telephone directory

In Realsilk Socks for Winter, you'll find reflected the best taste of the great style centers. Rich, warmly blended colors . . . contrasting clocks . . . the popular new spaced patterns! At left, below, a heavy wool with spaced figure. At right, one of many distinctive patterns in long-wearing silk socks

Illustrating two of the dominant style tendencies in wool socks! Clocks, more in vogue than ever, are woven in two colors on subdued grounds. Spaced figures, like the socks on the right, promise to enjoy wide popularity this season

REALSILK

HOSIERY MILLS, *Inc.*



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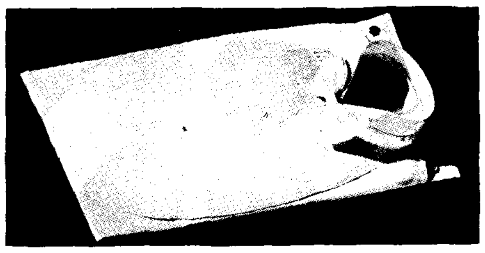

Immaculate

ARROW SHIRTS

Don is just as comfortable as it is smart. It opens in the back and has a bosom so contrived that it will not bulge. The fabric is exquisite white piqué, of patterns fine as snow crystal. Don is an aristocrat in style.

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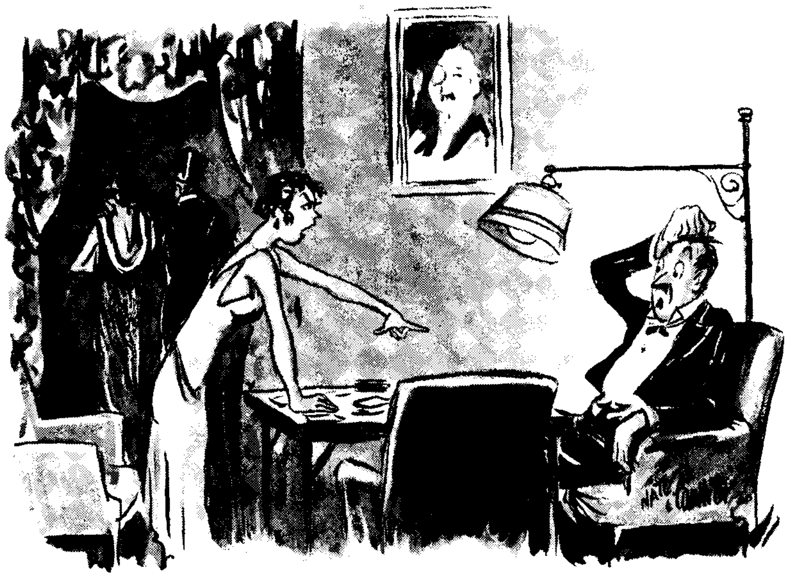


"Henry Smithers! You don't know the first principles of bridge!"
"Bridge? Good Lord! I thought we were playing pinochle!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 8-7-5-3
H. 10-7-6-5-2
D. 7
C. K-7-5

West
S. 10-9-4-2
H. A
D. Q-J-10-4
C. A-J-9-6

East
S. A-Q
H. Q-9-4
D. A-9-6-5-3-2
C. Q-10

South
S. K-J-6
H. K-J-8-3
D. K-8
C. 8-4-3-2

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Contract; South passed, West bid one No Trump, North passed, and East bid three No Trumps. In Auction if South had passed, West's one No Trump would have obtained the contract; if South had ventured a very light No Trump, West could have doubled and East would have bid Diamonds.

Some might question the soundness of West's Contract No Trump. He has a count of 13 but three four-card suits and a singleton are not an ideal No Trump distribution, especially as one of the four-card suits is not stopped. However, West has no suit-bid and the hand is too strong to pass. West would appreciate that his declaration might result unfortunately, but he dare not pass and permit East to pass out what might prove to be a game hand.

After North's pass, East had a choice between three No Trumps on his count of 14, and three Diamonds (a jump-shift forcing bid), which West would have answered with five Diamonds. East elected to bid three No Trumps although six Diamonds would give West a chance to select either Diamonds or No Trump.

North (the original leader) started with the Five of Hearts; dummy played the Four from Queen-Nine-Four. A thoughtless South, with the King-Jack-Eight-Trey, would have played the Jack; and then East's Queen-Nine would have been good for a trick if South led Hearts, or even if North led the suit and East played the Nine.

South knew that West, who had bid No Trumps, must have a somewhat unusual holding. With the King-Jack of Spades in his own hand and the Ace-Queen in dummy, West's Spades were unstopped. With his own and dummy's strength in Clubs, Diamonds and Hearts, there were few high cards left for West to hold in those suits, so he must have the Ace of Hearts. North's lead of the Five showed that six Hearts higher than the card led were not in the hand of the leader. Dummy held two of these (Queen-Nine) and South three (King-Jack-Eight); consequently West held the Heart Ace singleton, or with the Deuce. South played the Eight of Hearts to force West's Ace if he had the Deuce with it.

West took the trick and then led the Queen of Diamonds to establish the long suit in dummy. When North did not play the Nine, West determined to finesse with ten cards in the suit.

South, after winning the first Diamond, can establish Hearts by giving up a trick to dummy's Queen. It is highly probable, however, that one Heart trick is all Declarer needs for game. If West has the Ace and King of Clubs, game is assured no matter what South leads; but if North holds either of the high Clubs, he can win a Club lead and return a Heart, so South leads a Club at trick 3 and Declarer now is sure of one Club, one Heart, five Diamonds and one Spade and needs one more trick. He can get his needed trick, and more, if South's Club lead was from the King. West can go up with the Club Ace and try the Spade finesse, but there is no reason to expect better results from Spades than from Clubs, so the Club is passed up to dummy's Queen and North's King wins.

North now diagnoses correctly South's reason for not returning a Heart after he won with the Diamond King; so North leads another Heart through East's Queen-Nine and it matters not what East does; North and South are sure of four Heart tricks which, with their one Club and one Diamond, nets them six tricks and holds the Declarer to one-odd.

It was a hard-luck hand for the Declarer, but South deserves credit for playing his Heart Eight instead of an honor on the first trick.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. K-4
H. A-K-9-6-4
D. 9-8-4
C. 9-4-2

East
S. A-J-9-3
H. Q-10-7-3
D. K-Q-J
C. 6-5

West
S. 8-7-5
H. 8-5-2
D. 7-5
C. K-10-8-7-3

South
S. Q-10-6-2
H. J
D. A-10-6-3-2
C. A-Q-J

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS, LET YOUR FEET KNOW . . .

You've stopped working

Business is business and it moves at a strenuous pace. But after business hours comes a new tempo of living . . . a light, joyful rhythm with which heavy street shoes can't keep time. So let your feet know when you've stopped working by slipping into these lighter moment shoes . . . Walk-Over Indoor Oxfords. They're in an entirely different weight division to anything you've ever worn. They're fast-stepping, nimble and are likely to give you ideas . . . .

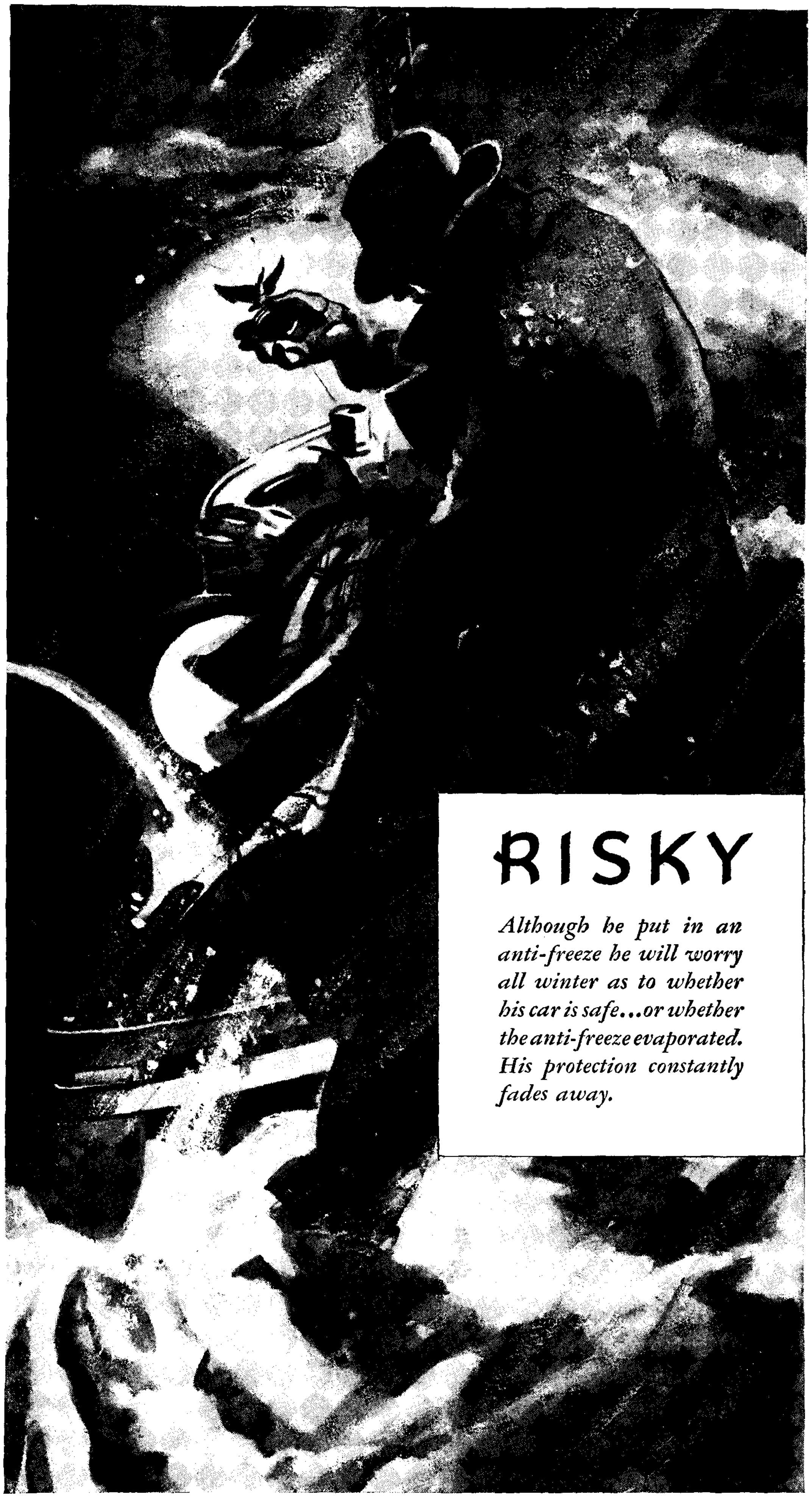
Bridge time, movie time, dance time, calling time, any time when you've left work behind, let your feet celebrate in this new type of shoe. As sleek as a top hat. As comfortable as a bedroom slipper. Made of especially supple black calf with an unusually lightweight flexible sole. With a tip on the toe or plain. Also in patent, headliners for formal dress wear. At the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood. $8.50

Made by the
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts

Slip into
WALK-OVER
Indoor Oxfords

GLYCER

PERMANENT ANTI-FREEZE



RISKY

Although he put in an anti-freeze he will worry all winter as to whether his car is safe...or whether the anti-freeze evaporated. His protection constantly fades away.

"One-shot" anti-freeze protection for 1,600,000 *cars*

WE submit to you a business proposition in anti-freeze protection for your car—a proposition that 1,600,000 motorists were glad to accept last year.

Make glycerine your anti-freeze this winter. Put *one filling* in your car now and get an entire winter's protection without constant worry and refilling—without annoying fumes—and without fear of damage to your cooling system or car finish.

Glycerine is the *one-shot* anti-freeze. It won't evaporate so you don't have to keep replacing it and worrying about it. It gives off no fumes and is safe as water for your car and for the car finish.

One filling of G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine protects your car for the entire winter. Just make sure that the cooling system is clean and tight and the same solution that you put in your car to-day will be protecting it next April.

Now is the time to get protection. Put G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine in your car today.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION
45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

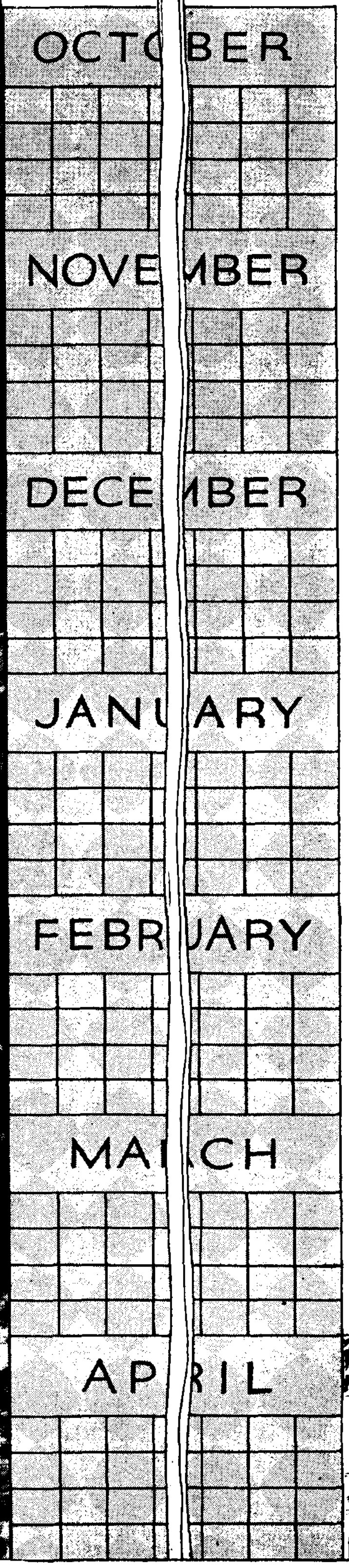
INE
PROTECTION

SURE

He's always SURE of his protection because one filling of G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine protects his car for the entire winter. It won't evaporate — so he always knows he's safe.

G
PA
RADIATOR
Glycerine
THE SAFE ANTI-FR

One filling lasts *all* WINTER


OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER
JANUARY
FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is the only permanent anti-freeze officially approved by the Glycerine Producers' Association, representing the country's leading glycerine manufacturers. It is a standard solution of a well-known product without the addition of other anti-freeze chemicals.

WINTER COMING!
— *put it in your car Now*

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE

"There's my *pipe dream*"

HOW many towering skyscrapers, how many books you've liked, how many bold achievements in business, were in the beginning just pipe dreams!

There *is* something about good, fragrant tobacco glowing away in a good pipe that somehow does smooth the kinks out of a man's brain . . . lets him think straight and clear. Maybe that's why so many men who get there in business, so many of the world's leaders in so many walks of life, go into conference alone with their pipes when they have a tough problem to think through.

If you're not a pipe smoker, see what solid satisfaction there can be in a real smoke. Get a good pipe and load it with Edgeworth—enjoy the sturdy pleasure of fine blended old burleys that only pipe-smoke can bring you.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or just send the coupon. The postman will bring you a generous packet of Edgeworth, free.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change.* Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.—*Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

EXTRA HIGH GRADE READY-RUBBED

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name__________

My street address__________

And the town and state__________

Now let the Edgeworth come! H-42

Big Money

Continued from page 19

steak and occupying himself once more with the building operations.

Captain Kelly was plainly in no mood for persiflage.

"You know what I'm talking about," he said. "What about that mine?"

"What mine?"

"The Dream Come True, I'm talking about."

"What about the Dream Come True?"

"Yes, what about it?" said the captain.

Mr. Hoke engulfed his mouthful, and sat champing placidly. The spectacle appeared to infuriate his friend.

"See here," said Captain Kelly, his face, educated by a thousand poker games, still expressionless save for a little vein below the temple which swelled and throbbed, "wasn't the agreement that you and I should buy that mine together? Wasn't it? And didn't you go off and buy it for yourself? It's no use trying to deny it. Bellamy was there when you did it, and he told me. You Jonah!"

"Judas," corrected Mr. Hoke. He liked to get these things right.

He smeared mustard amiably.

"Bless your heart," he said, with gentle amusement, "I'm not trying to deny it."

"Ah," said Captain Kelly.

"Say 'Ah' just as often as ever you like," said Mr. Hoke, generously. "It won't make any difference." He swallowed another mouthful of steak. "I'm sorry for you, Captain. If it's any consolation to you to know it, I'm sorry for you. You've let yourself be outsmarted. It's the fortune of war. That's all there is to it. Happens all the time. You today, me tomorrow."

CAPTAIN KELLY crumbled bread. It was Mr. Hoke's bread, but its owner made no complaint. A man in his position could afford to take the big, broad view about bread.

"What do you expect to make out of this deal?" asked the captain.

Mr. Hoke had no objection to answering that question.

"Thousands and thousands," he said. "And thousands."

"And I might have had half," sighed Captain Kelly.

"And you," agreed Mr. Hoke, "might have had half."

The captain sighed again. There was a long silence.

"I could have done with a bit of money just now," said the captain.

"I bet you could," said Mr. Hoke cordially.

"I've a lot of expenses just at present."

"We all have," said Mr. Hoke.

"You see, it costs money to entertain these fellows," said the captain pensively.

Mr. Hoke cut steak.

"What fellows?" he asked.

"A couple of lads from Chicago have come over with a letter of introduction from a friend of mine in America. You'd be surprised what a lot it runs into, taking these fellows around London and showing them the sights. The best is none too good for them. Three times to Madame Tussaud's in the last week."

"Ah," said Mr. Hoke. "They live high, those boys."

"Of course, there's the other side. They're grateful to me. They look on me like an elder brother. They said yesterday that there wasn't anything in the world they wouldn't do for me."

"That's fine," said Mr. Hoke heartily. "A nice spirit."

"You'd have laughed if you had heard what their idea of doing something for me was," proceeded the captain. "They asked me if there wasn't anybody I wanted bumped off. If there was, they said, they would be proud and happy to do it for me free of charge, just to show their gratitude and keep their hand in."

Mr. Hoke may have laughed, but, if so, he did it inaudibly. He was in the act of raising another portion of steak; but though his mouth now opened slowly, as if to receive the *bonne bouche*, he did not insert it. He lowered his fork, and gazed at his companion in a rather strained way.

"Bumped off?" he said, in a thin voice.

"Bumped off," said the captain. "Didn't I mention," he went on, with a glance of mild surprise at his companion's drooping jaw, "that they were gunmen?"

"Gug?" said Mr. Hoke.

"YES. And rather well-known, I believe, over on the other side. What they call Chicago gorillas. Extraordinary chaps!" said the captain, reflectively. "Children of Nature, you might say. Just a couple of great, big, happy schoolboys. Fancy wanting to repay hospitality by coshing somebody who had done your host a bad turn. It amused me."

He chuckled, to show that he still found the pretty fancy entertaining. He had a curious way of chuckling. His mouth lifted itself slightly on one side, the lips remaining tightly closed. His eyes during the performance retained their normal aspect, which was that of a couple of bits of light blue steel. Mr. Hoke found it interesting, but not attractive.

"Well, I mustn't waste the whole day talking to you," said Captain Kelly, rising.

"Hey!" said Mr. Hoke. "Wait a minute!"

"Something you want to say?" asked the captain, resuming his seat.

Mr. Hoke swallowed painfully.

"Guys like that ought to be in gaol," he said, with feeling. "In gaol, that's where they ought to be."

Captain Kelly nodded lightly.

"They were for a day or two," he said, "that time they shot Joe Frascati in Chicago. They let them out, though. Still, they had to come here till it blew over."

"Shush-shot him?" quavered Mr. Hoke.

"Bless you," said the captain, "that's nothing in Chicago. You ought to know that, coming from the other side. Well, as I was saying, they wanted to oblige me, and by a bit of bad luck I happened to mention the way you had done me down. You never saw two fellows so worked up. Big-hearted, that's what they are. You can say what you like about these gunmen, but they stick up for their friends. *You* were one of the things they wanted to stick up," said Captain Kelly, chuckling at the pleasantry. His spirits semed to have improved.

Mr. Hoke became vociferous:

"Stick me up? What for? I've not done anything. You don't suppose I was really planning to do you down, do you—an old friend like you? I was just kidding you, Captain, to get your goat. I wanted to see how you'd take it."

"Well, you saw," said the captain briefly. "And now I really must be going. I promised to meet those two at the club."

"Wait!" said Mr. Hoke. "Wait! Wait!"

He gulped.

"You get your half share all right," he said. "I'll give you a letter to that effect, if you like. Write it now, if you want me to."

Something that was very near to being a pleased smile flitted across the captain's face.

"I do," he said. "I know it would please those boys. The waiter will bring you ink and paper."

"I've a fountain-pen," said Mr. Hoke thickly. "And here's a bit of paper that will do."

He scribbled feverishly. Captain Kelly examined the document, seemed contented with it, and put it carefully away in his pocket.

"I'll be at the club all the afternoon," he said, rising. "Only to look in at Somerset House to get this stamped."

He walked in a leisurely manner to the door. And Mr. Hoke, his appetite no longer what it had been, stopped eating steak and called for coffee and a double brandy.

Then, lighting a large cigar, he gave himself up to meditation. The sunshine which so recently had bathed his world had vanished. There had been a total eclipse.

It was as he reached the point in his cigar where a good smoker permits himself the first breaking of the ash that J. B. Hoke became aware that his privacy had once more been invaded. Standing beside his table was the young man who had been lunching with Berry Conway. This young man was eyeing him meaningly.

It disturbed Mr. Hoke.

Mentally, at this moment, J. B. Hoke was a little below par. His nervous system had lost tone. He was in the state where men start at sudden noises and read into other people's glances a sinister significance which at a happier time they would not attribute to them. And, as he met the Biscuit's eye, there came to him abruptly the recollection that this was the man who, according to young Conway, had shown such an interest in the Dream Come True.

"Well?" said Mr. Hoke belligerently. He found the other's scrutiny irritating. "Well?"

The young man's gaze narrowed.

"Hoke," he said in a low, steady voice, "I know your secret!"

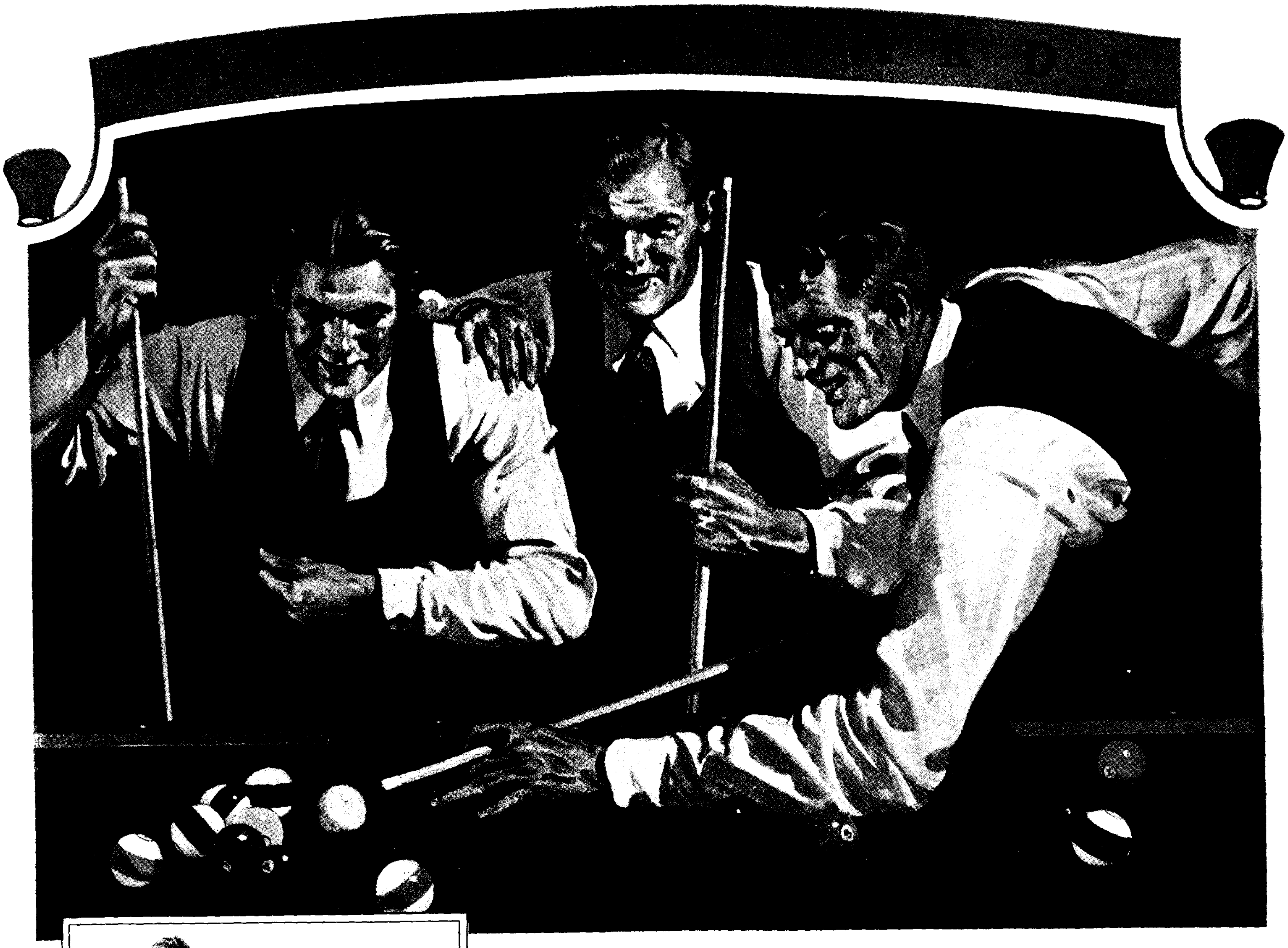
PRONE on the sofa in his palatial apartment on the second floor of Grosvenor House, T. Paterson Frisby lay and stared at the ceiling. It seemed to him that they had been painting it yellow. The walls were yellow, too; and some minutes previously, when he had risen with the idea of easing his agony by pacing the floor, he had noticed this same gamboge *motif* in the sky. The fact is, extraordinary things were happening inside Mr. Frisby. He had been eating roast duck again.

What was going on in T. Paterson's interior resembled in some degree a stormy shareholders' meeting. Nasty questions were being asked. Voices were being raised. At times it seemed as though actual violence had broken out. And the pepsin tablets which he kept swallowing so hopefully were accomplishing nothing more than might on such an occasion the bleating "Gentlemen, please!" of an inefficient chairman.

"Ouch!" said Mr. Frisby, as a new spasm racked him.

He had but one consolation. In all the dark cloud-rack there was only one

(*Continued on page 51*)



A Low Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters, $7.50

The Brunswick Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. It is sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment—available in six sizes, at $7.50, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (*prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada*) at leading stores everywhere. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark in Gold, which is shown below.

Brunswick
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

The Three Billiardiers . . .

The balls are bunched — the game is close. This shot can make or mar his score. Skill will determine the result.

Situations like these (and they are constant), with their unexpected results, are what make each game of billiards an exciting adventure.

Good sport, good exercise, developing mind, muscle and eye, billiards keeps old friendships alive and creates new ones.

It is inexpensive to play, irrespective of where it is played—at home, at one's club, or in the splendid surroundings of the modern Billiard Room or Recreation Center.

The smaller and less expensive Brunswick tables for the home are sold by leading department, hardware, furniture and sporting goods stores everywhere—the larger Brunswick tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan from Brunswick branches located in all principal cities.

Mail the coupon below for "The Home Magnet"—a book with complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. There is no obligation implied.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 1F, 623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet"— a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables; also the name and address of your nearest authorized Brunswick dealer.

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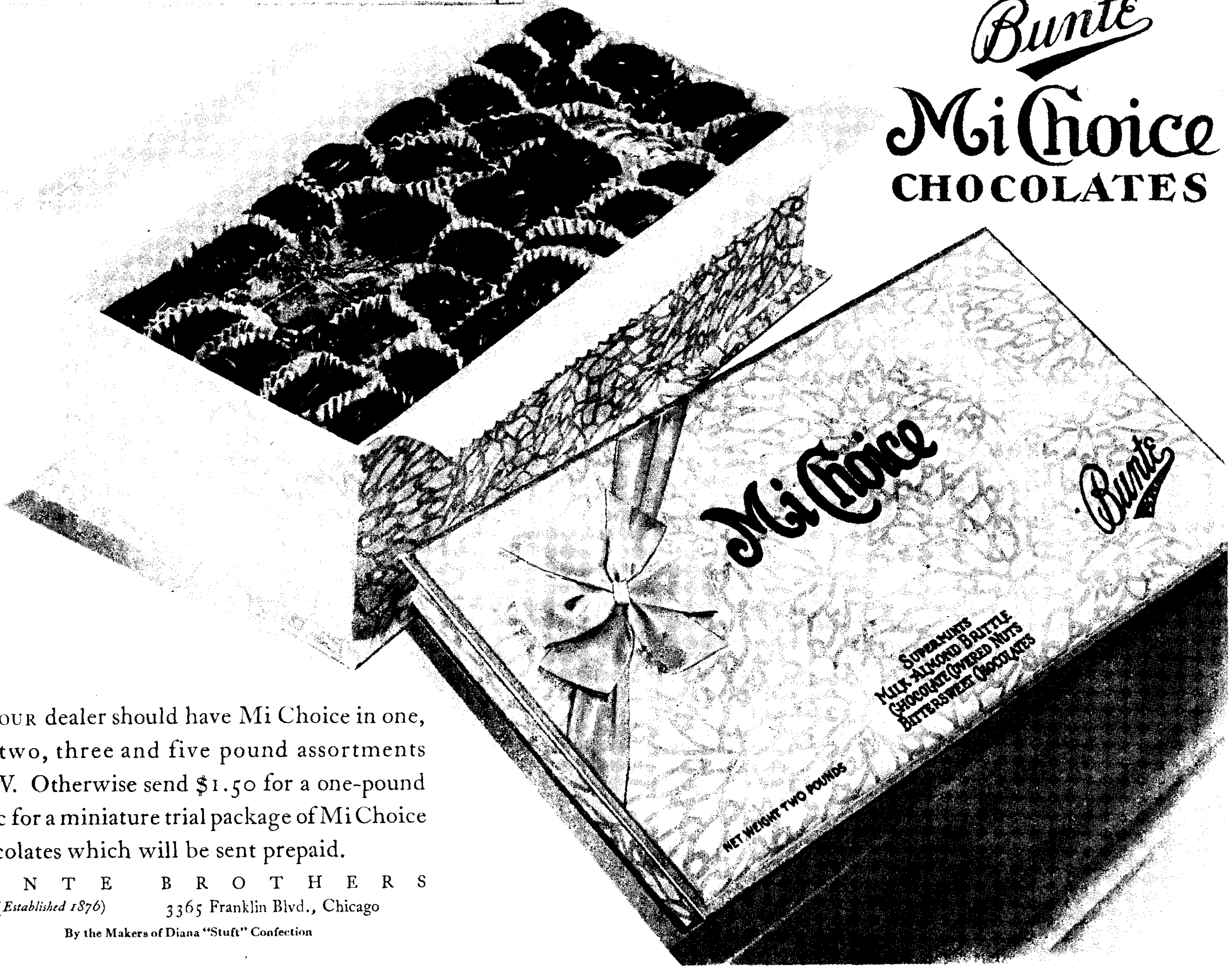
FESTIVITIES EXPRESS EACH PACKAGE CONTAINS 27 VARIETIES
SUPERFINE CHOCOLATES THREE TRAYS THE PICK OF AMERICA'S FINEST
RARE NUTS MARVELOUS FRUITS NOUGATS AND JELLIED MASTERPIECES
OF INDESCRIBABLE GOODNESS

Bunte
Mi Choice
CHOCOLATES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Supermints
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Net Weight Two Pounds

YOUR dealer should have Mi Choice in one, two, three and five pound assortments NOW. Otherwise send $1.50 for a one-pound or 25c for a miniature trial package of Mi Choice Chocolates which will be sent prepaid.

BUNTE BROTHERS
(*Established 1876*) 3365 Franklin Blvd., Chicago
By the Makers of Diana "Stuft" Confection

Big Money

Continued from page 48

small patch of blue sky. At any moment now his secretary would be arriving with the mail, and he looked forward with something approaching contentment to the thought of working off some of his venom on him. Minus roast duck, he was not an unkindly man: but under its influence his whole nature changed, and he became one of those employers who regard a private secretary as a spiritual punching-bag.

It was in this unpromising frame of mind that Berry found him.

Berry was feeling a little disturbed himself. The pleasure of the Biscuit's society had caused him to prolong his luncheon beyond its customary limits; and on his return to the office there had been a succession of visitors, anxious to see Mr. Frisby. These he had had to deal with, and it had taken time. There was only another fifteen minutes before the hour of his tryst with Ann at the Hyde Park tea house. As he entered the room he was looking fussily at his watch.

"WELL . . ." began Mr. Frisby, half rising from his bed of pain.

It had been his intention to continue the speech at some length. What it was in his mind to say was that when he telephoned to the office for his mail to be brought to Grosvenor House after lunch, he meant after lunch and not five minutes before dinner-time. He would have gone on to inquire of Berry if he had lost his way, or if he had been entertaining himself between Pudding Lane and Grosvenor House by rolling a peanut along the sidewalk with a toothpick. To this he would have added that if Berry supposed that he paid him a weekly salary simply because he admired his looks and liked having something ornamental about the office, he, Berry, was gravely mistaken.

For Mr. Frisby, as we have seen, could, when moved, be terribly sarcastic.

All these things the stricken financier would have said, and many more; and the saying of them would undoubtedly have brought him much relief. But even as he uttered that "Well . . ." his visitor spoke.

"I can only give you a minute," he said.

It affords a striking proof of the superiority of mind over matter that at these words Mr. Frisby completely forgot that he was a sick man. A sudden lull fell on that shareholders' meeting inside him. So great was his emotion that he sprang from the sofa like a jumping bean.

Mr. Frisby had once had a secretary who had startled him by coming into the office one afternoon in a state of smiling intoxication and falling over a chair and trying to take dictation with his head in a waste-paper basket. And until this moment this had always seemed to him to constitute what might be called the farthest north of secretarial eccentricity. But now that episode paled into insignificance.

"I'm sorry," said Berry, "but I've promised to go and feed the ducks on the Serpentine."

It was undoubtedly that fatal word "ducks" that struck Mr. Frisby dumb. Nothing else could have withheld him from the most eloquent address that had ever scorched a private secretary's ears. The shareholders' meeting was on once more in all its pristine violence.

Mr. Frisby sank back on to the sofa, and reached feebly for the pepsin bottle.

"As a matter of fact," proceeded Berry, "I only looked in to tell you that I was resigning my position. But you will be all right," he added kindly. "You can phone to an agency to send you up a stenographer to attend to these letters, and you can always get another secretary in half an hour. And now," he said. "I'm afraid I really must rush. I've got to be at the tea house in the park in five minutes."

He hurried out, feeling that he had conducted the delicate business of resignation in a tactful and considerate manner. In a way, he was fond of Mr. Frisby, and wished that he had had more time to spare him; but the necessity of being punctual at the tryst was imperative. He raced for the door of the suite, and reached it just as it was being opened by Mr. Frisby's man for the admittance of a new visitor.

The new arrival was no stranger to him, though he supposed he was to her. It was Lady Vera Mace. Berry was never quite sure how he stood with Lady Vera in the matter of bowing or smiling or other forms of intimacy. Eleven years ago she had visited her nephew, Lord Biskerton, at school, and he, Berry, as the Biscuit's best friend, had been included in the subsequent festivities; but, though in his own memory this affair still remained green, the party of the second part had evidently forgotten it entirely. On the one occasion when they had met since that distant date, in Mr. Frisby's outer office when she had called to discuss the chaperoning of Ann, she had given no sign of recognition.

So now he claimed no acquaintance. He did not bow, but stood to one side in a courtly manner, to allow her to pass. And as she passed her eyes fell on him, and he was surprised to see them light up suddenly, as if in recognition. And what surprised him more was that the light in those eyes was not merely that of recognition but of fear and dislike. Why, if Lady Vera remembered him at all, she should remember him as something obnoxious, Berry could not understand. At the age of fifteen he had probably not been exactly fascinating, but he was astonished to find that he had been so repulsive as to cause this woman, eleven years later, to shudder at the sight of him.

IT WAS rather saddening, in a way. But he had no time to worry himself about it now. Lady Vera had passed on and was entering the room where Mr. Frisby and his interior organism were conducting their silent battle. Berry dismissed the matter from his mind, and ran down the corridor to the stairs. All he was thinking of now was that in another five minutes he would be meeting Ann again. A man with a thing like that before him had no time to worry about his unpopularity with the sisters of earls.

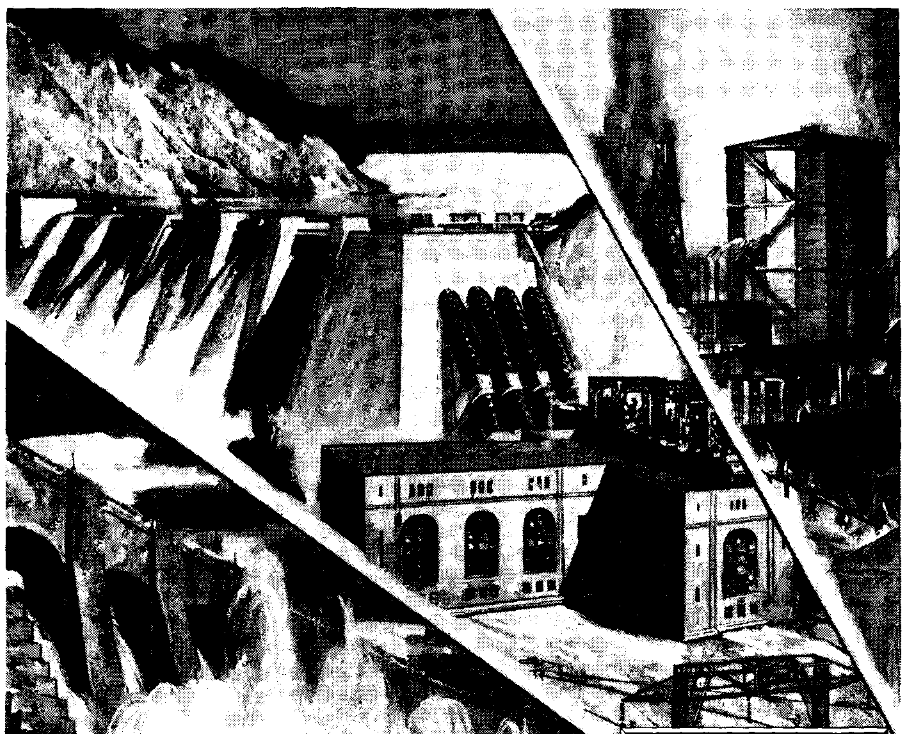
Lady Vera Mace was a dignified woman; and, like all women who are careful of their dignity, she seldom hurried. But such was the emotion with which the sight of Berry had filled her that, as she crossed the threshold of Mr. Frisby's sitting-room, she was positively running. The desire to receive some explanation of the presence in the financier's suite of one whom she had come to look upon as London's leading adventurer accelerated her movements to an extraordinary degree. And she was just about to pour forth a rain of questions when she perceived that her host was sitting doubled up in a chair, uttering sounds as of one in pain.

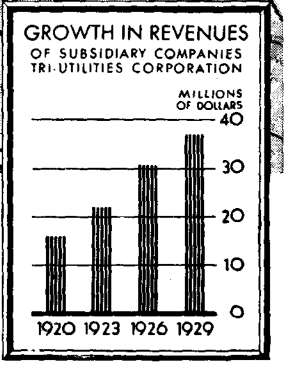
Lady Vera stopped, concerned. Accus-

(Continued on page 52)

TRI-UTILITIES CORPORATION

• POWER • GAS • WATER •





The above chart shows impressive and steadily increasing revenues ...These figures do not yet include any revenues from the subsidiary, Southern Natural Gas Corporation, which has built and put into operation this year one of the largest pipe line systems for gas ever constructed.

TRI-UTILITIES CORPORATION

Utility Earnings Gain

A Comparison with Other Industries

New evidence of the stability of earnings of public utility companies is revealed by a recent survey, which compares the first six months of this year with the same period last year.

- While net earnings of representative companies in other fields showed a substantial reduction, those of public utility companies showed a GAIN. Earnings of 552 industrials were 28% lower; 172 Railroads, 33% lower; while U. S. Department of Commerce figures show the earnings of 95 utilities to be 4% HIGHER. These include electric light and power, gas, and water companies.

- Tri-Utilities Corporation is one of the great utility systems of the country, operating in twenty-six states of the union—furnishing electric light and power, gas, and water—and serving nearly five million people.

- For investors, the securities of Tri-Utilities Corporation offer a degree of diversification seldom found. Because of the essential nature of the business, it expands with the population, and its earnings grow without the wide fluctuations found in less essential businesses.

G. L. OHRSTROM & Co.
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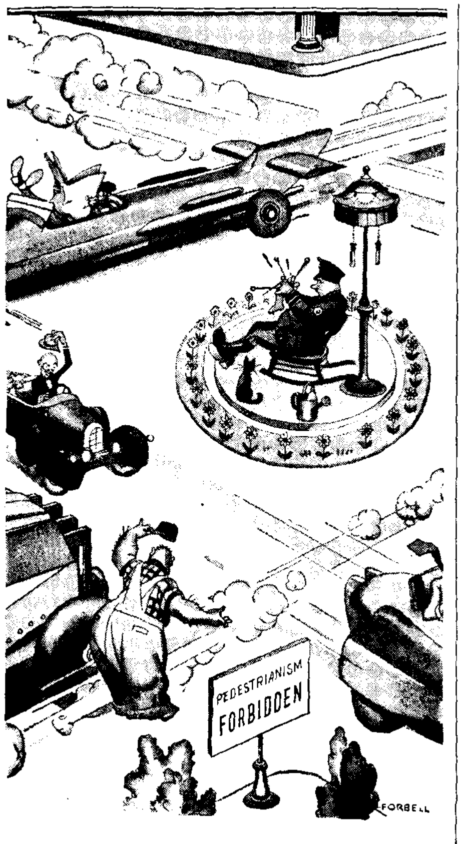

UNTIL THE MILLENNIUM

SOME day traffic officers will have nothing more to mind than their own knitting. Some day the flaws in human nature will vanish as the morning dew before the rising sun. Some day, but . . . *until the millennium*—Ætna-ize!

COAST TO COAST SERVICE THROUGH 25,000 ÆTNA AGENTS

The Ætna Automobile Insurance Policy protects you *all ways—always.* No matter where an accident may occur or a claim develop, an Ætna representative is there to look out for your interests. Ætna service now includes Europe, too. The Ætna-izer in your community will be glad to give you the whole story.

Ætna writes practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds! Ætna is the first multiple line insurance organization in America to pay its policyholders *one billion dollars.*

Ætna Casualty and Surety Company
Ætna Life Insurance Company
Automobile Insurance Company
Standard Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

ÆTNA-IZE

(*Continued from page 51*)

tomed to making up her mind quickly, at a very early date in their acquaintance she had decided quite definitely that later on she would marry T. Paterson Frisby. At their very first meeting she had recognized him as one who needed a woman to look after him and when, in the course of their conversation, she had discovered that the post was vacant she had determined to fill it.

So now she gazed upon him with something stronger than the detached womanly pity which she would have bestowed on a mere stranger whom she had found tying himself into knots.

"Whatever is the matter?" she asked.

"Ouch!" said Mr. Frisby.

LADY VERA had that splendid faculty which only great women possess of going instantly to the heart of a problem. At their first encounter this man had been in very much the same condition, and he had confided to her then his hidden secret.

"Have you been eating duck again?" she asked keenly.

She saw him writhe, and knew that her diagnosis had been correct.

"Wait!" she said.

A woman of acute perception, she realized that this was no time for advising the patient to think beautiful thoughts, to recommend him to fancy himself a bird upon a tree and to seek relief in song. The thing had gone too far for that. Cruder and swifter remedies were indicated.

She went to the telephone and was almost immediately in communication with the druggist on the main floor of the building. She spoke authoritatively and as one having knowledge; and presently there was a ring at the bell and a small boy appeared, bearing a brimming glass full of some grayish liquid.

"Drink this," said Lady Vera.

Mr. Frisby drank, and instantly it was as if some strong man had risen in the meeting of shareholders, dominating all. The shouts died to whispers, the whispers to silence. Peace reigned. And T. Paterson Frisby, licking his lips, spoke in a low, awed voice:

"What was it?"

"It is something my husband used to recommend. He suffered as you do. But after lobster. He said it was infallible."

"It is," said Mr. Frisby. "Have you ever tried it on a corpse? I should say it would work."

A great surge of emotion had risen within him. He looked at Lady Vera Mace with glowing eyes, and a voice seemed to whisper to him that now was the moment for which he had been waiting so long.

He cleared his throat. What there had been in that stuff which he had just swallowed he could not say; but its effect had been to bring him to the top of his form. He felt confident. And he would undoubtedly have expressed himself in a series of telling phrases, calculated to win the heart of any woman, had not Lady Vera abruptly remembered that ten minutes ago she had hurried into this room in a spirit of research and inquiry. Even as Mr. Frisby was shaping his opening sentence she shattered his whole scheme of thought with an agitated exclamation.

"That man!" she cried.

"Eh?" said Mr. Frisby.

"What was that man doing here?"

Regretfully, T. Paterson Frisby recognized that the golden moment had passed. The subject had been definitely changed.

"Man?" he said. "What man?"

"The man I met as I came in. What was he doing here?"

Mr. Frisby was puzzled. She seemed to be referring to his late secretary.

"He came to bring me my mail," he said.

"Your mail?" Lady Vera's eyes widened. "Do you *know* him?"

A warm gleam came into Mr. Frisby's eye. Subsequent occurrences had dimmed the memory of that remarkable interview with Berry Conway, but now it came back to him. He quivered a little.

"I thought I did," he said. "Yes, sir! But he certainly surprised me just now. The young hound! 'I can only give you a minute!' He said that. To *me!* And off he went to feed ducks!"

Mr. Frisby paused, wrestling with a strong emotion.

"But who is he?"

"He is—was—my secretary."

"Your secretary?"

"That's right. His name's Conway. And until today I'd always found him an ordinary, respectful . . ."

Lady Vera uttered an exclamation. She saw all.

"So that's how he came to know Ann!"

Mr. Frisby found himself puzzled again.

"Ann? My niece Ann? He doesn't know Ann."

Lady Vera hesitated. It seemed cruel to let the thing descend on this man suddenly, like an avalanche.

"He does," she said.

"I don't think so," said Mr. Frisby.

"I saw them dining together last night. Mr. Frisby," said Lady Vera, unequal to the task of breaking the news gently, "I have had a talk with Ann. An awful thing has happened. She has broken off her engagement with my nephew, and says she is resolved to marry this man Conway. That is why I came here this afternoon to see you. We must decide what to do about it."

Mr. Frisby uttered an exclamation.

"So that's why he was so fresh!"

There was something not unlike satisfaction in his voice. All he could think of for the moment was that a mystery had been solved which might have vexed him to his dying day. Then, like an icy finger on his spine, came the realization of what this meant.

"Marry him?" he gasped. "Did you say marry him?"

"She said she intended to marry him."

"But she can't!" wailed Mr. Frisby. "My sister Josephine would never give me a second's peace for the rest of my life."

HE STARED at his visitor, appalled, and was stunned to perceive a soft smile upon her face. What anyone could find to smile at in a world where his sister Josephine's daughter was going about marrying penniless ex-secretaries was more than Mr. Frisby could understand.

"Why, of course!" said Lady Vera. "How foolish of me not to have seen it directly you told me."

"Eh?"

"Everything is going to be quite simple," said Lady Vera. "If this man Conway is really your secretary, the problem solves itself."

"Eh?" said Mr. Frisby again.

"But I didn't tell you, did I? You see, Mr. Frisby, what has happened is this: This man, as far as I can gather from her story, seems to have swept Ann off her feet by telling her a lot of romantic stories about himself. Well, surely, when she finds that he has been lying to her and is nothing but a miserable secretary, she will realize the sort of man he is and will give him up of her own accord."

Mr. Frisby looked doubtful.

"Told her romantic stories, did he?"

"He said he was a secret service man. You can imagine the effect that that would have on an impressionable girl like Ann. But when she finds out . . ."

Mr. Frisby shook his head.

"A bird as smooth as that," he said, "is going to be smooth enough to jolly her along even when she does find out."

"Then what you must do," said Lady Vera with decision, "is simply to send your lawyer down to his house to offer him money to give Ann up."

"But would he give her up?" Mr. Frisby drooped despondently. He could see the flaw in the idea. "Why would he take money to give her up, when he could get more money by standing pat?"

Lady Vera overruled the objection.

"When your lawyer explains to him that Ann will be sent back to America immediately, out of his reach, if he refuses to come to terms, I am sure that he will be only too glad to take whatever you offer."

The gloom passed from Mr. Frisby's face. He gazed reverently at this woman of infinite sagacity.

"You're dead right," he said. "I'll get Robbins on the phone right away."

"Yes, do."

"I'll tell him to start the bidding at a thousand pounds."

"Or two?"

"Yes, two. You're right again. He'll drop sure for two thousand. Two thousand is big money."

"What I would have done without you," said Lady Vera, "I don't know. Some men in your position would have ruined everything by being niggardly."

MR. FRISBY glowed and expanded beneath her approbation. Once more that voice seemed to be whispering in his ear that it would be well to go to it. He simply needed an opening. The emotion was there, all ready to be poured out. All he required was a cue.

"Nothing niggardly about me," he said, with modest pride.

"No."

"I'm fond of money—I don't deny it—but . . ."

"Isn't everybody?"

"What?"

"Fond of money."

"Are you?"

"Of course I am."

"Have mine," said Mr. Frisby.

He strode to the telephone, unhooked the receiver, and barked into it to cover a certain not unnatural confusion. If his cheeks had not been made of the most durable leather, they would have been blushing. What he had said was not what he had been intending to say. He had planned something on tenderer and more romantic lines. Still, that was the way it had come out. The proposition had been placed on the agenda, and let it lay, was Mr. Frisby's view.

"Chancery 9632? Robbins? Come right round to Grosvenor House, Robbins. Yes, at once. Want to see you."

Lady Vera was contemplating his rigid back with a kindly smile. She was experienced in the matter of inarticulate proposals. The late Colonel Archibald Mace had grabbed her hand at Hurlingham one summer afternoon, turned purple, and said "Eh, what?" Compared with him, Mr. Frisby had been eloquent.

"Well?" said T. Paterson Frisby, replacing the receiver and turning.

"You go with it, I suppose?" said Lady Vera.

Mr. Frisby nodded curtly.

"There is that objection," he said.

Lady Vera smiled.

"I don't consider it an objection."

"Vera!" said Mr. Frisby.

"Paterson!" said Lady Vera.

"Don't call me Paterson," said Mr. Frisby, breathing devoutly down the back of her neck. "It's a thing I wouldn't mention to anyone but you, and I hope you won't let it get about, but my first name's Torquil."

(*To be continued next week*)

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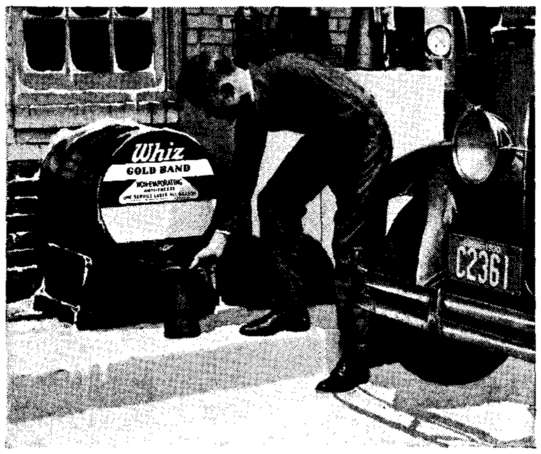

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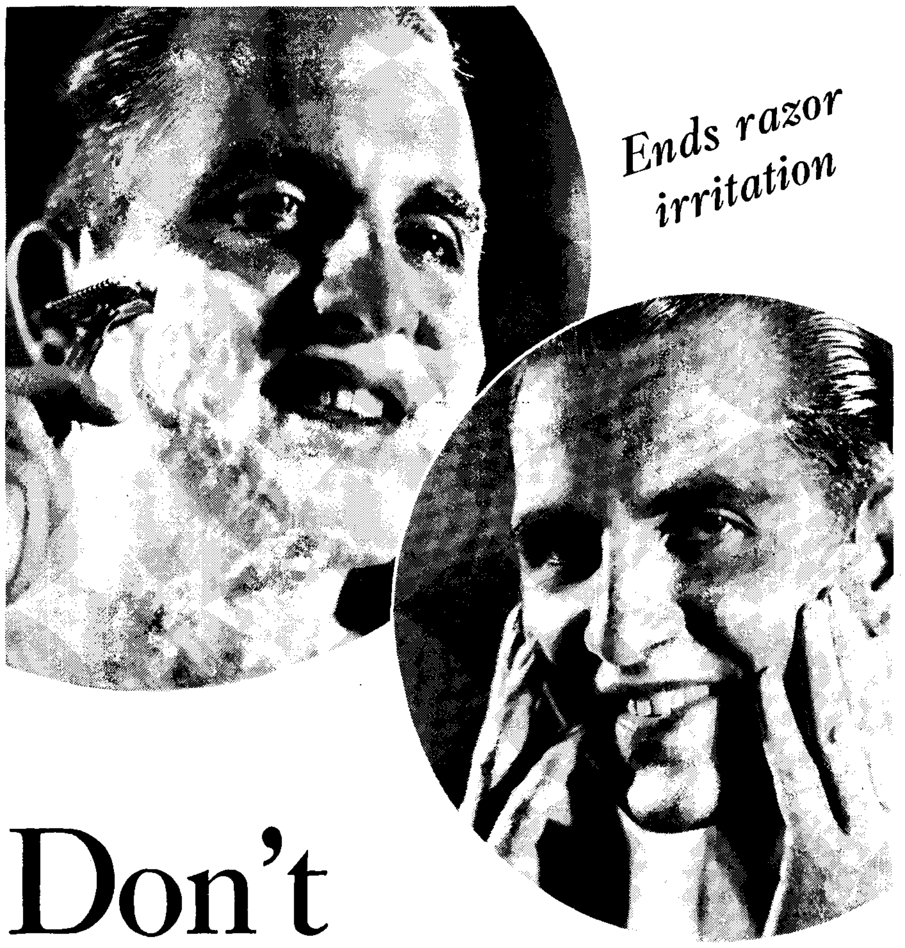

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First make sure millions of men are right

We claim that when men shave this way, 86 in every 100 turn from other ways to this. To find out why, will you accept a free supply at our expense?

WE believe you will be interested in why Palmolive Shaving Cream is by far the largest selling on the market. It's an achievement to get millions of men to change their shaving habits—but that's what has happened. So we hope to gain another user by inviting you to find out why.

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For 67 years we have been making "leaders" in the soap field. Thus it is natural that our laboratories would not rest content until our shaving cream was worthy to join that group.

129 times our chemists rejected their own formulas in perfecting this great product. The 130th time they were successful. Their idea was to make a shaving cream in which olive oil would play a prominent part in easing the action of the blade. Five great advantages result:

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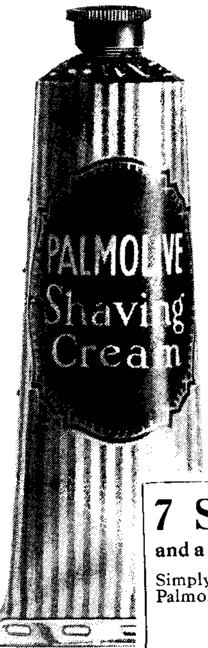


Going to Bed at Nine

Continued from page 17

morning at half past four. It was drizzling.

He made coffee and put his favorite irons in a light bag and started out across the wet fields to the ninth hole at Sand Hill. When he reached the fairway below the ninth and looked up, a tallish figure in a slicker and an old felt hat appeared on the green. Sam paused to watch. Cynthia threw off the slicker and the hat, took a putter out of her bag, dropped a ball ten yards from the cup, and putted. Sam took a long, long breath.

IS THERE any thrill in the world like the thrill of discovering that a beautiful young woman cares about golf the way you care? Let others babble of the face that launched a thousand ships, of Cleopatra and the Nile. Those women are merely dreams. This one was real.

Sixty yards from the green Sam dropped a ball and called fore. Cynthia looked up and waved her hand. Sam hit the ball. It went up in a high parabola, struck the slope of the green a foot beyond the cup, seemed to lie dead for a fraction of a second and then slowly rolled back down the slope into the cup.

"Sam," Cynthia said, as he came up, "could I ever, ever learn to do that?"

"Anybody who'll get up before dawn of a morning like this to practice can learn to do that," Sam said. "But you have to put on a lot of back-spin."

He took her mashie-niblick and showed her how to hold it. Then he took a dozen balls and went back forty yards with her and watched her pitch them. When she'd hit a dozen he collected the balls and she hit them over again. Cynthia pitched one ball after another for two hours.

"Arms ache?" Sam asked.

"Like the devil," Cynthia said.

"Perhaps we'd better call it a day," Sam said.

"What for?" Cynthia asked.

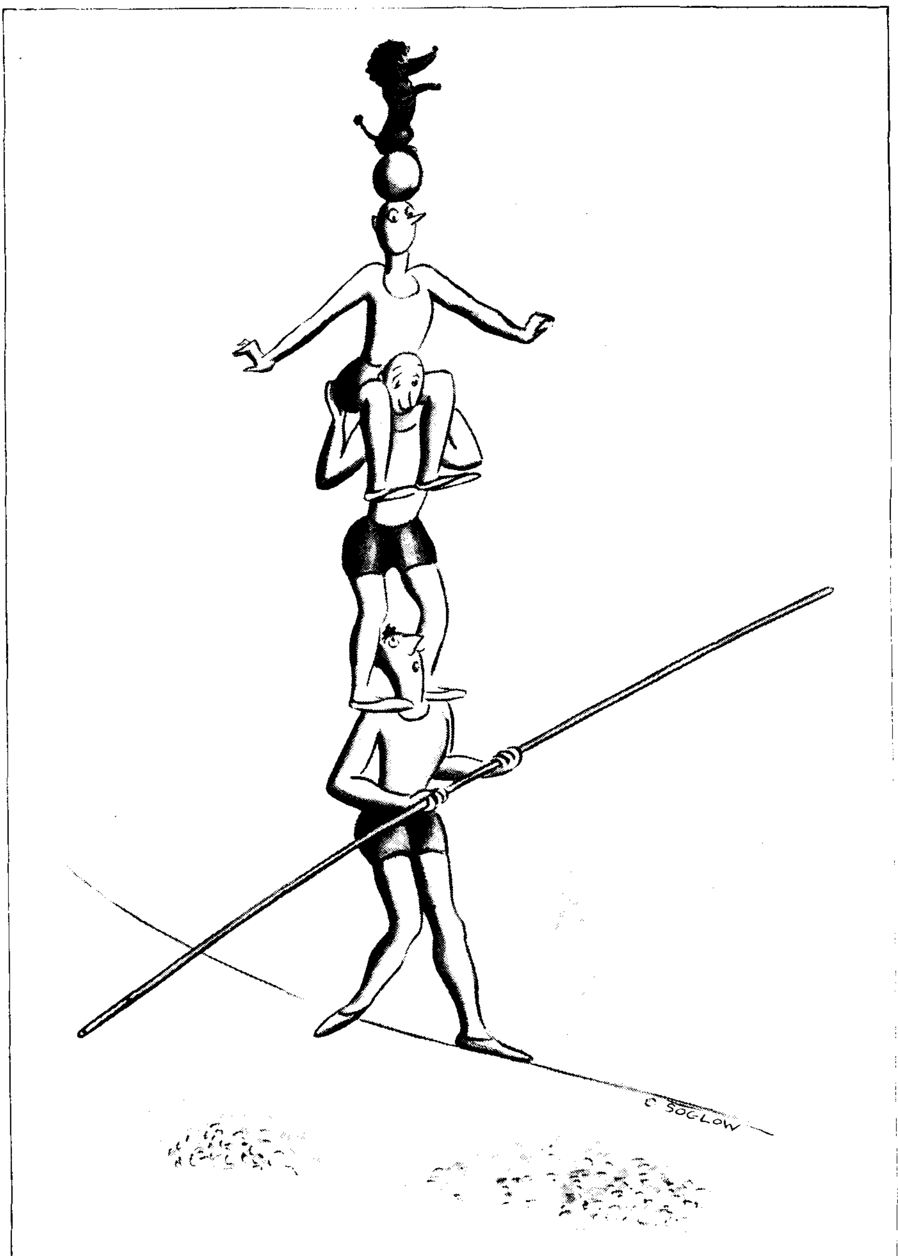
Sam grinned. That was the spirit. He let her practice pitches for another half an hour before he insisted that she stop.

Cynthia looked at her watch. "It isn't eight o'clock," she said. "Phil won't wake up for another two hours."

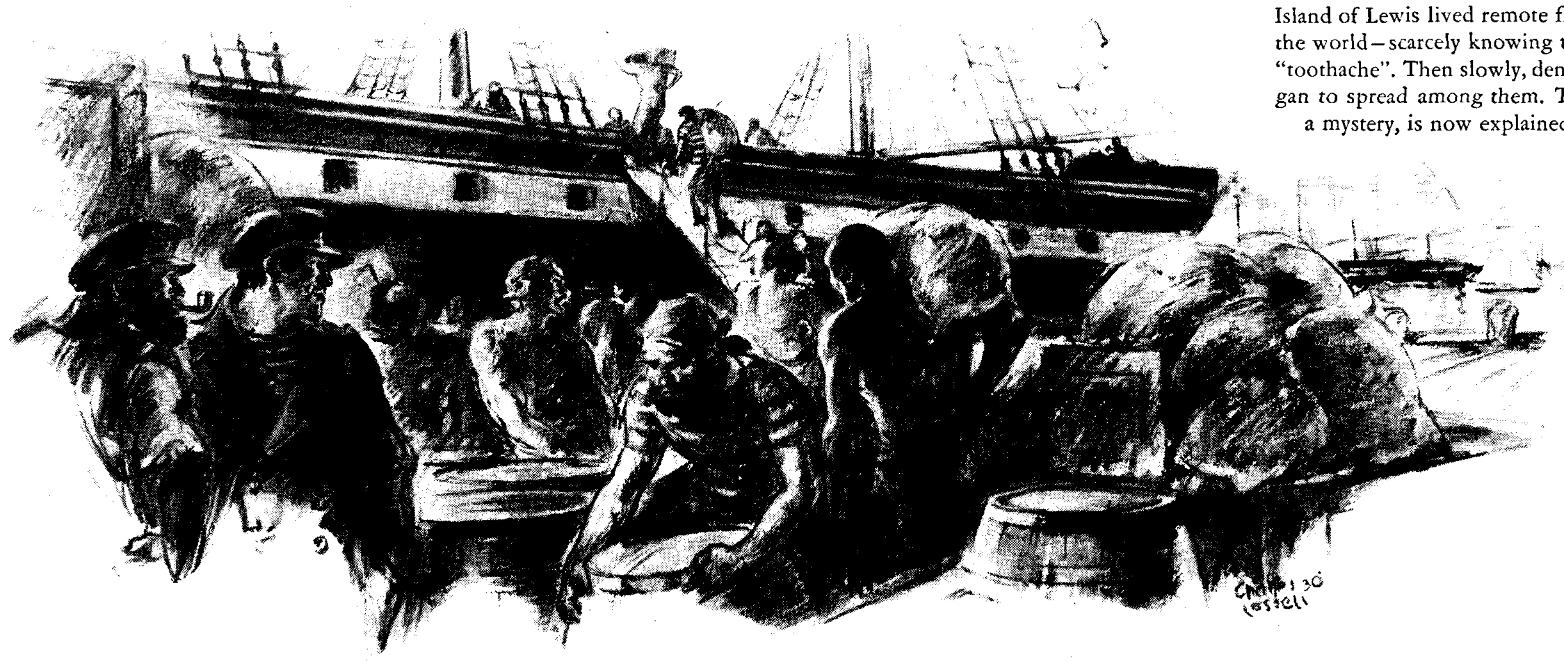
Neither of them had said anything about keeping their meeting secret. But by one of those fortunate coincidences they had both kept it secret. They understood each other perfectly. When you really go out to improve your game it's always better to say nothing. If nobody knows you're doing it nobody can kid you out of it.

"Two hours and a half is enough," Sam said. "You don't want to overdo it the first time. But we can sit under that apple tree and smoke a cigarette."

(*Continued on page 56*)



"My foot's gone asleep"



For centuries the residents of the little Scotch Island of Lewis lived remote from the rest of the world—scarcely knowing the meaning of "toothache". Then slowly, dental troubles began to spread among them. The cause, long a mystery, is now explained by science.

"A cargo of toothache for the Island of Lewis!"

From clues such as this science has at last found why 9 out of 10 Americans suffer from tooth decay, gum troubles or pyorrhea!

FINE teeth were a natural inheritance of the Scots on the Island of Lewis. Then ships came with new things to eat—refined, "civilized" foods.

Many of the islanders changed their habits of eating. Painfully they later discovered that the ships they welcomed had literally been "cargoed with toothaches"!

Science was puzzled. The new diet obviously lacked a mysterious "something" needed by the teeth and bones. But what was it?

Recent discoveries give the answer. The missing element is vitamin C. Lack of it caused the scurvy of sailing ship days. And authorities now agree that an insufficient supply in our modern, careless diet is causing a modified "landlubber's scurvy" which is responsible for *tooth decay, gum troubles and pyorrhea!*

Our teeth, science says, are living structures. They are made, chiefly, from calcium and phosphorous. But they are made *by* vitamins. Calcium and phosphorous are the materials that go into the building. Vitamin C is the worker that sets them in place. If *any* of these elements is neglected, our teeth, gums and bones cannot be healthy.

Why We Need Vitamin C

So science warns everyone to feed his teeth as well as his appetite—every day.

Expectant and nursing mothers *must* have a fully adequate supply of calcium, phosphorous and vitamin C in their diets. The penalty of neglect is a weak child and serious injury to the bones and teeth of the mother herself.

Growing children, too, need ample amounts of these vital elements. The need is especially urgent until the full set of permanent teeth is safely developed.

And grown people can escape much of their tooth trouble by heeding science's advice about what to eat.

The Foods Teeth Need

However, it is not necessary to adopt the primitive diet of the Lewis Islanders.

Vitamin C is found in a number of fresh fruits and vegetables. *Oranges and lemons are accepted as the best sources.* They also supply calcium and phosphorous, as do many common foods.

But vitamin C is very easily destroyed. The body cannot store it as it does some vitamins. Therefore, you must have a *sufficient quantity* of it—*every day.*

Science's Recommendation

Science says the average person needs *every day* the amount of vitamin C contained in two full sized (8 oz.) glasses of *fresh* orange juice to each of which the juice of half a lemon has been added. The lemon increases the vitamin C potency and gives a new tang and zest.

Thus you protect yourself amply against "landlubber's scurvy". You build sound, healthy teeth, gums and bones. And you prevent other ailments now traced to a lack of vitamin C.

By so doing, you gain also the beneficial *alkaline reaction* of citrus fruits which helps to prevent and correct Acidosis.

Send NOW for New Vitamin-Health Booklet

Send for free booklet, "Telling Fortunes with Foods", with important, new supplement, containing interesting information on *all* vitamins and explaining, simply and clearly, the part foods play in health and body-building.

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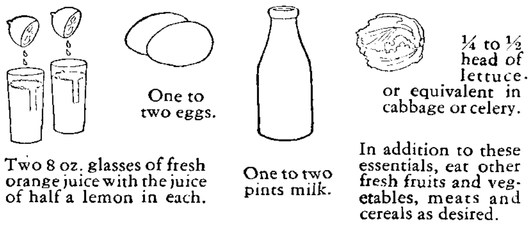
Good Rules for Good Teeth

1. Have these foods in your daily diet:



¼ to ½ head of lettuce or equivalent in cabbage or celery.

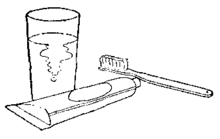
One to two eggs.

Two 8 oz. glasses of fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each.

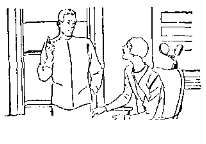
One to two pints milk.

In addition to these essentials, eat other fresh fruits and vegetables, meats and cereals as desired.

2. Brush your teeth twice a day.



3. See your dentist twice a year.



As assurance of dependable quality, ask for Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. They are fresh in your market every day in the year. Look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and tissue wrapper of oranges and on the tissue wrapper of lemons.

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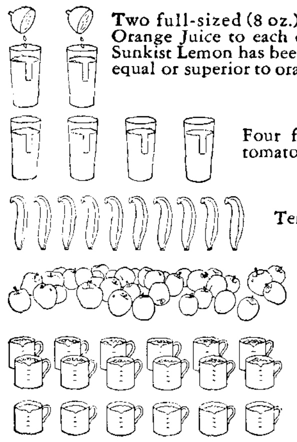
How Much Vitamin C You Need

Everyone receives *some* vitamin C every day, but few people receive an amount adequate to protect teeth and general health. Authorities now say *you need every day* the amount contained in the indicated quantity of one of these foods:



Two full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of fresh Sunkist Orange Juice to each of which the juice of half a Sunkist Lemon has been added. (Note: Lemons are equal or superior to oranges in vitamin C potency.)

Four full-sized (8oz.) glasses of tomato juice.

Ten average-sized bananas.

Three dozen average-sized apples.

Twelve cups shredded pineapple.

Six cups canned *or* fifteen cups home-cooked spinach.

More complete table of vitamin C foods in free booklet. See coupon.

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As will be seen from a glance at the list, the companies represented in Corporate Trust Shares are among the leading corporations in America; high grade stocks of the type proved to be the most profitable to hold. This trust brings to small investors as well as large the full benefits of holding these stocks, together with the additional benefits of the trust form. It provides a very high cash return with assured safety and flexibility to meet the needs of various types of investors. *Price at the market.*

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Going to Bed at Nine

Continued from page 54

They took their slickers to sit on, as people will even when they are as wet as they can get, and Cynthia said she never could understand what people saw in Saturday-night parties. "How can they go to parties and drink and stay up till all hours the way they do in Smithville when"—she waved her arm at the fairway so freshly green in the rain—"when they could have this?"

"I don't really enjoy getting cockeyed," Sam said. "It spoils your timing. And of all dull sports dancing is the dullest."

"Phil loves parties," Cynthia said. "I suppose he's just about the most susceptible man in Smithville. He's always mad about some new girl. Of course he always says it doesn't mean a thing."

"That's probably true," Sam said.

"Maybe it is. But I loathe flirtation. I could murder Phil for the way he behaves."

"I WOULDN'T pay any attention to it if I were you," Sam said.

"You wouldn't!" Cynthia cried.

"No," Sam said. "It's plain enough that you're the only woman Phil really cares about. He's an uncommonly attractive man. Naturally other women make a play for him. But I can't see that it ever does them much good."

"Oh, doesn't it!" Cynthia said. "And what do I get out of it? Do you think it's any fun watching your husband making passes at other women? And it isn't all their doing either. The fact that they make a play for him is no excuse. He falls for them."

"I wouldn't worry about it if I were you."

"How can I help worrying about it?" Cynthia asked. "I'm always afraid this time it's serious."

"But you know it isn't."

"Listen, Sam," Cynthia said, "don't you ever worry about Milly? Don't you ever get your feelings hurt? Don't you ever get mad?"

"There are times," Sam said, "when I would like to wring Milly's neck."

"Well, then!"

"But Milly's the worst flirt in Smithville," Sam said.

"Oh, how I envy her," Cynthia said. "She does it so beautifully. She's so amusing and warm-hearted and men fall for her so hard. Most flirtatious women are awful creatures, really. But Milly—why, Milly is just one of the most utterly charming women that ever looked sidewise at a man. And those two gorgeous children! If I had half what Milly's got I'd make Phil behave himself."

"I've always been crazy about her," Sam said. "I always will be."

"But you don't get jealous?"

"Of course I do. I'm jealous as hell half the time. Why wouldn't I be?"

"Why should you be? I'm sure Milly's flirtations don't mean a thing."

"That's what she says," Sam growled. "But if that's the case why go in for them? Why not play golf instead? There's no such thing as a natural golfer. But if there were Milly would be it. If she'd practice she'd be top-flight—absolutely top."

Cynthia rose to go. "Some day, somehow I'm going to give Phil Trumbull his come-uppance," she said.

"Do we play again next Sunday morning?"

"Oh, Sam," she said, "I'd love to."

Sam walked home with his head full of pictures. He saw Cynthia Trumbull's fine head, with the raindrops glistening in her hair and on her lashes. He saw the charming little quirk of her mouth when she hit the ball. He saw the long curves of her, lovely as a racing yacht's; and especially the beautiful reverse sweep from her shoulder to her ankle when she swung her club aloft. He knew he could teach her to play her irons.

Milly was having breakfast with the children. No matter how late the party Saturday night, Milly came down to breakfast with the children Sunday morning, as fresh, as amiable, as interested as you please. Sam looked at her, at his son Bob, at his daughter Mary, and felt uncomfortably guilty. There was no reason why he should feel guilty over having gone to bed early and got up early to play golf. He should have felt virtuous.

He noticed how good the melon was—exactly ripe but not too ripe; how good the coffee smelled; how golden brown the toast was; how perfect the shirred eggs. Breakfast under Milly's direction was always like that. But this morning he noted it especially and felt guiltier.

"I'm wet through," he said, "but I'm starved. I want breakfast before I change my clothes."

"Oh, do," Milly said. She gave him a rueful little smile. "How sensible you were," she said, "to leave the party and go to bed. Everybody got so tight. I didn't get home until three."

"I'd rather play golf," Sam said. "I think it's more fun."

"Don't rub it in, old dear," Milly said. "I know I was a perfect fool."

"Well," Sam said. Again he felt guilty. He wouldn't have rubbed it in if he hadn't felt guilty.

"It was a good party at that," Milly said. "The major is priceless. I don't believe he ever said anything except, 'Really, you know, I had no idea there was any sporting country like this in America,' but he's got quite an effect with it. And he's a marvelous dancer in spite of his arm in bandages."

Sam listened while Milly chatted about the party, and entertained the children, and thought what a marvelous woman she was. Her good humor was so unfailing. Sam felt so guilty he almost told Milly he had met Cynthia at five o'clock. But he did not.

HE MET Cynthia at five o'clock the next Sunday morning. He met Cynthia every Sunday morning at five o'clock all through June, all through July. They saw a dozen dawns together and agreed passionately on the evils of flirtation, and it wasn't until the middle of August that he kissed her.

He strode along that Sunday morning exactly as he had so many other mornings. It was drizzling, the way it had drizzled that first morning. Cynthia came down the fairway to the ninth hole just as he came up. She tossed away her slicker and her hat and bent to pick up a club. Sam stood beside her waiting. Neither of them had spoken. Cynthia straightened up and they looked at each other and he took her in his arms.

If he had kissed her in the beginning it mightn't have mattered. But they had waited and waited without knowing that they waited for this moment. When at long last they kissed they were both shaken.

"Damn it all," Sam said, with his arms still around her, "I love you."

She looked up at him, her lips brushing his. "Damn it all," she said, "I love you too."

He kissed her again and as they drew away from each other in dismay she put her left hand on her breast with a little gesture of wonder and despair. Then, like the two honest, earnest people they were, they sat down under a tree to talk it out and decide what they were going to do about it.

At nine o'clock they were both astonished to discover that they hadn't got anywhere.

"I can't wait till next Sunday to talk to you again," Sam said.

Cynthia said she had some shopping to do in town on Monday. Sam suggested that they meet for lunch. Cynthia said she had an engagement for lunch with her aunt. So they agreed to meet at three o'clock at a speakeasy in Forty-fifth Street.

THEY sat from three to five in a corner of that speakeasy with double dacqueris in front of them, gazing into each other's eyes for minutes at a time and getting nowhere at all. But, though dizzy with love and Bacardi, they had not wholly lost their senses. They solemnly agreed to take separate trains out to Smithville and only meet later in the evening at the stile between his house and hers. They even took separate taxicabs to the Grand Central. But meeting there again they both realized that the Grand Central Terminal is one of the safest places in the world for an illicit kiss, because nobody notices kissing in a big railway station, so Sam kissed Cynthia a long good-by and made her promise to be at the stile by nine o'clock and waited for the next express.

It is a shocking thing that a man and a woman can meet at dawn of Sunday mornings on the Sand Hill course all summer and, barring some unlikely accident, nobody will be the wiser. But let them meet once in an obscure speakeasy in the Forties and somebody is sure to see them and within a few hours everybody will be much wiser.

Some girl who barely knew Sam Agnew and Cynthia Trumbull by sight saw them that afternoon and, meeting Bill Wumpus half an hour later, told him about it. In that brief half hour the lingering glances with which Sam and Cynthia had contemplated each other had become lingering kisses. Bill Wumpus met Harry Dunster on the 5:35 train and told him about it with so many anxious rumblings as to what might happen that even Harry was impressed.

Harry Dunster, like so many mischievous people, had insight. He did a lot of thinking in the half hour the train had still to go to Smithville. He didn't want to do anything about it; he knew what usually happens to people who have a finger in other people's affairs, however helpfully. But he was fond of the Agnews and the Trumbulls; he was especially fond of Milly Agnew. He tried to think about something else and he couldn't. He told himself that it was none of his business and went right on considering the problem.

The flirtation that Milly Agnew had been carrying on with Major Cawnthorpe was one thing. So was the flirtation that Phil Trumbull had been carrying on with Joan Anderson. Milly and Phil were both thoroughly sophisticated. But when Sam Agnew and Cynthia Trumbull took to kissing in speakeasies something ought to be done about it before it was too late. When Harry got off the train he eluded Bill Wumpus. He went to a telephone. He hated himself for doing it but he called up Milly Agnew and spoke briefly. After that he felt better. He smiled, as a man does when he feels that after all he has done the only possible thing.

That evening after dinner Sam Agnew sat in the living-room reading the evening paper. He didn't know he had been reading it for half an hour without turning a page but Milly knew. Sam got up, stretched elaborately, and yawned.

"What," Milly said, "going to bed already?"

"No," Sam said, "I'm not really sleepy. I think I'll take a walk."

"Why don't you?" Milly asked.

"I guess I will," Sam said, feeling himself a masterly deceiver and pleased with himself for being so clever and ashamed of himself for being so wicked.

He hurried down the road to the stile. It was so dark they could not see each other.

"It's nice," Cynthia said, when they had kissed, "meeting at a stile."

They sat side by side on the top of the stile in the black dark with their arms around each other.

"Do you know what?" Cynthia asked, laying her smooth cheek against his.

"No," Sam said.

"I'd like to go to the party tomorrow night and dance with you. I never have danced with you. I'd like to dance almost every dance with you—so people would notice it. Does that sound awfully silly to you?"

Sam kissed her. "That sounds perfect to me," he said. "I'd love to dance with you."

"And if people thought we were a little interested in each other it wouldn't matter, would it?"

"Not a bit," Sam said. "We've been so discreet that nobody suspects us so far."

"Nobody," Cynthia agreed. "But if your wife and my husband got just a faint suspicion it would be fun, wouldn't it?"

"It would be exactly what they deserve," Sam said.

They sat there, blissful, anticipating Saturday night. The lights of a car appeared a quarter of a mile down the road and coming toward them. Sam held Cynthia close. They were safely in the dark beside the road outside the range of headlamps. The car went by, going fifty or sixty miles an hour. Cynthia gave a little gasp.

"That was our car," she said. "That was Phil. Do you suppose anything's happened?"

WITH one accord they jumped off the stile and ran down the road after the car. They were in time to see it turn into the Agnews' drive. They kept on running. But as they approached the house Sam caught Cynthia's hand and pulled her back.

"I've got to know what's happened," Cynthia whispered.

"Shush!" Sam said. He led the way around to the side of the house. Through an open window they could see Milly and Phil in the living-room. Milly was walking up and down with clenched fists.

"You poor fish," Milly said, "it's all your fault. You go playing around with any woman that crooks her finger at you and hurting Cynthia's feelings. You'd drive any woman in the world crazy. And it's nothing but your vanity—your cheap male vanity that—"

"For God's sake, Milly," Phil interrupted, "lay off me and my failings and tell me what's happened. Where is Cynthia? Has anything happened to her or not?"

"Listen, Phil," Milly said, "has Cynthia been getting up early Sunday mornings to play golf?"

Phil advanced on Milly and seized her by both shoulders and shook her. "What has happened to Cynthia?" he yelled. "Will you tell me or won't you?"

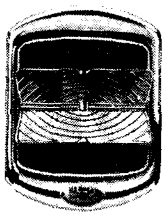
With a quick, fierce gesture Milly pushed him away. "Sit down," she said. "Sit down and be quiet and I'll tell you."

Phil sat down. Milly walked up and down.

(Continued on page 58)

Blows HOT when it's COLD

Blows COOL when it's HOT



HaDees
HOT WATER
CAR HEATER
PATENTS NOS. RE17131 AND 1746985

THE most modern and efficient heat-control equipment plant ever invented for motoring comfort. HaDees throws a surprising flood of fresh-air-heat for bitter cold weather—or gives just enough to take the chill out of cool days and evenings—or, with heat shut off, circulates fresh cool air in summer... all at the touch of a finger on the dashboard.

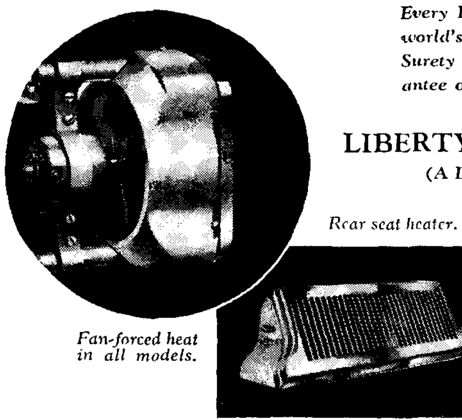
The cost in electricity is no more than that of a tail light, and the total cost is insignificant in comparison with benefits enjoyed.

Front dash models for Sedans and Coupes—a special model for Ford cars—also the De Luxe Rear Seat Heater.

See your nearest dealer... get all the facts.

Every HaDees Heater guaranteed by the world's largest bonding house, the National Surety Company. Their Gold Bond Guarantee of quality adds no extra cost to you.

LIBERTY FOUNDRIES COMPANY
(A Division of Burd Piston Ring Co.)
ROCKFORD, ILL.



Rear seat heater.

Fan-forced heat in all models.

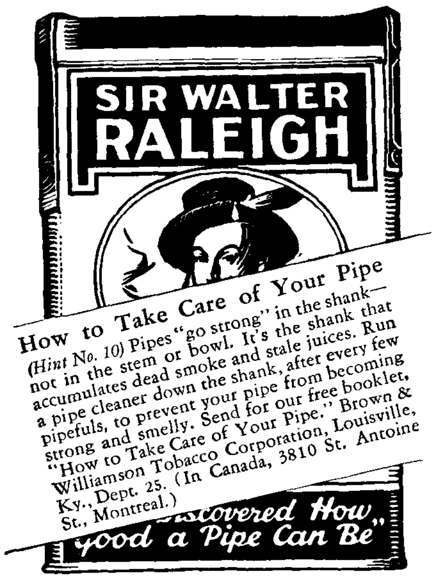
HaDees non-freezing fluid, the never-failing, economical, all-winter radiator fluid.

Ask your dealer

HaDees
HOT WATER
CAR HEATER
PATENT NOS. RE17131 AND 1746985

Kamerad!

REALLY, a strong pipe is no joke. The next time you attend a Legion or a lodge meeting or a banquet, let the mild fragrance of Sir Walter's favorite smoking mixture precede you and assure a cordial reception. Sir Walter works mild magic with strong pipes—it's uniformly well aged, mellow and biteless and noticeably milder. It burns freely and evenly, and it's cool and sweet down to the last flake in the bowl.



How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 10*) Pipes "go strong" in the shank—not in the stem or bowl. It's the shank that accumulates dead smoke and stale juices. Run a pipe cleaner down the shank, after every few pipefuls, to prevent your pipe from becoming strong and smelly. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky., Dept. 25. (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

(*Continued from page 57*)

"I don't know where Cynthia is," she said. She waved her arm at the window where Cynthia stood hand in hand with Sam. "She's out there in the dark somewhere vamping my Sam. And if you'd behaved yourself—if you'd ever had the slightest consideration for Cynthia's feelings—it wouldn't have happened."

"What are you talking about?" Phil cried. "What have I got to do with it?"

Milly tossed her head impatiently. "You go playing around with every new girl that comes to Smithville," Milly said. "This summer it's been Joan Anderson. Last summer it was Christine What's-her-name. You've hurt your wife's feelings so deeply that she's fallen in love with Sam and now she's trying to take him away from me."

"Do you mean they've fallen in love with each other?"

"Of course I mean that," Milly said.

"But how could they?"

"They have," Milly said. "Somebody saw them at Tony's this afternoon in New York kissing each other."

Phil jumped. "But how did they get that way? When did they see each other? They never stay for parties. I didn't know Sam ever looked at any woman but you, Milly."

"He never has before. He never would have if you hadn't driven Cynthia wild with your flirtations."

"Listen, Milly," Phil said. "You can't hang this whole thing on me. What about you? Everybody knows you're the worst flirt in Smithville."

"Oh, stuff!" Milly cried. "I flirt a little of course. But it doesn't mean a thing. You know it doesn't mean a thing. Sam knows it doesn't mean a thing. Everybody knows it doesn't mean a thing. I love Sam."

Sam, staring through the window, saw the tears on Milly's cheeks. "I can't stand any more of this," he whispered to Cynthia. He would have pulled her away.

"Wait," she said.

"What do you do it for then?" Phil asked. "Why do you charm every new man who comes to Smithville? Don't you ever stop to think how Sam feels?"

"What do you do it for?" Milly cried. "Because you're so vain you have to think every woman is in love with you. Do you ever think how Cynthia feels about it? Do you ever notice how worried and scared she is?"

"Cynthia has been looking fine," Phil said. "I never saw her look better. She's not in the least worried or scared."

"No," Milly said, "not now. Not since Sam's fallen for her. She looks grand. She's on the top of the wave."

PHIL sat down heavily. "That's so," he said. "I never saw Cynthia look better than she has this summer."

"Women do look their best when they're in love," Milly said.

Phil jumped up again. "Look here, Milly," he said, "we've got to stop this. I'll be damned if I'll give Cynthia up. I'll be damned if I'll have her flirting either. I love her. I'm crazy about her."

Milly shook her head. "The only thing to do is to keep them apart and be as nice to them as we know how and —and hope that it isn't too late."

Sam and Cynthia walked on around the house and sat on the back porch.

"I can't stand it, Sam," Cynthia said. "Phil really does love me. I can't ditch him."

"I know how you feel," Sam said.

"We've been doing the same thing—the thing we've hated them for," Cynthia said. "You don't want to give up Milly for me. And I don't want to give up Phil for you. We've been flirting."

"Well," Sam said, "what if we have? They had it coming to them."

"I do like you a lot, Sam," Cynthia said. "In a way I love you—I was honest about that."

"Only you love Phil more."

She nodded.

"What are you going to say to Phil?"

"I'm going to tell a flat lie," Cynthia said. "I'm going to say 'It didn't mean a thing.' "

Sam chuckled.

"And I think we ought to go to the party tomorrow night," Cynthia said.

"And dance every dance together," Sam said.

"It'll be our last chance," Cynthia said. "And I do think they deserve it."

WHEN Sam got home that night Milly had gone to bed. Sam knew she wasn't asleep but he pretended he thought she was. He spent Saturday on the Sand Hill course. After dinner Saturday night he remarked casually that he'd like to go to the party.

"Why, Sam," Milly protested, "you don't like Saturday-night parties."

"I'd like to try one. I haven't tried one for a long time."

"They're just the same as they always were," Milly said. "They haven't changed."

"Just the same I think I'll go," Sam said.

Milly sat on his knee and stroked his head. "I wish you wouldn't, Sam," she said. "I wish you'd stay home with me."

"What," Sam said, "you don't want to go to the party?"

Milly shook her head. "I'm so bored with Saturday-night parties," she said.

"I suppose I'll have to go alone," Sam said.

"Oh, of course if you insist on going I'll go with you," Milly said.

The telephone rang while they were still discussing the question. Sam went to the telephone.

"Sam," Cynthia said, and her tone was the tone of triumph, "I can't go to the party tonight. Phil won't let me. It seems he's bored with Saturday-night parties."

"When did he get that way?" Sam asked.

Cynthia laughed happily. "He is that way," she said.

"What about tomorrow morning at five o'clock?" Sam asked.

Cynthia lowered her voice. "Oh, Sam," she said, "could we—just once more? I've so many things I want to tell you."

"Sure we could. We must."

Sam went back to his chair. Milly perched herself on his knee again. "That was Cynthia Trumbull," he said casually. "She says that she and Phil are passing up the party."

Milly stroked his head. Milly laid her cheek against his. "She's a lovely creature," Milly said.

"Isn't she!" Sam said with enthusiasm.

"But rather dull," Milly said.

The next morning Sam awoke at the first jangle of the bell, smothered the clock, and went to the window to look at the weather. It promised to be a grand September morning, clear and cool. He turned back to look for his clothes and saw Milly sitting up in bed.

"I'm sorry," Sam said. "I didn't mean to wake you."

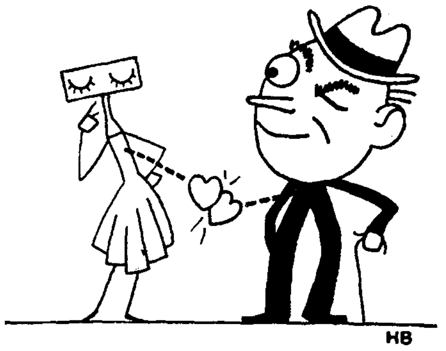
"It's quite all right," Milly said. She hopped out of bed. "I'm going with you."

When they got to the ninth green they saw Cynthia and Phil coming down arm in arm. There was nothing to do but make it a foursome.

The following Sunday morning about twenty couples appeared on the Sand Hill course at dawn.

That's the real story of why there aren't any more Saturday-night parties in Smithville.

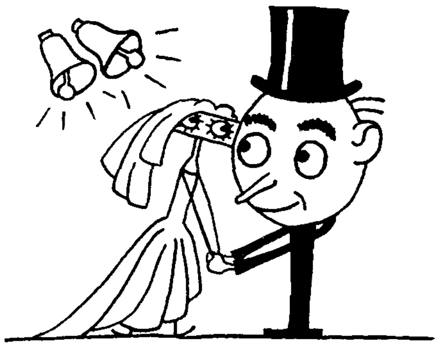
TO FACES
SEARCHING FOR
A MATE



Every now and then we pause in our job of filling up the inkwells and think about Nature. It is a wonderful thing to realize that Nature has provided every man with a face and every face has provided man with a set of whiskers.

Going further with this interesting train of reasoning, we come to the conclusion that every whisker-growing face has an inalienable right to a razor which is its natural mate. If your face is still searching for a mate, as so many of our best faces are, then we would like to whisper to it these soft words:

The Enders Razor and you were made for each other. You can live with it all your life and get no harsh treatment. It is so docile and handles so perfectly that it is a joy to have around. It is the sharpest, keenest little thing you ever had in your house. It will agree with you so completely every morning that your heart will warm with love and affection.



Faces! Your mate awaits you at any store where razors are sold. The fee is only a dollar. Let's start our life together. Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th St., New York City.

Enders
RAZOR

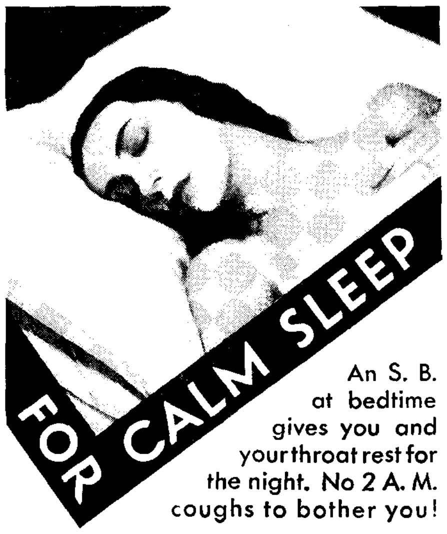
The Hair Test

New Enders Razor with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

Speedy relief! Soothing — calming — relaxing. An S.B. Cough Drop stops even a stubborn cough — *double quick.*

FOR THROAT PROTECTION

Take an S.B. Cough Drop before you face "cough-and-cold" weather, . . . S. B.'s give thorough throat protection.



An S. B. at bedtime gives you and your throat rest for the night. No 2 A. M. coughs to bother you!

TWO KINDS

S. B. BLACK AND MENTHOL

SMITH BROTHERS
S.B.
COUGH DROPS
TRADE
MARK
S.B. COUGH DROPS

5¢

Consult your local newspaper for dates of the Smith Brothers' radio program.

Selling the World

Continued from page 26

almost hopeless task. And it is so much more comfortable to take the handiest conclusion.

Evidently our declining exports in recent months have been encountering *something*, but that thing is not necessarily all disastrous competition.

Let's look at our so-called competition with Great Britain in Argentina. This country is our leading Latin American customer, now that Cuba's buying power has collapsed under the world avalanche of sugar. In 1913 we supplied about 14.7 per cent of Argentina's total imports. In 1927—later figures are not yet available—our share had jumped to 25.4 per cent. During the same period Great Britain's share in the Argentine trade dropped from 31 per cent to 19 per cent. The proportions of other European exports in Argentina's total imports fell off similarly during those years.

Beyond Competition

Now the mournful chorus of our critics informs us that America's gain in Argentina's business was built up largely of stolen goods, trade robbed from a poor, harassed Europe.

Among our heaviest shipments to the Argentine are automotive products—cars, tractors, trucks, accessories, gasoline, oil, etc., motion picture films, farm machinery, packing house equipment and office appliances—every item an outstanding specialty of the United States in which Britain or any other world trader has never shown any real rivalry.

Turning to the export column of Great Britain we find that her leading shipments to the Argentine are cotton goods, railway supplies and coal—again conspicuous specialties of that country scarcely affected by American competition, save at occasional intervals or in one or two details.

Our success in the Argentine trade is partly due to the geographic environment of the United States, so strikingly similar to that of the South American republic. Our manufacturers are on familiar ground, whether on our own Western plains or on the Argentine pampas. Sixty per cent of the packing industry in the River Plata region is in American hands, and naturally the volume of supplies required by this vast industry will originate in the United States. As American capital acquires more and more Argentine telephone lines, power stations and railways, we naturally will obtain control of corresponding portions of trade to which our European rivals could not expect to lay claim.

A similar situation prevails in most of the major markets of the world. In Australia our trade has risen from approximately thirteen per cent of the total imports in 1913 to about twenty-five per cent at present. Yet this doubling has not prevented Great Britain from developing a larger trade in that great colonial market than she had before the war—from about two hundred million dollars in 1913 to two hundred and seventy-seven million in 1928–29.

Again some of these major specialties of ours—films, automobiles, office appliances, petroleum products, etc.—have earned that expansion for us in Australia without stepping unethically on England's toes.

Likewise in India our trade has been more than tripled since 1913 without pillaging British exports to that country.

After all, "markets are people, not places," and buying power of a nation varies as the living standards of its population rise or fall. Social conditions, geographic environment, climate, the exploitation of various resources, and other factors regulate these standards of living. Since the war there has been a universal and accelerating trend toward better living.

Our home market has long furnished a vast laboratory for developing the products which distant customers now demanded. The many varieties of motor vehicles and boats, planes, farm equipment, mining machinery, road building apparatus, irrigation and forestry supplies have resulted from our manufacturers' long experience with trade problems in the domestic field, a field which presented and still presents more of these problems than any other market in the world.

Textiles present one of the fields in which there is admittedly some direct rivalry between American and European manufacturers, but even there we find conspicuous American specialties whose trade advance is not threatened by Old World opposition.

Because no European country, or any other, can begin to match our enormous motor industry, there is little danger of serious foreign competition in the countless lesser industries which thrive on this giant. Our automobile industry is largely responsible for the great growth of our paint and varnish industries at home and their subsequent predominance abroad. We supply most of the world's demand for carbon black, used as a pigment and conditioning agent in the manufacture of rubber tires. Our petroleum industry has also evolved a host of by-products, each of which has found substantial outlets abroad.

Probably the best illustration of our export advance is in the machinery field, which now ships nearly a million dollars' worth of equipment abroad every working day. Again the explanation is obvious. Our normal labor shortage, our greatly diversified natural problems, our abundant resources, our varied topography and climate have all contributed directly to the acceleration of ingenious progress in machine development. According to the latest available figures, we manufacture more than fifty-seven per cent of the world's machinery, as opposed to about thirteen per cent each for our nearest rivals in this field, Germany and England.

The World Looks to Us

Europe itself, in spite of its strength in this field, has long been a market for our industrial equipment. In fact, in the list of our overseas customers in this line, it surpassed all Latin America in 1929 for the second consecutive year; our sales across the Atlantic approached seventy-nine million dollars last year, representing an increase of twenty-three per cent over 1928. Most of this trade was in highly specialized machinery—excavating equipment, drills, steam shovels, conveyors, mining, oil well and pumping machinery—all specialties of greatly developed American industries.

Our share of the machinery imports of China has jumped since 1912 from four per cent to nearly twenty-five per cent; in Japan from nineteen per cent to forty-one per cent; in Chile from twelve per cent to fifty-one per cent, and so on down the list. Wherever a new industrial growth has started it has almost instinctively turned for its equip-

(*Continued on page 60*)

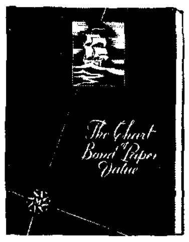
—CRISP COLOR—

The crackle of good bond paper is a fresh note in modern advertising. Sparkling color is everywhere dominant today. Color plus crispness is found only in bond paper. Advertisers are using Caslon Bond's twelve bright colors (and Caslon White) wherever possible for direct-mail purposes—just as business executives demand it for tough, colorful office forms and for letterheads that compel attention. And Caslon's dependable quality has set a national standard of excellence for business and advertising bonds.

THE MUNISING PAPER COMPANY
MUNISING, MICHIGAN

CASLON BOND

Caslon Bond is NOT *an expensive paper. It can be used freely for all purposes. "The Chart of Bond Paper Value" is free to business executives. This new portfolio contains samples of distinctive letterheads and office forms, and demonstrates advertising printing on colorful Caslon.*



The Munising Paper Company
Dept. 110, Munising, Michigan

Please send "The Chart of Bond Paper Value" to the address shown on the attached letterhead.

*Name*____________________

*Position*____________________

ARE YOU ONE OF THE 1,403,211 MEN ?

Who sent flowers by wire last year under the BONDED protection of F. T. D. Florists

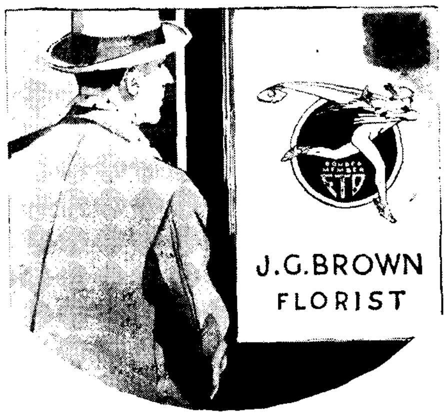
? EVERY seven seconds of every business day, somebody sends flowers by wire, the guaranteed F. T. D. "MERCURY" way . . . totaling nearly a million and a half orders a year.

When you wish flowers delivered in another town, you can be certain that they will be delivered promptly and satisfactorily when you make sure that you place the order with a florist displaying the familiar F. T. D. "MERCURY" emblem.

Say it with FLOWERS for Thanksgiving

Though you may be far from loved ones at Thanksgiving, send a fragrant bouquet or plant . . . wherever you are you'll find a bonded F. T. D. Florist nearby to serve you.

For Distant Flower Deliveries
THE F. T. D. "MERCURY" WAY IS GUARANTEED

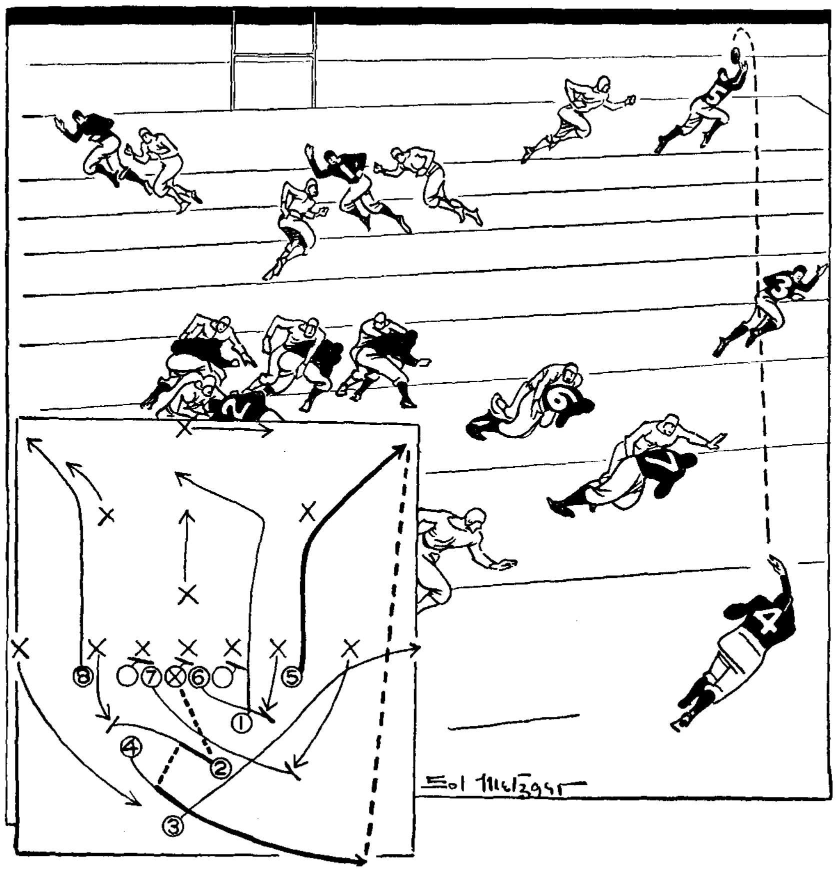


(*Continued from page 59*)

ment to the vigorous new leadership of America rather than to the tradition-burdened system of the Old World.

And so if we examine the foundation of European commercial effort overseas, we find that it springs from a host of social, political and economic circumstances diametrically opposite to those behind the export drive of the United States. That highly individualistic craftsmanship which lies at the base of so many European industries is coupled with and explained in part by their restricted domestic markets—restricted not only by small population and narrower borders, but especially by sharply defined social classes making for immobility of living standards, of economic aspirations.

Of course, there are exceptions to these generalities but for every such exception a dozen instances proving this observation might be cited. Hence the wide disparity—and I am by no means implying a criticism in this—between the overseas efforts of the Old World and those of the New.



Passes from the Bible

By Sol Metzger

A FAVORITE practice in forward passing is a delayed start. Thus the receiver is often overlooked by the defense. Then opportunity is his. Dana Bible's Nebraska team employed this stunt last fall in their annual clash with Missouri, a game that usually determines the Missouri Valley Conference championship. It was used three minutes before the end, and with dramatic results.

This principle of passing attack came into football in 1908, Penn using it against Michigan with telling effect. Now everybody's doing it.

Missouri seemed to have Nebraska in the bag last fall. The Tigers had taken a 7-point lead and had apparently stopped the Cornhuskers. It was the latter's ball on Missouri's 25-yard line, fourth down, five yards to gain. Three minutes to play.

A pass is difficult to execute in such a situation, because it is expected. It is an uncomfortable moment for quarterbacks. But Farley, of Nebraska, called for a pass, one that based its hopes on Hokuf, No. 5 and right end, delaying a few moments on the line while decoys drew the defensive backs out of his zone of action. Should that plan fail the play could take other courses.

The snap was to Young (2), who ran to his left and handed the ball to Witte (4). Witte gave ground as he ran. He had two options: He might pass to any uncovered eligible or he could circle the opposing left end. Whatever his selection he was guarded from the opposing left tackle and end by his two guards (6 and 7).

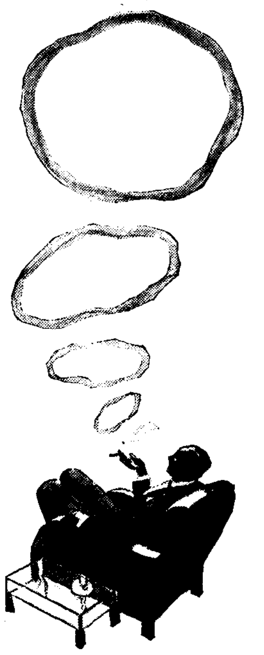
Meantime Nebraska's left end and Farley (1) sprinted downfield at the snap, veering to the left to draw off the rear defensive backs.

Any end is a marked man on any pass play. But Hokuf had diverted attention from himself by plunging into the opposing tackle. The few seconds so employed, the delay of the play, were ample to make the defensive back assigned to him believe Hokuf would not figure in the pass. So off he streaked to another part of the field.

Then Hokuf sprinted at top speed straight downfield. Witte, now well back, tossed Hokuf the ball and, unembarrassed, Hokuf crossed the goal-line for the tying touchdown.

Let us direct attention to the Yale-Harvard meeting which will wind up the Big Three season. Why has Albie Booth been the man Harvard has planned against all season? See the next issue of Collier's.

2 for 25c perfecto NOW. . . . . 10¢



Wise buys of prime leaf. That boosted quality. New machines that cut costs. That saved money.

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"LOOK FOR THE FRAMED N. B. A. FRANCHISE"

The Flying Yahoo

Continued from page 9

had been put up by the crowd, the hick covered it. Then, languidly, he tossed the can on high and plugged it six times, clean as a whistle.

"There, now," and he gathered up the money, "that gives me fifty-one hundred and sixty and what small change I've got in my jeans. So, gents, as I was saying, I want to buy an aëroplane. . . ."

Such was our introduction to Ed Hollinger, and it taught us that he was crazy—yes, crazy as a fox. It appeared that the greater part of his bankroll had come to him by this same tin-can and bullet route, Ed having followed the state and county fairs betting with the hicks. With the other hicks, rather, because, despite his guile, Ed Hollinger was still a simon-pure yahoo. He hailed from somewhere out in the Wyoming sheep country, and his sole reason for wanting to fly was to earn enough money to take up an option on the goldumbdest ranch bargain on the face of God's green bootjack. He would have to make twenty thousand dollars in the next eighteen months, or he would lose what he had already deposited.

He bought an 80-H. P. Curtiss from Harry Ernst for three thousand, and paid Tod Shreiber a hundred and fifty to teach him to fly it. Within a week he was flying figure eights. In a fortnight he was banking his turns, and at the end of a month he was making four-turn vertical spirals from a thousand feet. The cautious ones among us shook their heads and muttered lugubrious prophecies, but it was plain to everyone else that Ed was simply a natural-born flyer. Though the things he did would have been perilous to another man, they were wholly within Hollinger's capabilities.

THE newspapers heard about him and wrote him up, calling him Cowboy Aviator and Wyoming Cloud-Buster. At that time there were less than a hundred aviators, living or active, in all the United States, and Hollinger made quite a stir. Tiny Shultz, with his tortoise-shell cane and his white spats, came out to the field to watch Hollinger work. He signed him up at once on a seventy-thirty percentage basis, guaranteeing to book him through the Middle-Western state fair circuit at five hundred dollars a day three days a week for September and October. And after that he promised good bookings through the South, with Havana in February.

Throughout the months that followed, we heard tales about him. Save for Lincoln Beachey, he was the greatest of our flyers.

It was Beachey himself who gave us our last news of Hollinger.

"He's the darnedest flyer I ever saw," he declared. "Why, he gets stuff out of a plane that the plane didn't know was in it. Believe me, I've learned a lot from Hollinger."

Such praise from Beachey was high praise indeed, and the Peerless One was laying it on thick. "But," he said sadly, "Hollinger quitting is sure a great loss to the game."

"Quit? Has Hollinger quit?" we all asked together.

"Why, sure he's quit," said Beachey. "Didn't you hear? He quit right in the middle of our double-header date at Suwanee Falls fair. After the second day's flying, we got talking about shooting. Hollinger happened to have a gun with him, and he bet me that . . . say, what're you buzzards laughing at?"

When we told him, Beachey laughed too. "Well," he said, "that explains it. I guess it was me that was the yahoo after all. Anyway, when I'd handed him over the five hundred bucks I'd lost, he said, 'Thanks, Linc, and so long. I'm quitting—look!' And he lugs out a roll of bills the size of a piston and plasters my five hundred onto it. 'Twenty thousand, Linc!' he says, 'and much obliged to you. Write me a postcard, sometime,' he says.

"'All right, Ed, I'll do that,' I told him. 'What's your address?'

"That kind of stumps him for a minute. Then he smiles and looks pretty pleased with himself.

"'Hollinger's,' he says. 'That's a good name for it. Yes, I reckon I'll call it Hollinger's. Write me at Hollinger's, Ute County, Wyoming.'"

"HOLLINGER'S, Ute County, Wyoming. . . ." The essence of all this ran through my mind that bleak October afternoon as I side-slipped in over the ranch buildings and landed in front of the big house on a patch from which the powdery snow had drifted away. I saw a familiar figure descending from the porch—familiar, save that now he was white-haired and elderly, whereas I had known him young.

"Well," I chuckled, "we've laid the ghost of the airways. Let's see what he does when he recognizes me." I sat inside the plane, and as he walked slowly toward us, I somehow felt that his approach was wary, cautious. He strolled along with his hands in the pockets of his blue-and-green mackinaw until he got within fifty yards of us. Then he paused, and with the heel of his boot kicked loose a chunk of frozen sod. This he picked up and balanced in the palm of his hand for a minute or so, glancing covertly our way to make sure that we were watching. Satisfied that we were, he tossed the sod high into the air and considered its flight with studied indifference. When it had reached its apex and started tumbling down again, his right hand disappeared under his mackinaw and emerged with a pistol. There was a bang, and the sod-chunk disintegrated. Whereupon Ed Hollinger resumed his slow stroll toward us.

I opened the fuselage door. "Some shot, stranger!" I called. "Think you could do it again?"

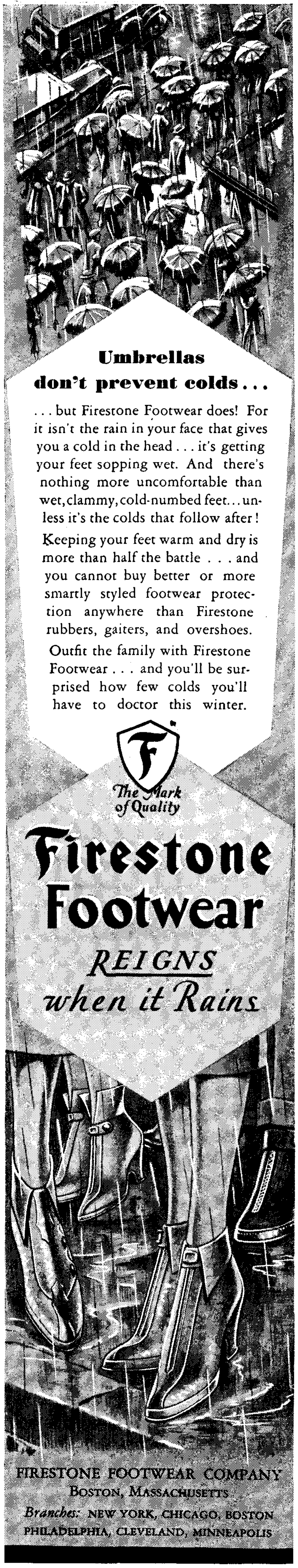
Hollinger tossed his head like a fire horse that hears a gong. "Well, friend, how much money you got that says I can't?" he challenged, wholly forgetting his caution. "I'll give you two-to-one odds I can bust a bottle six times outa six, and if you'll . . ."

JUST then he recognized me, and it took us ten minutes to recover. Even when we were seated before the great log fire in the ranch house living-room, with a Chinaman pouring our second hot toddy, all he could say was, "Well, dang! Yessir, dang! Well, well, old Tom Catlin, dang your danged old soul!"

I explained why I was there. "And," I concluded, "it's a funny thing, but this lost pilot, young Mulhall, told me about you diving at him six months ago. What were you up to that day, Ed?"

"Oh, nothing," said Hollinger. "I've always kept my hand in flying because I use a plane instead of a hoss or a car to git around the ranch. When I read the big news about them new three-engined monoplanes your company'd bought, I thought I'd ease down and watch the first one go past on the airway. But, shucks, Tom, they ain't no great shakes. I'd rather have my old pusher any time."

(*Continued on page 62*)



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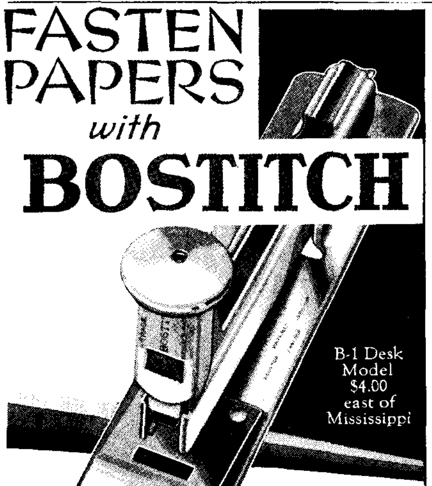

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(*Continued from page 61*)

"You darned old fossil!" I said. "Why don't you get up-to-date?"

"Oh, I'm up-to-date, all right," he answered. "In lots of ways I'm more progressive than you think. I build me a new pusher every year, and I always put up-to-date radial motors in 'em. But for the plane itself, there ain't never been a new design to touch the Curtiss pusher, in my opinion."

He said that he didn't fly much in winter—too cold settin' out there in the breezes—but just the same he'd join me in my search in the morning.

I invited him to accompany me in my heated cabin ship. "Nope," he declined. "I don't like the idea of being all shet in, kinder. With me, flying's an outdoor sport. I'll put on some extry underwear and go out in my pusher, weather irregardless."

Before we turned in we studied a map of the region. "All around here," said Hollinger, indicating the eastern slope of the mountains, "it's pretty tough country. There's canyons and gullies up here with sides so steep it's like being at the bottom of a well. The only lucky thing is that there ain't much snow got into 'em yet. Later on, it gets maybe sixty or seventy foot deep, and it stays there till midsummer."

Next morning we were out before the sun. Joe was in my ship warming the motor, and Hollinger's mechanics were wheeling out his pusher. Although, as Ed had told me, he built a new plane every year, he had evidently made use of many of the parts and fittings of the preceding ones. Thus I recognized strut sockets and turnbuckles which could have come only from the Curtiss shop at Hammondsport two decades before. I viewed these heirlooms with the delight of an antiquarian cataloguing rare items in a curio collection.

Ed took off first—a hair-raising performance involving a vertically banked turn as soon as he had left the ground. Sheer swank, of course, but it was beautifully executed. Then he flew back and forth in front of the house, rocking his body from side to side in the flexible seat which controlled his ailerons, dusting up clouds of snow with his wingtips. He zoomed up the high slanting roof of the main barn, all three wheels of his plane spinning against the shingles.

"Good gosh!" my mechanic exclaimed. "I never seen anything like that! Is that old guy crazy?"

"Yes, crazy like a fox!" I answered. "That's what we used to say about him in the old days. Keep your eye on him, Joe—he's not just a pilot—he's an aviator!"

I gave my motor the gun, followed Ed into the air, and together we headed for the mountains. With its modern engine, his old pusher had a very fair turn of speed. I wished that he would climb a little higher, but he seemed to prefer skimming along just above the ground. This wasn't so bad over the flat country, but when we continued our contour chasing among the broken foothills, I began to feel extremely uncomfortable. Every now and then Ed would dive into a canyon and fly out the other end of it, and this, frankly, was too much for my blood. Hollinger or no Hollinger, I made up my mind to go higher, so I pulled her back and held her till the needle showed five thousand.

WHEN I leveled off I had lost sight of him. But I kept on toward the mountains, scanning the ground below. It was terrible, threatening country, with great gray precipices streaked with the white of frozen waterfalls, and crevices the sides of which were swallowed in the gloom of their own depth. Well, I thought, if Mulhall had crashed near here, things were probably pretty serious with him.

After two hours of futile searching, I began to hope that the crash had been thorough, the end quick. It was too awful to think of five men lying injured and helpless in country like this. Reluctantly, I turned eastward and headed back toward the ranch. It was noon when I reached it, and I came in on my last pint of gas. The pusher was lashed head to the wind to the horse-hitching rack in front of the house.

As we climbed out of our plane, Ed Hollinger waved a toddy glass to us from the porch.

"They're all safe and sound," he said, casually. "I kinder thought maybe you'd be glad to know."

"Glad? Why, glad's no word for it!" I said. "Where was the message from?"

"Message? Sho', Tom, there wasn't no message. What I mean is, I got 'em safe and sound inside here."

I pushed past him through the door, and found myself in the midst of a joyous celebration. Mulhall and his passengers, comfortably equipped with cigars and steaming glasses, were grouped before the fireplace harmonizing the air of Mademoiselle from Armentières. The words, though, were something about Ed Hollinger's been flying a plane for fifty years, hinky, dinky, old ya-hoo.

I took Mulhall aside and he told me the story. "It got dark early, Monday afternoon," he said, "and it was snowing hard. Left-hand motor was revving down to eight-fifty. First thing I knew I was in a canyon that was getting narrower and narrower. I couldn't climb the ship out, and I didn't have room to turn.

Down below was a crack as narrow as a city street. When the left motor conked altogether, I aimed for the crack and hoped I could get into it without tearing the wings off. By hell's own mercy, we reached the bottom and didn't smash up too badly.

"NEXT morning we saw that we were on a little frozen stream with boulders jutting through the ice. There wasn't much snow down in there. The walls on each side went almost straight up. You'd have to be a horsefly or a balloonist to get out of that place. We just figured we'd sit around and wait till we froze or starved or something.

"Then this morning, we heard a motor roar, and what do we see but this old yahoo flying through the crack—following the curves of it like a taxicab in a winding street, and his ailerons missing the walls by inches. Inches, Tom—yes, I mean inches! He spots us, and lands where we are, and Tom—well, there's just no use of my trying to tell you what a landing that was.

"'Howdy, gents,' he says as he climbs down off the front of his bird cage. 'I reckon you're sick 'n' tired of camping out. Who'll get aboard first and fly back to the ranch? You'll jest have to sit on the front wingspar and hang on by your ears—this ain't one of them namby-pamby honeymoon ships.'

"Well, sir, he ferries us out one by one, making the five landings and five take-offs in a place where no other plane or pilot in the world could have flown in a million years."

"Or not for the last twenty years, anyway," I said. "Remember once before, Mulhall, when I said that you could learn a lot from a real old-timer?"

"Yes," replied Mulhall. "And you certainly said a mouthful!"

NEXT morning, when Mulhall and his passengers had departed aboard a tri-motor which had come in during the night, I was taking my leave of Hollinger.

"Ed," I told him as I climbed into my ship, "I don't know how we can ever thank you for this. I wonder if the company can't persuade you to accept a modern cabin ship—a really slick job for you to ride around in, instead of that old wreck of a pusher?"

"Nope," he said. "Much obliged, but I ain't got no use for none of them parlor-and-bath busses. My old bed-slat is good enough for me. But I'll tell you what I wish you would do, Tom."

"What's that?" I asked. "The sky's the limit."

"Well, I wish you'd pledge them folks and your company not to say a word about me. Not a word, understand? Publicity of any kind would just about raise hell with my business."

"Why, what do you mean, Ed? Sheep don't mind publicity."

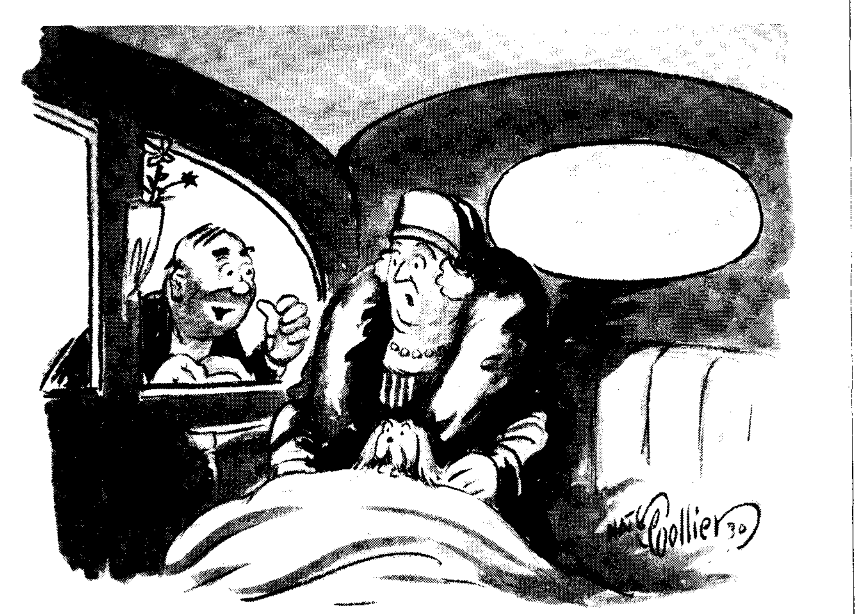
"Sheep your eye!" he snorted. "Say, I bet I don't clear forty thousand a year off'n my sheep. Sheep's only a side line with me, these days. Do you see them silos back there?"

"Yes," I said. "Big ones, aren't they?"

"Yes—they're pretty big even for silos. But they ain't silos at all. Say, I'm up to date, I am! They're the biggest, most modern whisky stills that the world has ever seen."

"Or hasn't seen, you mean," I corrected him, gazing at them in wonder.

"And danged well won't, if I can help it!" chuckled old Ed Hollinger, releasing my hand and slamming the fuselage door.



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Gipp the Great

Continued from page 15

resist the temptation to show his stuff as the crowd yelled: "Gipp! Gipp!" He tore off seventy yards and another touchdown. But the judge's whistle had blown just before Gipp crossed the line. Another penalty for holding.

Gipp strode by the official and quickly remarked: "Next time give me one whistle to stop and two to keep going."

Only against push-overs was he lazy and deliberate, reducing his efforts to a minimum when an easy game was on ice.

The high, dramatic moments of the major battles found him daring, hard-hitting, almost vicious in his attack. What made him a marvel was that no matter how feverishly eager he appeared, he was always internally cold.

Fast Thinking

In the Army game of 1919, the cadets had us at a disadvantage of 9 to 0—and it looked as if they were going to hold it. Towards the end of the first half the Notre Dame quarterback, Joe Brandy, opened up a passing attack—Gipp throwing. This attack culminated with a cannon-ball pass from Gipp to Bahan on the Army's one-yard line. The teams lined up; Larson, at center for us, awaited signals when Gipp called sharply:

"Pass me the ball!"

Gipp had had a flash of the head linesman lifting his horn to blow the end of the half. While both teams looked on in surprise he grabbed the ball from Larson and dove over the goal line for a touchdown. The instant Gipp caught the ball the linesman's horn sounded; but the half wasn't over until the ball was dead, and the ball wasn't dead until the touchdown was made. I've never seen a quicker piece of thinking on the part of a player.

Nor have I ever seen a better balance of versatility—of slow acting as the result of quick thinking—than in perhaps the most grueling game Notre Dame ever played with its toughest Western opponent, Nebraska. This was in 1919. In the opening scrimmages that season we had seven men badly hurt, but they got well enough to go with the squad to Lincoln.

Before ten seconds of the game had passed Gipp, going behind a phalanx of Nebraska players, flipped the ball to Bergman just as he'd flip a cigarette. Bergman, a clear field ahead, ran for a touchdown. War was declared and that game became grim and bruising. Nebraska scored. We went into the second half with a one-point edge, as they had failed at goal. We scored again. But the battering our men were getting had its effect. All available Notre Dame subs were used up by the beginning of the final period. The Nebraska bench was loaded with fresh players, eager to go in.

The Cornhuskers realized they had us on the run, although we led by 14 to 6. They came on stronger than ever as the fourth period opened; threw us back and kicked a goal for three points. The score was 14 to 9, twelve minutes to go and the Notre Dame men were dragging their legs, worn out, and no replacements.

Gipp took command, and the ball.

"Let's stall," he told his quarterback. So they stood talking while the watch ran on. A minute was killed. The referee came up, penalized us five yards.

"Why," said Gipp in indignant surprise, "I thought time was out."

"Think again," said the referee.

In subsequent plays when the rest of the backfield shifted one way Gipp would shift the other and they'd have to do it all over again—all while the watch was running, eating up seconds. Cautioned about that, Gipp pulled another trick. Carrying the ball, he'd let himself be tackled and when he went down he held the other player in a hug and shouted:

"Let me up!"

He took fifteen to twenty seconds before he'd let them let him up. The crowd roared impatiently; the players chafed, seeing precious minutes eaten up by dilatory tactics. Gipp tantalized them by kicking the ball cleverly out of bounds; he urged our quarterback to stutter signals and make them last longer. In brief, he killed minute after minute until the whistle blew and we won.

Nebraska's chagrined coach, good old Henry Schulte, said to Gipp:

"What course do you take at Notre Dame?"

"Plumbing," laughed Gipp.

Gipp delighted in improvising strategy. Nebraska had tasted that before, in 1918, when our first- and second-string quarterbacks were knocked out. Gipp switched to the quarterback position and shouted signals with glorious abandon. He alternated energy with leisureliness. Against Purdue in 1919, on the first play of the second quarter, he ran ninety yards for a touchdown. Content with that burst of energy he was called on to run again; but said, so that the Purdue men could hear:

"Oh, no. Let's pass."

And he passed them dizzy.

Before I forget the Nebraska game in 1918: Gipp took a fancy that another player should make the touchdown. He gave him the ball and the line opened holes. But Nebraska stiffened and was holding us. Gipp passed word to the other halfback to follow him on a line-plunge at Nebraska's ten-yard mark. Gipp carried the player hanging on to his belt across the goal line; but a keen field judge disallowed the score and penalized Notre Dame fifteen yards. He had seen the player towed by Gipp's belt.

Crippled, But Invincible

In game after game Gipp showed the same resourcefulness. Sometimes it succeeded, less often it failed. But his ingenuity and initiative never failed. Nor did his courage. Against Indiana in the game of 1920 we were a beaten team. We thought it would be an easy win. It wasn't. Gipp's shoulder was dislocated. I took him out. The Hoosiers led us 10 to 0 and the game had only minutes to go. The ball went down in a fury of old Notre Dame fighting spirit to Indiana's seven-yard line. The third quarter ended and, by the rules, I could substitute anyone I wanted. Gipp, the cripple, came to me and insisted upon going in. Reluctantly I consented.

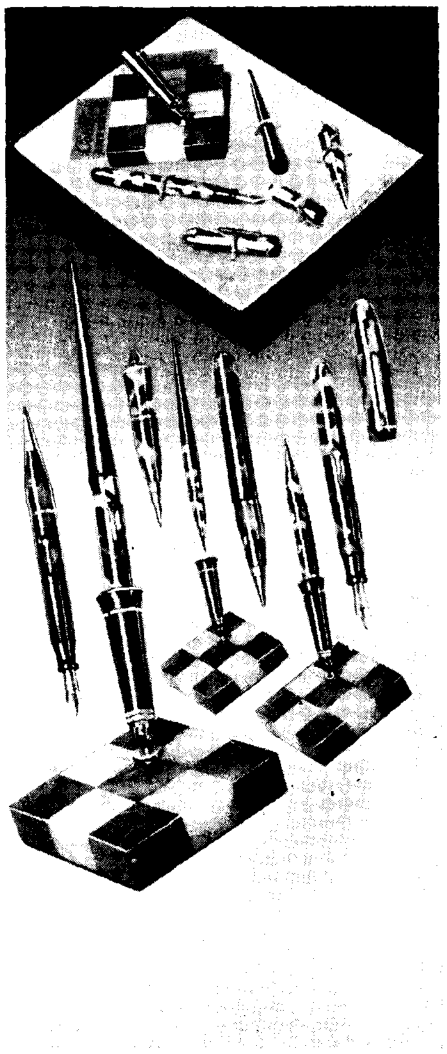
He charged on the field and the stands rose to acclaim. Rarely have I seen a more thrilling sight than those stands, gaunt in dusk, banked thousands, screaming the name of one man—Gipp!

Of course he was marked. The Indiana men, their first victory over us in thirty years smelling sweet in their nostrils, weren't going to let a crippled hero beat them. But the crippled hero had something to say about that. He tried once—disdaining runs, passing. With a smashed shoulder he smashed the line—and failed.

Indiana roared.

He tried again. Taking the ball, he

(*Continued on page 64*)



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BET-U-LOL

(*Continued from page 63*)

crouched into a self-driven battering ram. Smash—and over he went!

But I'm stressing too much the picturesque and dramatic offensive plays that brought George Gipp into the limelight—in which he knew how to comport himself without the slightest increase in self-esteem, or the most remote hint of condescension towards humbler members of the combination on which he played. Gipp was a master of defense as well. And I can say of him what cannot, I believe, be said of any other football player, certainly not of any other Notre Dame player—that not a single forward pass was ever completed in territory defended by George Gipp. He had the timing of a tiger in pouncing on its prey. He never missed.

A great player—what everybody who knew him in and out of school called "a great guy"—Gipp had a weakness. Before I learned at first-hand what it was I had seen a striking exhibition of it in a football game. Those who saw the Army-Notre Dame game in 1920 may remember that at a point when the Army led us by 17 to 14 near the end of the first half Gipp did a strange thing. The quarterback called for a kick, and our men set in motion for formation. Gipp was to kick, and the position sent him behind his own goal line. As even a neophyte knows, when behind your own goal line there is only one orthodox thing to do—and that is kick. The Army, a citadel of orthodox football, knew the kick was coming, and they were pressing to receive it to keep their score ahead of Notre Dame's.

But Gipp was not orthodox. Passing another player, Kiley, on his way to receive the ball he warned him:

"When I get the ball tear ahead. I'll pass it."

Gipp took the snap-back, poised to kick. Army charged. Before a finger could touch him he had side-stepped and thrown the ball forty-five yards to Kiley in a field as free as the ocean. But Kiley, for the first and only time in his career, dropped the ball.

A Great Gambler

That was gambling—absolute gambling. Gipp made amends—for a mistake he hadn't committed—by ripping the Army line to pieces in the second half and putting his team in front for the final count of 27 to 17; but he had proved to me that he was a gambler.

I learned later, after his death, that this was so. I had often wondered why George Gipp, not a rich boy, had always sufficient funds. He was an expert card player, an expert billiard player—expert as he would have been in almost anything he took up. It was his pastime to go to rendezvous of visiting gentlemen of the trade and beat them at their own games.

Superficially it never affected his training, for his physical condition seemed splendid always. He could sprint a hundred yards in 10⅕ seconds any and every day. But on a damp, freezing afternoon he contracted an infected sore throat. The whole city of South Bend joined the crowded university in anxiety over Gipp.

The lad never knew how personally popular he was among and above a popular team. When Grantland Rice and other prominent sports writers went for the first time to West Point to report an Army-Notre Dame game and to view this wonder-man Gipp, their staccato praise the next day meant little to him. An ordinarily self-appreciative player would have bought every newspaper in sight and read the clippings until he'd memorized them backwards. Gipp didn't even read them once! So far as I'm aware he never posed for a photograph. The only photo I have of him is one snapped on the playing field.

It became national news when George Gipp died. But that was only the measure of his athletic celebrity.

What was never in the news was his utter gameness.

I bent over this boy of twenty-three—who had scaled the glamorous heights of all boyhood dreams by shining as a national football hero. The White Sox had just bid for his baseball service on graduation. Walter Camp had just named him All-America fullback.

Just One for the Gipper

"It's pretty tough to go," said someone at the bedside.

"What's tough about it?" Gipp smiled up at us feebly. "I've no complaint."

He turned to me.

"I've got to go, Rock," he said. "It's all right. I'm not afraid." His eyes brightened in a frame of pallor. "Some time, Rock," he said, "when the team's up against it, when things are wrong and the breaks are beating the boys—tell them to go in there with all they've got and win just one for the Gipper. I don't know where I'll be then, Rock. But I'll know about it, and I'll be happy."

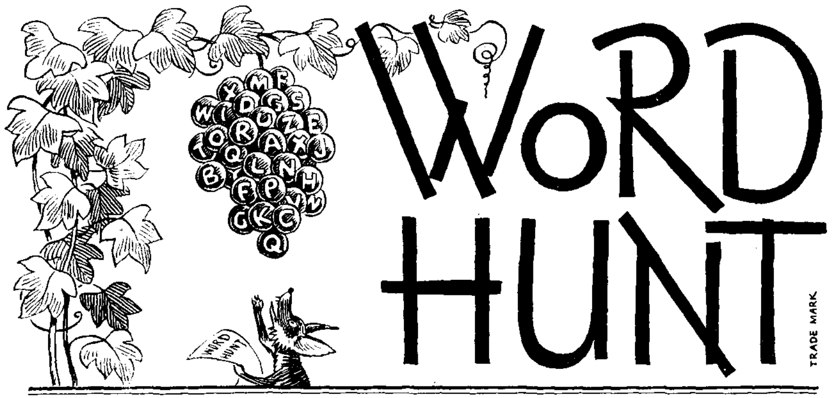
In 1928 the team had a tough season—a punishing season—cracked by Wisconsin in its second game, licked by Georgia Tech. All but demoralized. Then came the Army—Gipp's old love and hate. The cadets had spread ruin almost everywhere that year. And they were out to give Notre Dame the beating of years. At the half we were even, 0-0.

For the first time since Gipp's death I told the boys what he had said. These lads on that 1928 team had never met Gipp—had never seen him. But Gipp is a legend in Notre Dame. Every football writer at that half time said that Notre Dame would be beaten badly. It looked as if we were weakening. But the boys came out for the second half exalted, inspired, overpowering. They won. As Chevigny slashed through for the winning touchdown he said: "That's one for the Gipper!"

A boy does well indeed who, so young, leaves the clean glory of a name behind.

May his soul rest in peace!

Another article by Mr. Rockne, To Shift or Not to Shift, will appear in Collier's for next week



In the English language there are exactly eight words (each having just eight letters) that begin with the letters E·M·B·A. One of them is EMBATTLE. You supply the others.

1	E	M	B	A	T	T	L	E	To arrange in order of battle; also, to prepare for battle. Also, to furnish with battlements.
2	E	M	B	A					Gone on board a vessel or boat. Also, engaged, enlisted or invested in any affair.
3	E	M	B	A					Shutting in, or sheltering, as in a bay. Also, forming into a bay or bays.
4	E	M	B	A					Inclosed securely as with bars. Stopped; blocked up.
5	E	M	B	A					Protected by a bank, as of earth.
6	E	M	B	A					To put into a barrel.
7	E	M	B	A					One that embalms.
8	E	M	B	A					Treated with special preparations in order to preserve from decay, as a dead body. Preserved from decay.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for November 15th

1. Dustier
2. Duskier
3. Duskish
4. Dustily
5. Duskily
6. Dustbin
7. Dustuck
8. Dustman
9. Dustoor
10. Dustpan
11. Dusting

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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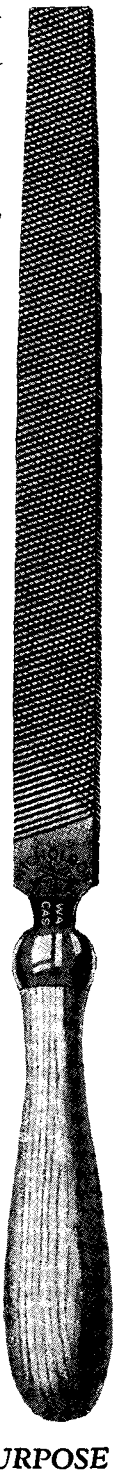

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Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 21

"Come on!" yelled Jim to those behind. "Run for it! Our only chance!" And charging after the galloping pack horses ahead, he let Bay find the way and threw up his rifle.

The distance to the pursuing horsemen above was close to four hundred yards—a long shot with the .44 rifle from a horse. Heeseman's outfit had the upper hand. They could stand or kneel and shoot. Apparently they saw their advantage, for they did not take to cover.

Jim had a quarter of a mile to ride to pass the corner ahead to safety. The pack horses were scattered, tearing up the canyon. Jim gained on them. Then he began to shoot, aiming as best he could at that swift pace.

ONE of his first shots hit a horse, and his seventh connected with a rider, who plunged like a crippled rabbit back out of sight. The others of Heeseman's outfit took alarm, dodged here and there to hide, or ran back. Jim emptied the magazine of his rifle just before he passed round into the zone of safety. Neither Hays nor the two with him were visible, but the canyon ahead had another sharp turn.

Jim hauled Bay to a halt, and soon the pack horses galloped by, every pack riding well. From below came the slackening bellow of guns. Lincoln dashed into sight first, closely followed by Mac, Happy Jack and Jeff, all with guns smoking. And lastly came Slocum, hatless, blood on his face, to rein his mount among them.

"Smoky, did they—git you?" queried Lincoln, in alarm.

"Jest barked," panted Slocum. "If we could only—fight it out! . . . Looks all right ahead. Load yer guns—an' ride on!"

Around the next turn they came upon Hays and his two riders. The pack horses had slowed down behind them. With another big intersecting canyon on the right, it looked as if their pursuers were held up.

"Fellers, Heeseman will have to go back," declared Lincoln. "Thet'll take hours. I reckon Hank knowed what he was about."

"Wal, thet was a hell of a close shave," replied Smoky. "Bullet hit my rifle an' glanced—skimmin' me over the ear. Anybody hurt?"

"Latimer," replied Jim. "I saw him knocked off his horse. But he was up, like a cat, and on again."

"Ahuh. Luck's with us. Say, it's hot. If we don't come to thet river soon we're cooked."

Deeper and deeper grew the canyon, until its ragged, crumbling, colored walls, as denuded as the dry floor, rose three hundred feet, and everywhere slides and shelves of soil hung ready for an avalanche.

Mid-afternoon found the fugitives entering a less constricted area, where sunlight and open ahead attested to the vicinity of a wider canyon, surely the Dirty Devil. And so it proved. Mudholes appeared in the stream bed, and at last pools of clear water, from which the thirsty horses could scarcely be dragged.

Then Red Canyon joined that of the Dirty Devil, a union which was startling in its nakedness. All was drab gray, yellow and red with the sullen river running shallowly over sandbars.

Hays waited for his riders and the pack animals to reach him.

"Cinch up an' look to the packs," he ordered. "We've hell ahead, but nothin' no more behind."

"Hank, air you aimin' for thet roost you always give us a hunch about but never produced?" asked Slocum.

"I've saved it up, Smoky, fer jest some such deal as this. . . . Pile off now. Once we hit the quicksand we cain't stop fer nothin' or nobody. Look to saddles an' packs."

The riders complied. Jim, over the back of his horse, watched Miss Herrick. She was tiring and her head drooped.

"Fellers, listen," began Hays. "The river's low. I was afeared it might be up. It ought to be, 'cause by now the snow must be meltin'. Luck shore is with us. Wal, jest foller me. Drive the pack hosses fast as they'll go. Don't stop for nothin'."

He laid a rude hand on Miss Herrick. "Git on, an' don't let me hear any more squawks out of you."

The robber took up her halter and, straddling his horse, he spurred into the muddy stream. The going looked worse than it was. There was quicksand, but it had a stiff crust; it bent but broke only as the hoofs of the horses were being withdrawn.

Hays led into the middle of the river and then turned downstream.

An hour later, he turned into a crack that could not be seen a hundred yards back, and when Jim reached it he was amazed to see the robber leading up another narrow gorge, down which ran another swift, narrow stream. Jim appreciated that a man would have had to know where this entrance was, or he could never have found it. The opening was hidden by a point of wall which curved out and around. It opened down the river, and against the dark shade there was not visible from the opposite side of the canyon or from up-river any line of demarcation to show this secret gateway, which undoubtedly led into the wildest part of the brakes.

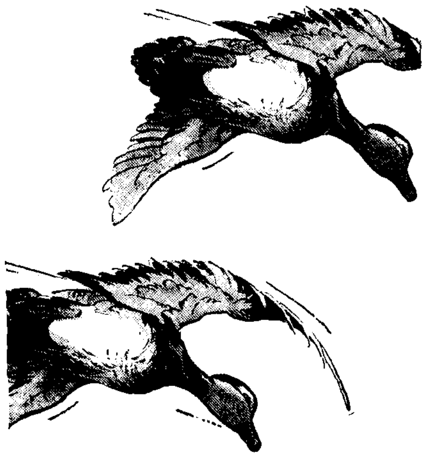
This gash wound like a snake into the bowels of the colored, overhanging earth; and part of the time Jim could not see Hays ahead nor more than a few of the pack horses behind. At last, at a point where the walls were scarcely a hundred feet high, the canyon forked. Hays took the left fork, which was dry. And darkness soon hid from Jim any distinct features.

TWO long hours later Hays led up out of the boxing canyon. A hummocky, lonely, black and gray landscape rolled away on every side to the horizon of stars. Up and down, on through grass and weeds, across flats and ridges, the robber led for two or more hours longer, until Jim began to wonder how much more the pack horses could stand. Then abruptly they began to descend into a black, round hole the dimensions of which were vague. Presently they reached a bottom from which weird, black, bold walls stood up, ragged of rim against the sky. Jim felt thick grass under his feet. He smelled damp earth; he heard a rustle of cottonwood leaves.

"Hyar we air," called out Hays. "Throw saddles an' packs. Let the hosses go. No fear of hosses ever leavin' this place."

Jim alone heard the chief and he passed the word back to his nearest follower, and presently the pack horses stood drooping, gray-backed in the gloom, where Jim's night-owl eyes discerned Hays lifting Miss Herrick off her horse and half carrying her off toward the rustling cottonwoods. Jim, making pretense of leading his horse,

(*Continued on page 66*)



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(*Continued from page 65*)

followed until Hays stopped at the border of what appeared a round grove of cottonwoods impenetrable to the sight. He heard the tinkle of water near and a musical flow farther away and down.

"Oh, for God's sake—let *go* of me!" gasped the girl, and sank down on the grass.

"You may as wal get used to *thet*," replied Hays, in low voice. "Do you want anythin' to eat?"

"Water—only water. I'm—choking."

"I'll fetch some an' a bed fer you."

Little did Hays realize, as he strode back to the horses, that Jim stood there in the gloom, a clutching hand on his gun and mad lust for blood in his heart. Jim knew he meant to kill Hays. Why not now? But as before he had the sagacity and the will to resist a terrible craving.

With nerveless hands he unpacked his outfit, and turned the wet, raw-shouldered pack animal free with the others. Then he sat down upon his bed roll, exhausted, and gazed around him. He appeared to be down in a round hole, the circular walls of which stood up a hundred or more feet above him. Only a couple of notches, one V-shaped and large, to the west, and another small and shallow, to the north, broke the level rim of the insulating walls. The stars turned very white in a dark blue sky. The low voices of the men and rattle of packs and the cutting sound of horses grazing seemed only to make the deep silence more permeating. The place fascinated. An owl hooted down somewhere in a canyon, and far away a wolf bayed bloodthirstily.

SOON a crackle of fire turned Jim to see a growing light, and dark forms of men. Happy Jack was whistling. His cheerfulness was irritating. Could nothing upset him, tire him? Jim waited until he saw Hays go to the camp fire, and then he, too, joined the men.

"Boss, any guard tonight?" asked Lincoln.

"Nope. We won't stand guard except in daytime," replied the robber. "To-morrow I'll show you the lay of the land."

"What kind of a roost is it, Hank? Anythin' like thet Dragon Canyon?"

"No, indeed. I seen thet place once. It's a cave high up—forty feet mebbe, from the canyon bed. You have to go up on a pole with steps cut in. But I was never up. Only one outlet to thet burrow, an' thet's by the same way you come. This roost has four. We could never be ketched in a hundred years."

"Hank, how'd the lady stand the ride?"

"She's all in."

"Gosh, no wonder. Thet was a job fer men."

"Reckon I'll put up the little tent fer my lady guest."

"Say, Hank, do you aim to leave her there alone?" queried Smoky. His tone was peculiar.

"Yes, if it's any of your mix," returned Hays, after a considerable pause.

"Ahuh. Much obliged. I was jest curious."

"Hank, how'n hell air you goin' to collect thet ransom now?" inquired Lincoln.

"Damn' if I know. Heeseman shore spoiled my plan. But I'll make another, an' after we lay low a while I can work it."

"Ump-umm!" muttered Smoky, as if to himself.

That concluded the conversation for the moment. Happy Jack gave each one a cup of coffee, a slice of cold meat and a biscuit.

"Wal, thet's better," said Hays, presently. "Now, Sparrow, I'm goin' to look after your wound."

"Wait till daylight, boss. I'm restin' tolerable comfortable," replied Latimer.

"You know thet's bad. When blood poisonin' sets in it does it quick. I'll go get my salve an' some clean linen. Stir up the fire, Jack. An' have me two pans of hot water, one of them boilin' hot."

Jim watched the robber chief minister to the wounded Latimer. He was cold-blooded and methodical, but his earnestness and solicitude were not to be questioned. While he was bandaging the wound Jim stole away in the darkness toward where the chief had left his prisoner. He did not run great risk of detection because he could see all within the camp fire's circle of light, while it would be impossible for anyone from there to discern him out in the blackness.

IT WAS dark as pitch toward the grove of cottonwoods, which were shadowed by the bluff, here very close. The rustling of the leaves and the tinkle of water guided Jim. There was also a first tiny peeping of spring frogs.

At length Jim located gray objects against the black grass. He stole closer.

"Where are you, Miss Herrick?" he called in a tense whisper. "It's Jim Wall."

He heard a sound made by boots scraping on canvas. Peering sharply he finally located her sitting up on a half-unrolled bed, and he dropped on one knee. Her eyes appeared unnaturally large and black in her white face.

"Oh, you must be careful. He said he'd shoot any man who came near me," she whispered.

"He would—if he could. But he'll never kill me, Miss Herrick," Jim whispered back. "I want to tell you I'll get you out of this some way or other. Keep up your courage. Fight him—if—"

"I felt you'd—save me," she interrupted, her soft voice breaking. "Oh, if I had only listened to you! But I wasn't afraid. I left both my door and windows open. That's how they got in. I ordered them out. But he made that Sparrow man point a gun at me. He jerked me out of bed—tearing my nightgown all but off—throwing me on the floor. I was half stunned. Then he ordered me to dress to ride. I ran in my closet. But he kept the door open. . . ."

"I saw him pawing you," said Jim, under his breath.

"Yes—yes. He never loses an opportunity. I—I'm sick. I begin to fear this talk of ransom is only a blind. He robbed me, and—"

"I tell you to keep your nerve," interposed Jim, with a backward glance toward the camp fire. "But I'll not deceive you. Hank Hays is capable of anything. His men are loyal. Except me. I'm with them, though I don't belong to the outfit. I could kill him any time, but I'd have to fight the rest. The odds are too great. I'd never save you *that* way. You must help me play for time—till opportunity offers."

"I trust you—I'll do as you say. . . . Oh, thank you."

"You said he robbed you?" went on Jim, with another look back at camp. Hays was standing erect.

"Yes. I had four thousand pounds in American currency. The Sparrowhawk man found it—also my jewelry. . . . Another thing which worries me now—he made me pack a bundle of clothes, my toilet articles—"

"Ahuh. But where was Herrick all this while?"

"They said they had tied him up in the living-room," she went on hurriedly. "Oh, I should never, never have come to Utah!"

"How much money did Herrick have on hand?"

"I don't know, but considerable."

"Where did he keep it?"

"I have no idea. We Herricks are careless with money."

"It is a good bet he robbed your brother, too. That'd make this ransom deal look fishy, even if there were nothing else."

"Oh, what am I to do?" she moaned. "I'm utterly at his mercy."

"It's hell, Miss Herrick. But you were warned. Now you must take your medicine, as we say out here. If life means so much to you I can save that, sooner or later. Even that depends on my playing along with Hays and his men until something turns up. Heeseman's outfit is after us, as you certainly know. They may find us. I hope they do. . . . But for the rest—your—your womanhood. . . ."

"My God! . . . But you could kill me!"

"I couldn't—I simply couldn't. . . . I love you myself. . . ."

"There! He is coming. Go—go! You are my only hope."

Without a look Jim rose to glide away along the grove. He made no sound. The darkness cloaked him. Once it nearly proved his undoing, for only in the nick of time did he sense that he was on the verge of a gully. This proved to be behind the grove and between it and the wall. He heard water down there. Hays' deep voice floated to him from the other direction. Circling to the left he got on higher ground, from which he saw the camp fire again. The horses were grazing near.

Jim paced to and fro. This was not the thing for him to do. Suppose Hays or Smoky should discover him! If they concluded that he was thinking too much they would be right. Jim sought his bed and crawled into it.

He had committed himself. He had sworn to save this girl from Hank Hays. He loved the fair-skinned golden-haired girl, but in any case he would have saved her. Once or twice at Star Ranch he had answered to old memories and instincts; he had beaten down in their very inception the promptings of his longing to make love to her. But Miss Herrick at home, with her brother, and in the light of her position and class, was a tremendously different person from a girl captive, in the hands of a robber, out in the wilderness.

Jim Wall realized, as he lay under the pitiless white watching stars, that if Miss Herrick were kept there by force for a week or a month, subject to the jest and scrutiny of these robbers, she would surely suffer mentally and physically from such an ordeal.

EVERY day to see her shining hair, her white face and wonderful eyes—that could never lose their beauty! Every night, perhaps, in the dead silence of this weirdly isolated place, to fear to hear her cry. It would be too much.

Moreover, Jim realized that when Hank Hays stole this girl from her home he had broken the law of his band, he had betrayed them, he had doomed himself. No matter what loyalty they felt for Hays, the woman would change it. Her presence alone meant disintegration, disruption and death.

At length sleep came to Jim. Morning disclosed as remarkable a place as Jim had ever seen. The air was fresh, fragrant, and not at all cold. Mockingbirds, blackbirds, and meadowlarks were mingling their melodies, more wildly sweet for this solitude. The new leaves of the cottonweeds were turning a thousand shining faces to the sun.

Jim gazed around, and then got up to see if the place was real or only a dream. But it magnified reality. Below him the little gray tent Hays had raised for his captive had been pitched against the grove of cottonwoods, which occupied a

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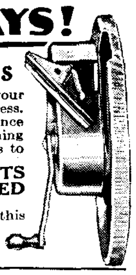

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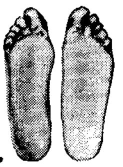

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PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

terrace and was composed of perhaps fifty trees, none of them old or even matured. One half of the trees stood considerably higher than the other, which fact indicated rather a steep bank running through the middle of the grove. The luxuriant jungle of vines, ferns, flowers, moss and grass on that bank was eloquent of water.

This grove was on a point that was separated from the wall on each side by a deep gully. But these gullies ended abruptly where the point spread into the oval floor of the hole. Also both gullies opened into a canyon below, dark-walled, rugged and deep, winding out of sight. Looking the other way Jim saw some of the men at the camp fire, among them Hays. Beyond them rose a wall of white, gray and reddish stone, worn by erosion into fantastic shapes. This cliff, on the other side, was red and gray, more precipitous, with shelves and benches covered with moss and cactus and flowers. Farther up a gorge split the cliff, and Jim was reminded of what Hays had said about outlets to their burrow. There was also, on the other side, the steep entrance down which Hays had come to get into this fascinating place.

THE inclosed oval contained perhaps twenty-five acres of level sward, as grassy as any pasture; and at the far end the walls slanted down to a wide gateway, through which a long brush-dotted valley led to gray, speckled slopes. The walls all around were veined with ledges.

Evidently the horses had grazed on out of this hole, which fact spoke volumes for the grass farther on. Jim made the discovery that the middle of the oasis contained a knoll, considerably higher than its margins. Aside from the features that made this retreat ideal for robbers, and to which they naturally would give prominence in calculations, it was amazing in its fertility, in its protected isolation, and in the brilliance of its many colors.

Jim strode over to the camp fire to wash. "Good morning, men. Wonderful place this is of Hank's. I don't care how long we stay here."

"Hell gettin' in, but shore good now," replied someone.

"How's Sparrowhawk?" asked Jim.

"Stopped bleedin'." It was Hays who answered this time. "If fever don't set in he'll pull through. But I gotta dig out thet bullet an' I'm plumb feared I can't."

"Let it be a while. How's our prisoner?"

"Say, all you fellers askin' me thet. Fact is, I don't know. She was dead to the world last night."

"Let her sleep, poor girl. That was an awful ride."

"After grub we'll climb up an' look our roost over," announced Hays presently. "You can't appreciate it down here. Thet gully below is one way out an' I reckon the best. There's a waterfall about fifty feet high an' it looks impassable. But it ain't, as I found out by accident. There's a slant thet you can slide a hoss down. It's slippery an' mossy under the water an' takes nerve to put a hoss to it. I reckon anyone foller'n us could do the same, if they saw our tracks. Thet gully heads into the one we took up from the Dirty Devil. Shore we could go back by the canyon we come up last night. A third way out is up the draw an' thet peters out on the uplands. An' there's a fourth way out, by thet north gap. But if we took it I reckon we'd get lost in the canyons."

"It certainly is a great robbers' roost," agreed Jim, wiping his face. "If we get surprised we'll simply go out on the other side."

"Wal, we jest can't be surprised," said Hays, complacently. "One lookout with a glass can watch all the approaches, an' long before anybody could get close we'd be on our hosses an' gone."

"But, Hank, you fetched us hyar in the dark," said Smoky.

"Shore, but it wasn't easy. I was lost a dozen times. An' I knowed the way."

"Ahuh. Did any other men know this place?"

"Yes, but they're dead."

"Dead men don't track nobody, thet's shore," said Smoky. "But, Hank, I wouldn't swear nobody at all could never track us in hyar. What you think, Brad?"

"It would take a lot of nerve to tackle thet Dirty Devil," replied Lincoln.

"What d'you say, Jim?"

"If I was Heeseman and had seen you, as he sure saw us, I'd find you in three days," returned Jim, deliberately. "Provided, of course, I had pack horses and supplies."

"Wall, I'll bet you two to one thet you can't even git out of here," declared Hays.

"Why, man, you just told us all how to get out."

"Down the gully, yes. But you've never seen it an' you'd shore be stuck . . . Wal, we'll keep watch durin' daylight. What's your idee about keepin' watch? One man's enough. Two hours on an' ten off? Or four on, an' every other day?"

"I'd like the four-hour watch better," replied Jim.

"Me too."

"Reckon thet'd suit."

"Wal, four hours on it'll be then," asserted Hays. "An', Jim, seein' as you spoke up so keen, you can have first watch. There absolutely ain't no need of any watch before breakfast."

"Hays, don't forget thet *you* got here after nightfall, an' some other man might," said the pessimistic Lincoln.

At breakfast Hays departed from his habit of silence and talked, betraying to the thoughtful Jim the presence of excitement. He repeated himself about the security of the place and sought to allay any doubts in the minds of his men.

"It'll be hotter'n blazes down here in summer," he said. "An' it rains. Say but it rains! Course you'all got a hunch of thet from the cut-up canyons we come through. An' never be ketched in any of them when it rains hard. . . . I'll build some kind of a shack, an' we'll need a shelter to eat an' gamble under, an' as fer sleepin' dry there's some shelvin' cliffs thet air as good as cabins. So after eatin' I'll show you the lay of the land from up on top. We'll leave Jim on guard, and start to work."

IT CHANCED that during the part of this speech referring to shelter Jim happened to see Smoky and Brad Lincoln look at each other in a peculiar way. They did not change glances. They merely had the same thought in mind, and Jim wagered he had caught it.

"Fellers," Hays said at the end of the meal, and his impressiveness was marked, "I forgot to tell you thet we took a little money from Herrick. I'll make a divvy on thet today."

This news was received with manifest satisfaction.

"How much, about, Hank?" asked Bridges, eagerly.

"Not much. I didn't count. Reckon a couple thousand each."

"Whew! Thet added to what I've got will make me flush. An' I'm gonna keep it."

"Hank, as there's no deal in sight all summer, an' mebbe not then, we can gamble, huh?"

"Gamble yourselves black in the face,

(*Continued on page 68*)

Yes... water is WET

...but it makes your scalp DRY

IF you need an object lesson, just forget to dry your hands when you wash them. See how harsh and dry and scaly your skin becomes! Do you wonder that men lose their hair? Sloshing water on morning after morning!

Make this test for 30 days

Wet the hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic every morning. Massage the scalp vigorously, then comb and brush the hair. In a month or less you'll see a decided change. No dandruff, no itching, no harsh dryness of scalp and hair.

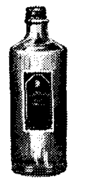
For very dry scalps

A little Wildroot Hair Dress applied with Wildroot Hair Tonic a few times a week will aid in grooming the hair and will add the necessary healthful oil everyone's scalp needs. You can get this and other Wildroot products at drug stores, department stores, barbers or hair-dressers everywhere. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

P. S. Try Wildroot Shampoo.
You get more for your money.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic
SHAMPOO . . . WAVE SET . . . HAIR DRESS

Tune in on the Wildroot program, every Wednesday morning, 10:45, Eastern Standard time, N. B. C. Red Network.



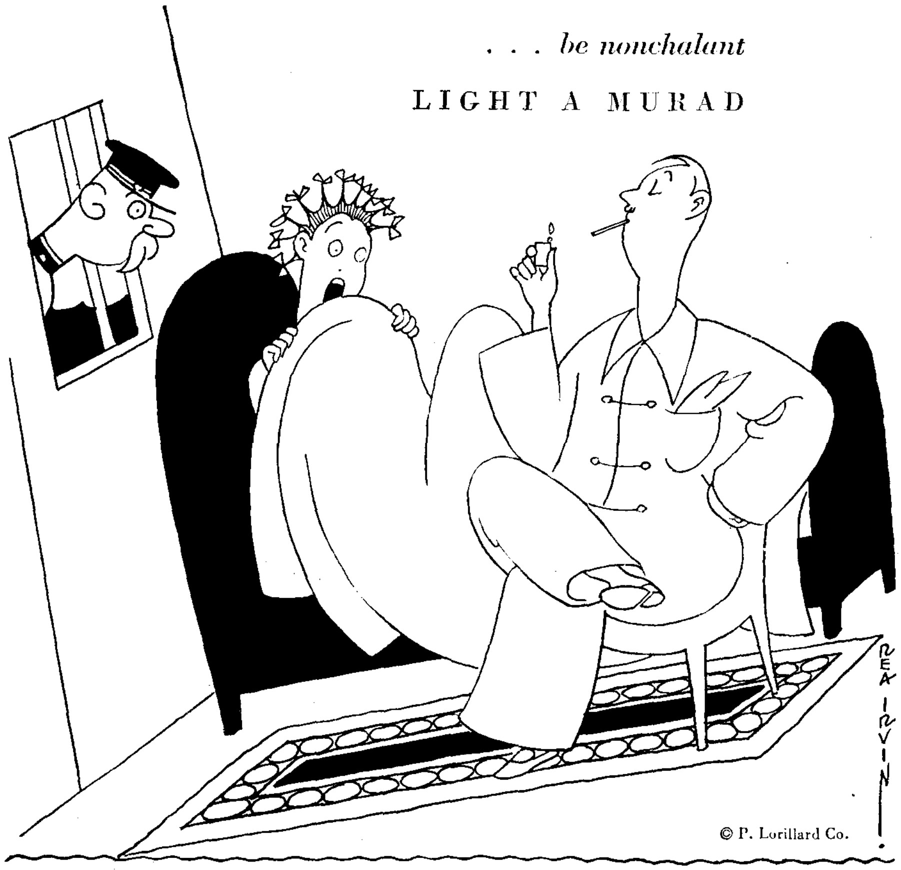
LE MOMENT ALARMANT

[THE ALARMING MOMENT]

When, quite by accident, you have wandered into the wrong "cabine" (state room)

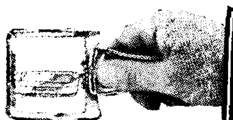
. . . *be nonchalant*

LIGHT A MURAD



© P. Lorillard Co.

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS



Keeps a Razor Blade SHARP for a Year!

KEENEX Razor Sharpener

A unique device that grinds a new edge on the dullest razor blade and makes it as keen as ever. Use it once a week and *you'll always be sure of a clean, easy shave.* Does away with nuisance of daily stropping. Takes only 20 seconds to make the dullest blade so sharp that it will split a hair.

Makes Old Blades as Good as New!

Write for TRIAL OFFER

Get a KEENEX Sharpener and you can use your old blades for years to come. Costs no more than an ordinary stropper, yet makes a single blade last a whole year. Pays for itself several times over in cost of blades. Guaranteed for 5 years—but lasts a lifetime. Get one today at your dealer's—or write for Special Trial Offer for a limited time.

The Keenex Razor Sharpener Co.
3248 Monroe St. Toledo, Ohio

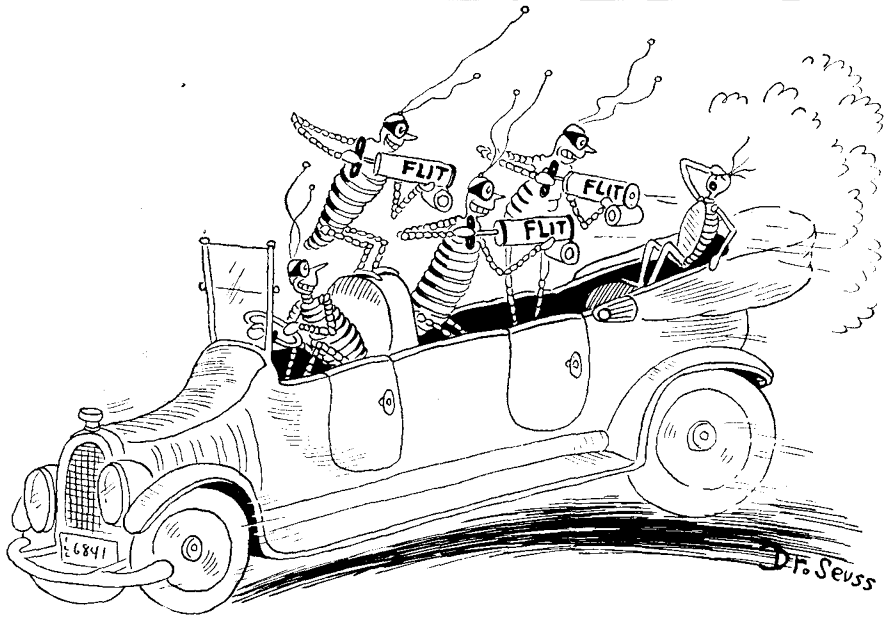
AMERICAN PRINTED STATIONERY

200 note sheets (size 6 x 7) and 100 envelopes—all neatly printed with your name and address (as described over Station W L W). All orders filled immediately. *Your money returned if you* are not thoroughly pleased. Try a box of this world-famous, high quality stationery. ***"You'll never be sorry."***

$1.00 POSTPAID

LISTEN to the humorous and enlightening observations on "events of the day" by Frederick Landis in his amusing program, "The Hoosier Editor," every Friday at 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time over station **WLW**

AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.
100 Park Ave. PERU INDIANA



A Gang of Racketeer Insects Takes a Bug for a Ride.

(*Continued from page 67*)

provided there's no fightin'. It's good we haven't any likker."

"Boss, I forgot to tell you thet I bought a couple of jugs at the junction," spoke up Smoky, contritely.

"Wal, no matter, only it 'pears we're all forgettin' things," said the leader, somewhat testily.

"It shore do," rejoined Lincoln. "Hank, when're you aimin' to collect ransom fer the girl?"

"Not while thet hard-shootin' outfit is campin' on our trail, an' don't you fergit it."

"Brad, so long's the boss had honest intentions we can't kick about how the deal's worked out," said Jim, thinking it wise not to be always silent.

"No—so long's he had," admitted Smoky, casually. But Lincoln did not reply.

Later Jim caught Smoky aside, digging into his pack, and approached him to whisper:

"Smoky, I wish we had time to talk. But I'll say this right from the shoulder: It's up to you and me to see no harm comes to this girl."

"Why you an' *me,* Jim?" returned Smoky, his penetrating eyes on Wall's.

"That's why I wish I had time to talk. But you've got to take me straight. If I wasn't here you'd do your best for her—that's my hunch. . . . Shoot now, quick! Hays is suspicious as hell."

"Wal, yore a sharp cuss, Jim," returned Smoky, going back to his pack. "I'm with you. One of us has always got to be heah in camp, day an' night. Do you savvy?"

"Yes. . . . Thanks, Smoky. Somehow I'd have sworn by you," replied Jim, hurriedly, and retraced his steps to the fire.

(*To be continued next week*)

Smart Young Woman

Continued from page 22

the vice-presidency of Best & Co., one of New York's great stores. She is not only vice president in charge of advertising and sales promotion but one of the corporation's five directors. Her income, aside from her stock dividends (and she is one of the largest stockholders) is wholly in keeping with her success. This leaves you free to use your imagination.

Mary Lewis' first advertising copy made use of a new and increasingly popular slogan—Made in America. It was 1918. The war was collapsing beneath its own weight. Manufacturers, peering sharply into the future through the smoke, foresaw a new industrial and commercial deal; that that nation would capture the world's abandoned market places who got there first with the greatest variety of merchandise.

The merchandise which Mary Lewis sought to write about was domestic materials—Made in America. Why not, her copy demanded, furnish the American summer home with furniture made in America?

The Right Job at Last

Somehow, her enthusiastic and patriotic advertisement did not come to the desk of the head of her department until it was too late (or he was too weary) to change it. But he was pretty certain a great mistake had been written. In short, Mary Lewis' first advertisement was, in his opinion, rotten, pointless and so forth. All of which he said—but let it go.

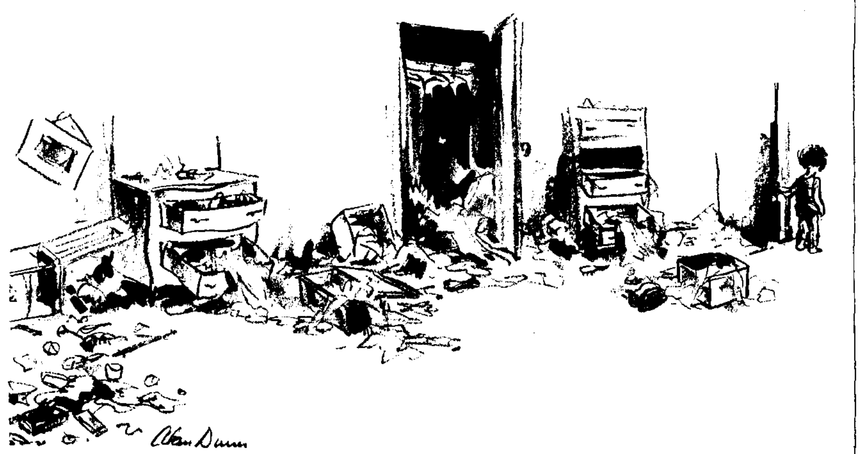
But on the following day Women's Wear, a daily newspaper devoted to the interests of the garment trade, reproduced Mary Lewis' advertisement with highly flattering comment. The sum and substance thereof was that it was a swell advertisement in the temper of the day and that Macy's might be congratulated.

Then the layout man resigned. Whereat Mary set about studying typography, that most beautiful art whereby even the idlest of phrases may be given life and health. And, what amounted for her to a stroke of great luck, the advertising manager marched off to war, leaving the department without an experienced head. With no director to guide her, Miss Lewis wrote advertisements as she believed they should be written. Unhobbled by conventional supervision and left to her own natural devices, she broke every advertising law she caught up with.

But presently the advertising manager returned. Changes were made in his department. Miss Lewis found it somewhat difficult to accept some of them with proper enthusiasm, so she decided to quit.

She recalled that in June, Mr. Philip Le Boutillier of Best & Co. (he is now president) had offered her a job. She had rejected it because, at that time, she could see the future clear from her office at Macy's. But now her field had been shortened and, therefore, her opportunity limited. So she went to Best's for sixty-five dollars a week.

Mr. Le Boutillier told her, among other things, that if she could write advertising that fetched customers to the aisles of Best's in increasing numbers and could otherwise make it simpler and sweeter for customers to purchase more and more merchandise



"Oh, Ma—Ma! You've hidden the candy, haven't you?"

in his store, he would ask no more. He told her that ideas toward these desirable ends would always be welcome.

Whereat Mary Lewis devoted herself to two fundamentals of advertising and sales promotion—to know your merchandise and to know what is going on outside the store. For example, there was that obscure paragraph in a popular magazine wherein it was said that it was not only comfortable but smart to wear gloves two sizes too large for you. So, going outside the big spreads in the newspapers, she took small, column-width spaces wherein she set forth the chic of gloves two sizes too large for your hand. Glove sales flourished in Best's.

By keeping her clear blue eyes and her mind wide open, by talking, listening and giving her adequate imagination plenty of room and by going places and seeing things, she caught the first faint hints that sports clothes—sports clothes for morning, noon and night—so dear for so long to English women, were about to catch the fancy of American women. She had a few made—a copy of a Chanel jersey suit at $29.50, for example—and put them in the window. She sent some to Palm Beach—pink ones, because she knew that, for some reason, Palm Beach was about to go pink that season. They were bought so quickly that she ordered hugely.

A Triumph in Hats

But I have it on the authority of Miss Lewis that it was a hat that was, appropriately enough, her crowning victory. American womanhood was cutting off its crowning glory. Bobbed hair! Mary Lewis knew that it was not a fad, that it had stout reason behind it, that it was with us for good.

She realized, too, that short hair was going to change the millinery business, that, now that we'd got down to within measuring distance of the feminine skull, women's hats were going to come in sizes, like men's, and that, inasmuch as women had got rid of their tresses for comfort, they were going to demand hats which aided and abetted their quest for ease.

She was bending her nimble brain to the problem when a friend entered her office—Miss Betty Thornley. Miss Thornley was agitated. In her hands she held an English magazine which contained pictures of pleasant-looking English women wearing a simple cloche hat. Some of the wearers of that hat were slim and some were exceedingly hefty. Some hovered around the five-foot mark and others towered like the stately elms of England. But the hat suited all of them. Smart, too.

Within ten minutes a cablegram had gone from Mary Lewis' desk and was well on its way to the London office. And in obedience to that message the London office secured for Best's the American agency for that hat. The first shipment of that felt cloche was one hundred. Eighty were sold the first morning at fifteen dollars a hat. Miss Lewis wrote the advertisement—"the hat the fashionable women of England are wearing." A hundred a week were ordered. They were sold in half a week. Then they came in colors and women bought one for every dress they owned.

The price never decreased. The hat is fifteen dollars today and still going strong. A whole year passed before Mary Lewis' competitors went to England and tried to corner its duplicate. And by this time this enterprising girl had sold American women on sweaters—sweaters for morning, noon, afternoon and night.

It was about this time that the American cotton growers discovered themselves bemired in an almost unprecedented slump. Buy a Bale of Cotton was the slogan. Buy Cotton Dresses. They tried a thousand and one ways to save themselves from the depression—and were failing fast. Women were not wearing cotton dresses and apparently weren't going to.

But it became fixed in Mary Lewis' mind that the women *would* buy cotton dresses provided they were well-made, simply and smartly cut. Cotton dresses would fit the American summer scene and the boyish fashions of that hour.

So at her suggestion Best's brought out a cotton frock—the Shirtmaker frock made of a famous shirting madras. An agreement with the manufacturer was drawn, binding him to sell that particular weave and fabric to Best's only. Miss Lewis had guessed right. The cotton frock was a huge success, even though the price was nineteen-fifty, considered an outrageous figure for cotton dresses which were usually for house wear.

We can't mention all of her successes. But we may set down what happened one day when, walking through the store, she heard a woman buying a heavy sports suit for a month at Lake Placid. It was winter. The suit bought, the lady spoke of a hat. Hats, they told her, could be purchased with gratifying success two floors below. The lady wasn't pleased. She didn't like all this traveling from floor to floor to purchase her winter sports outfit—suits here, hats there, shoes yonder and gloves three floors down and five aisles over. In her opinion it was nonsense and inconvenient and she was all tired out anyway, which was why she was going to Lake Placid.

But by this time Mary Lewis was back in her office thoroughly agreeing with the irritated customer. Why not little shops within the big store? Why not everything for Lake Placid in one corner, in a little shop suitably and suggestively decorated? Why not a Palm Beach shop? Why not—?

Mr. Le Boutillier echoed her question and told her to go ahead. And thereafter the woman bound for Florida, the Adirondacks, or wherever it might be, had but to enter these concentrated shops, take a comfortable chair and with a minimum of effort be equipped for the season's merrymaking.

Just two more reasons why Mary Lewis is well up in the success class and her case is submitted to you, the jury. She is the genius of the suburban branch of the great central store. In the suburban branch you select with the same ease you would in the central establishment. The delivery is made as usual. The saving of time and steps is too obvious to require that more be said. And Mary Lewis was the developer of the branch stores at smart resorts.

The Growth of Ideas

This recital of this young woman's triumphs might continue over a number of pages. But we stop here, believing we've proved our case—that Mary Lewis has won.

"A good idea can't fail," she says. "After you have plenty of experience in a certain line, ideas come to you naturally and you needn't worry about their value. They're good. They grow directly out of your experience. When you get an idea, subject it to a hard, thorough examination. Make the examination swift. Somebody's going to beat you to it if you dawdle.

"But once you have it, play it hard. It can't go wrong. Maybe the circumstances will be against it at first, but if it's sound it's bound to thrive somewhere. One's ideas are not so often wrong as one is one's self. Most of the time you, yourself, are to blame if your plans go wrong."

Yes, she's married.

What would you think of a window that does only half its JOB?

LUSTRAGLASS
FLAT-DRAWN

• COSTS NO MORE •

THE valuable, invisible, health-giving ultra-violet rays of sunlight are almost entirely shut out by ordinary window glass. Lustraglass, the wonderful new glass for windows, transmits a substantial amount of the shorter ultra-violet rays of a wave-length of 313 mu.* Yet it costs no more than ordinary window glass!

Lustraglass is made by an improved process, flat drawn in sheets. It is a better glass, practically free from the greenish cast common to other window glass, clearer, perfectly flat and more lustrous than the window glass you have always been used to. ***Yet it costs no more!***

LUSTRAGLASS
AMERICAN

Look for this label on every pane of genuine Lustraglass

Offices, hospitals, schools, hotels, apartments, factories—every type of building—can be glazed with Lustraglass at no extra cost. If you are building a new home, you can have Lustraglass in every window at no greater cost than ordinary window glass. Just say to your architect or contractor that you want Lustraglass.

Your present home can be entirely re-glazed with this new glass at a surprisingly low cost. Reliable dealers everywhere sell Lustraglass.

Send for Lustraglass Booklet. It tells the whole story of this wonderful new glass.

**See the Lustraglass Booklet for complete transmission table.*

AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS CO.
Farmer's Bank Building . . . Pittsburgh, Penna.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

Behind the Criminal Mask

IF YOU wonder why New York had 401 homicides within a year and Chicago 498, while London recorded only 20, examine the record revealed when the recent shooting of "Legs" Diamond, Manhattan gangster, became a national sensation.

In the story of Diamond, or of any of the other gang leaders who prosper in so many of our cities, is revealed the secret of the lawlessness which makes us unique among civilized peoples.

When he was shot in a New York hotel Jack Diamond had attained world notoriety as a bad man. Although scarcely thirty-three years old he had become a public character comparable in interest to Jesse James of another day. Thousands of inquiries flooded the hospital where he lay stricken. Public curiosity was focused upon him as if on some national hero who had well served his country.

Yet the history of the man as compiled from the police books showed an unbroken record of criminal activity.

Twice he was convicted. First, in 1914, as a boy of seventeen he was sent to the New York reformatory for burglary. Five years later he was sent to Leavenworth as an army deserter and a thief.

Every year between 1914 and 1930 he appeared in court on some serious charge. Robbery, burglary, assault, homicide, handling narcotics, such were the crimes attributed to him.

The police records monotonously report his discharge on these various occasions. Magistrates released him. Juries failed to convict. Prosecuting officers decided to drop the case.

He appeared in different cities and never in the same city twice before the same judge. Yet twenty-four times he was brought before the bar of justice accused of high crimes. Some of his judges were Democrats. One, at least, was a Republican. Some were men of excellent reputation as lawyers and citizens. They did not hold him.

He became known as a leader of bootleggers, a racketeer on a large scale. The State Department took cognizance of his intended trip abroad and last summer various European governments refused to accept him as a visitor. Newspapers and the police laid brutal murders at the door of his gang but he was immune to punishment. During sixteen years he went on following his trade, which was crime. During these years he grew in importance.

This record is not unique. Almost any one of the larger American cities harbors many such men. Their names and activities are listed. Still the law does not molest them. They ignore the law.

Why is it that a decent citizen may be held and often insulted by the arresting policeman, abused by the presiding magistrate and fined for a trivial infraction of the traffic code when men who make a business of robbery and murder go scot-free?

The answer goes deeply into our system of government and into our social beliefs.

Our courts are political. Judges generally must know their politics before they are eligible to the bench. The same politicians whose decisions make possible judicial nomination have favors to ask for their erring constituents.

We all agree that crime is bad but politicians, judges, juries, and we, the general public, are sorry for criminals in trouble. Unless we are badly frightened by a menacing crime, we get sentimental. We see the poor boy or the sobbing lady murderess and we forget the long chain of crime.

Even when in times of fear or anger we incline to hardness, we still treat criminals with our feelings and not with our intelligence. Cruel injustice occasionally interrupts sentimental leniency.

Under a rational criminal procedure a wastrel such as Diamond and the other gangsters would be caught in boyhood. Criminals begin young and soon proclaim their proclivities.

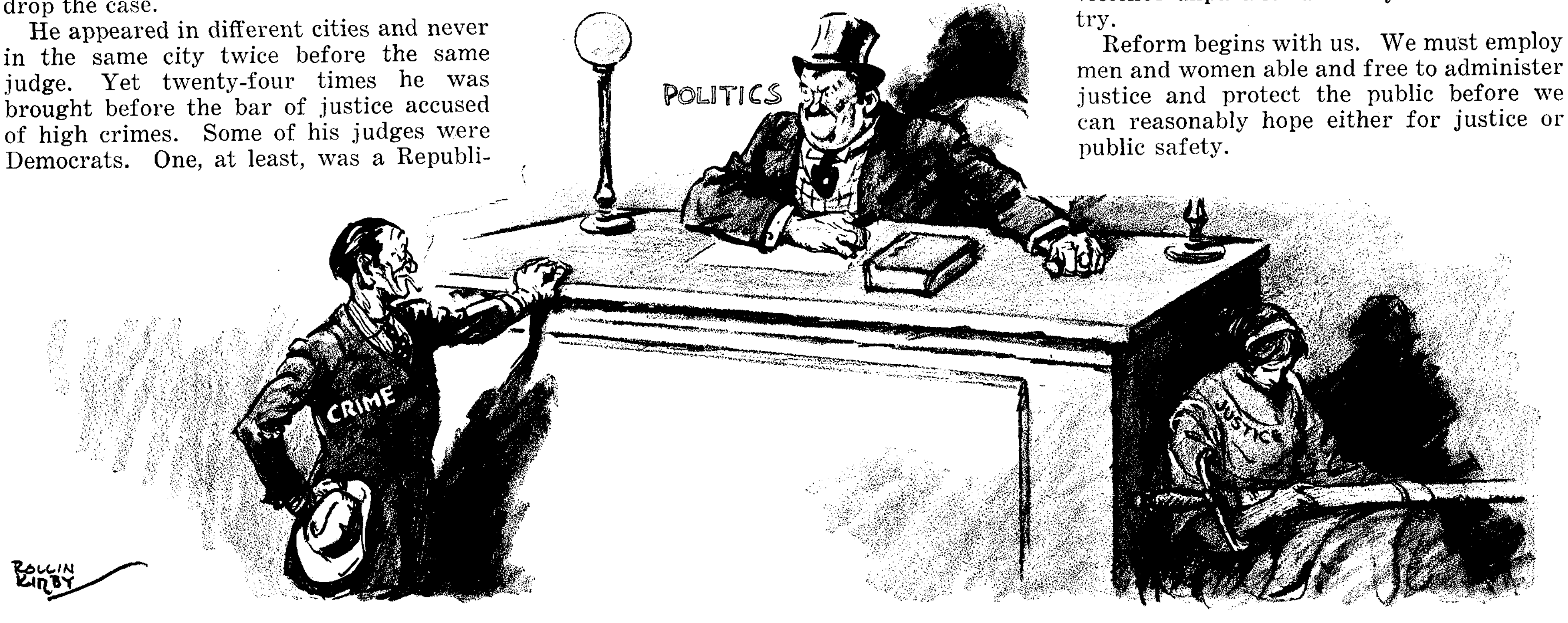
The boy burglar of seventeen in a reasonable society will be confined until intelligent and kindly prison keepers are sure that he has a reasonable chance to lead a normal, useful life. Certainly there is no sanity in arresting a man twenty-four times on the most serious charges and then turning him loose because the police are incompetent to prove the case or the courts too weak, too corrupt or too stupid to act decisively upon the evidence presented.

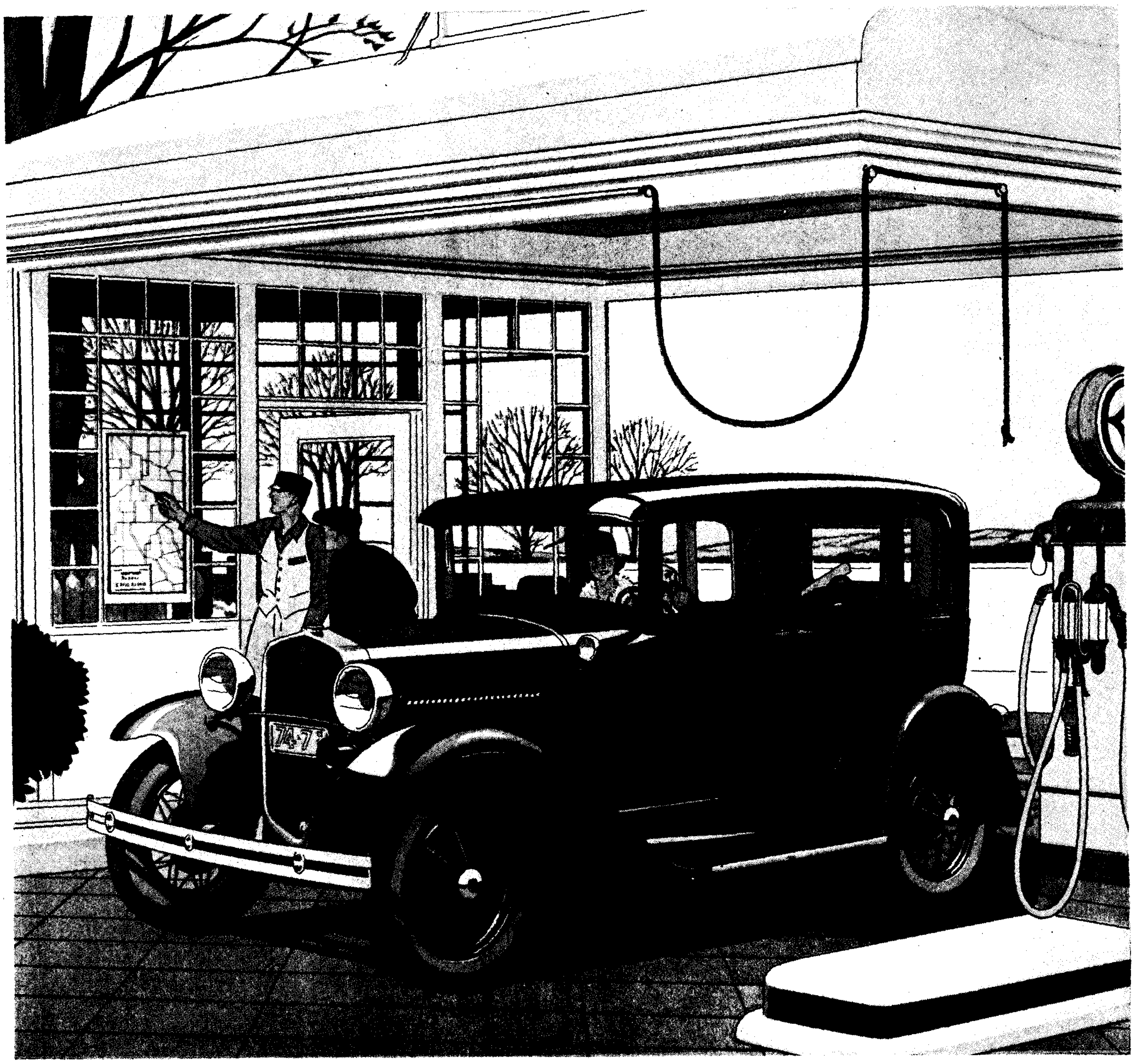
The first step in any successful effort to throttle crime in any American city is to take the police, the court and the penal authorities out of politics.

No policeman, no judge, no prison warden is free to administer the law and to protect society so long as his appointment to office and his hope of promotion depend upon the favor of politicians.

We have used these public offices as the perquisites of partisan politics and we have reaped a harvest of corruption, crime and violence unparalleled in any modern country.

Reform begins with us. We must employ men and women able and free to administer justice and protect the public before we can reasonably hope either for justice or public safety.





THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

ou save in many ways when you buy a Ford

ow FIRST COST is just one advantage of buying
Ford. Of even greater importance is the sav-
g in the cost of operation and up-keep. As the
onths and years go by, this saving will total
ny dollars.

The economy of the Ford is due to its sim-
city of design, high quality of materials, and
uracy in manufacturing and assembling. Every
rt has been made to endure — to serve you
thfully and well for many thousands of miles.

ord owners everywhere will tell you of the
nomy and reliability of the new Ford. A
sman who travels long distances daily by
omobile writes:

I purchased a Model A Ford Coupe on May
928, and at this writing have run it 75,888 miles. After I had driven 44,400 miles, I spent $45 in repairs, and at 61,000 miles had an additional amount of work done costing $25. I have never had the brakes relined. My tire mileage has averaged better than 18,000 miles."

Another Ford owner tells of traveling 24,000 miles in a year, in all kinds of weather, and says "the only parts expense was 75c for a shock-absorber link and 50c for a new rubber for the windshield wiper."

A total of 39,721 miles is reported by a Ford owner on 1685 gallons of gasoline. Another Ford owner, describing a 13,000-mile trip across the continent and back by way of Calgary and Banff, writes: "We were amazed at the performance of the Ford. We drove constantly at fifty miles an hour and averaged better than twenty miles per gallon of gasoline.

"Not counting the day at Grand Canyon, we drove home to New York from Los Angeles in just eight days. The car was extremely economical to operate, comfortable and speedy."

Large industrial companies which keep accurate cost records are buying more and more Ford cars every year because of their proved economy of operation and up-keep. Many of these have fleets of fifty, one hundred and two hundred Ford cars and trucks. One large corporation operates more than eight thousand.

The experience of these careful buyers is a dependable guide for you to follow in the purchase of an automobile.

ATWATER KENT

RADIO

WITH THE

GOLDEN VOICE

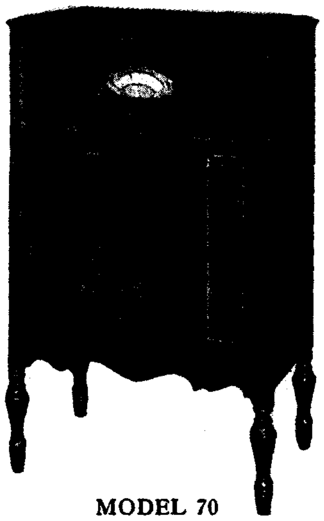
Let your eyes and ears alike rejoice!

See this harmonious beauty—hear this rare performance

HERE in the new Atwater Kent are the year's four important developments—the Golden Voice, the Quick-Vision Dial, perfected Tone Control, and the new trend in design.

Any *one* of these great advancements would tax the creative abilities of most manufacturers. Atwater Kent achieves them *all* in a single season.

Note how swiftly, how easily and accurately you tune in your station with this exclusive Quick-Vision Dial—the radio dial with all stations always in sight and equally separated from end to end. Reads as easily as a clock, from any position—standing or sitting.



MODEL 70
Lowboy. Finished in American walnut, with matched butt walnut front panels and apron.

MODEL 74
Table. Finished in American walnut. All four sides are finished. It may thus be placed anywhere in room.

Listen to the Golden Voice—the glowin living, throbbing tones of the actual perform ers, on near or distant station—vocal or i strumental program—high notes or low.

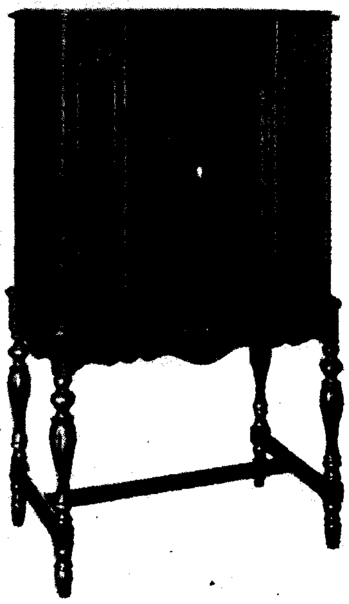
Now get the most from any program—wit perfected tone control, emphasizing bass o treble at a touch of your fingers—four definit shadings of the Golden Voice.

Observe this harmonious simplicity of design. Its home-like friendliness makes it th kind of radio you like to live with.

See and hear this new Atwater Kent wit the Golden Voice today and find out h easy it is to own—through modest tir payments.

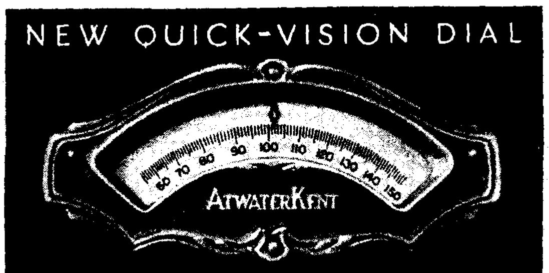
ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sun Evening, 9:15 (Eastern Standard Time), WEAF n work of N. B. C.

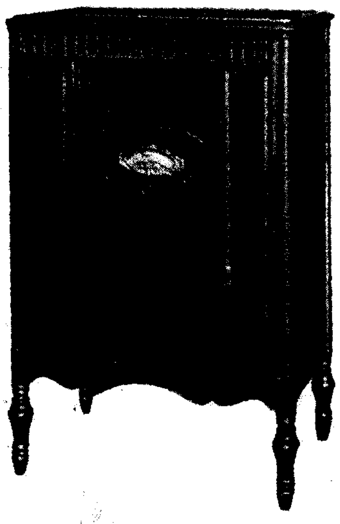
ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPA
A. Atwater Kent, President
4700 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA,



MODEL 76
Highboy with sliding doors. Finished in American walnut. Matched butt walnut doors and front panels.

NEW QUICK-VISION DIAL





MODEL 75
Radio-phonograph Combination. Finished in American walnut. Ample and accessible record compartment.